THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In Ibsen's Library

HENRIK IBSEN'S favourite light literature was detective stories. This fact has come to light by the recent donation of his private library to the Museum in the little Norwegian town of Brekke, through his son Dr. Sigurd Ibsen. A great many of the books in this library had been sent the dramatist by publishers and authors, and of these many were still uncut, showing that Ibsen had a strong idea of the value of his own time and strength and but slight consideration for the claims made on him by others. Of books evidently read and read often, the majority were works on philosophy or kindred serious subjects. Then came a large number of detective stories of all countries showing good usage. Ibsen possessed a very complete collection of his own works in foreign languages. But, with the exception of these and of the detective stories, his books, by their fresh unused condition showed that the great Norwegian was an eager reader of newspapers and magazines, but cared little for literature in its more permanent forms. He may have read many books but they did not mean enough to him to keep them. Among his books are many newer Scandinavian works dedicated to him in glowing words.

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The Frohman Biography

The late Charles Frohman is to have a literary memorial of uncommon interest and significance. The authorised biography of this "Man of Mystery" is to be written by his brother Daniel in collaboration with Isaac F. Marcosson. No forthcoming work pertaining to the theatre, and particularly to the people of it, promises such a rich mine of material. Charles Frohman was in many respects one of the most remarkable theatrical figures of his time. His whole career was invested with mystery because he lived such an aloof life. He was the exception in a profession that thrives on publicity. Yet that the man had the real genius of friendship his amazing kinship with James M. Barrie showed. They were inseparable when he was in England; they wandered about, Barrie with his pipe glued to his mouth, Frohman swinging a stick, looking at shop windows; shooting the chutes at the seaside resorts. They went for whole days without uttering a word to each other. No American manager knew so many English writing men so well or did so much for them. Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero were also among his intimates on the other side. Frohman visited England every year for twenty-five years, sometimes twice. So frequent were his visits that an English wag once referred to him as the "To and Frohman."

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Portrait by Strauss

PROFESSOR AND MRS. ROLAND G. USHER AND THEIR CHILDREN. WITH THE EXCEPTION OF GENERAL VON BERNARDI AND ERNEST LISSAUER NO WRITER HAS BEEN MORE EXPLOITED BY THE WAR THAN PROFESSOR USHER. AT THE PRESENT TIME A GREAT DEAL OF ATTENTION IS BEING PAID TO THE UTTERLY NONSENSICAL STATEMENT ATTRIBUTED TO HIM TO THE EFFECT THAT THERE HAS LONG BEEN IN EXISTENCE A SECRET PACT BINDING TOGETHER ENGLAND, FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND THE UNITED STATES AGAINST GERMANY

Charles Frohman was the great developer of stars. He had more to his credit than any other magnate. It was he who brought Maude Adams forward and made her the best paying actress in America. He fostered *Peter Pan*. Everybody—including Barrie—declared that it could not be a commercial success. But Frohman was unshaken in his belief. And *Peter Pan* became one of the Frohman triumphs, making over a million dollars. Disaster could never shake Frohman. He cheerfully lost millions. When his associates remonstrated he always said: "At any rate we are developing actors and authors and that is worth while." It is a curious fact that a man so modest and retiring should, by the heroic circumstance of his death and his inspiring farewell words, be projected into a place of world interest.

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The combination of authors of the "Life" of Charles Frohman is a pecu-

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DANIEL FROHMAN AND ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

liarly happy one. Mr. Daniel Frohman and Mr. Marcosson have been intimate friends for years. It was Mr. Marcosson while on the *Saturday Evening Post* who persuaded Mr. Frohman to write his reminiscences of the old Lyceum Theatre, which were published in book form as *Memories of a Manager*. Among his colleagues Mr. Frohman is known as the "literary manager," for he has a fine sense of anecdote and writes extremely well. Mr. Marcosson is one of the best known and most versatile of magazine writers, and has also had wide editorial experience. His books range from Wall Street finance to the circus. Yet whatever he has touched has been done with authority and distinction. It was he who got the title of "The Man who made Wall Street Talk," because he persuaded the old money kings to break their silence.

Authors' Beginnings

We have referred before to the very interesting series of papers that have been appearing in the *Strand Magazine* under the title "How They Broke Into Print." In the June issue were contained the confessions of James Whitcomb Riley, Coningsby Dawson, Earl Derr Biggers, Beatrice Harraden, John Kendrick Bangs, Elizabeth Jordan, and Francis Lynde. Mr. Riley recalls the old days when he found a post on the Anderson *Democrat* and started gathering news items. When news was scarce —that is, local news—he would invent it, and many a hitherto unknown "Andersonian" awoke to find himself famous. Sometimes the discovery was not as joyous as Riley had hoped, and then there were painful interviews between him and his editor. "After some hard thinking," relates Mr. Riley, "I came to the conclusion that the tone of the

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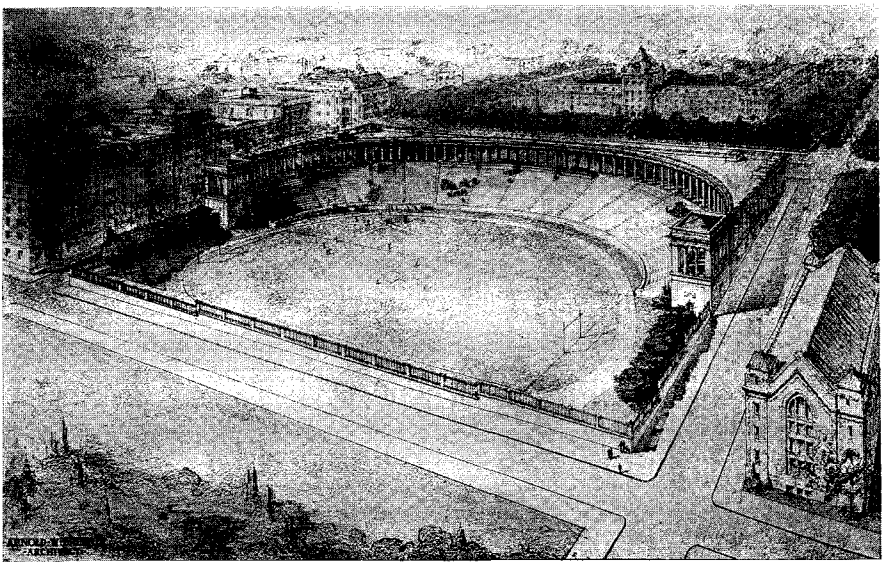
Democrat might be raised. I argued with the editor that the great object of an influential paper was to educate the public mind, and how could one educate it more thoroughly than by publishing lofty thoughts and aspirations in poetic form. He seemed to have doubts about the matter himself, but finally told me to go ahead and see what I could do. I well remember these first attempts. I had been sent out to report a fire—not a big fire, but big enough to call out the local fire department—and after a pretty vivid description I managed to slip in at the end the following verse:

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see
Who sigh to read the *Democrat*
Through all eternity.

The next day Mr. Riley had an account of a runaway horse. It was a thrilling story, in which a child was run down and nearly killed. It seemed appropriate to insert another verse between that news item and a recipe for curing chilblains, so he dashed off this:

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with sprightly air,
Was clearing her voice to say:
"Read aloud!" to the child that sat
On the grandfather's knee with the *Democrat.*

As the readers of the paper seemed to like this kind of thing—at least, there were no complaints—Riley became more ambitious, and began his great "Wrang-



THE NEW STADIUM OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. THERE ARE TWENTY TIERS OF SEATS SURROUNDED BY A GREAT COLONNADE OF SIXTY-FOUR DORIC COLUMNS SIXTEEN FEET HIGH. THE COLONNADE IS TERMINATED BY TWO PAVILIONS, FROM WHICH A SPECIALLY GOOD VIEW OF THE FIELD MAY BE OBTAINED. THE EXTERIOR IS SIMPLY TREATED TO SUIT THE NATURE OF THE MATERIAL, BUT THE ENTRANCES ON AMSTERDAM AVENUE, ONE ON THE CORNER OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIXTH STREET AND THE OTHER ON THE CORNER OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET, HAVE COLUMNS AND PYLONS OF CLASSIC DESIGN TO HARMONISE WITH THE REST OF THE STRUCTURE. THESE ENTRANCES ARE SPECIALLY LARGE TO ARRANGE FOR THE HANDLING OF LARGE CROWDS. THE STADIUM WILL SEAT ABOUT SIX THOUSAND PEOPLE AND THERE WILL BE STANDING ROOM FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED MORE. THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE IS BUILT OF REINFORCED CONCRETE AND THE TIERS OF SEATS STRONGLY RECALL THOSE OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN THEATRES WHICH WERE OF STONE. MR. ARNOLD W. BRUNNER IS THE ARCHITECT OF THE STADIUM

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dillon" epic, which he designed to run for many weeks—perhaps years—and break the record in the matter of length at least. Here is a sample of that epic:

Dexterity, tethery, down in the dyke,
Under the ooze and the slime,
Nestles the wraith of the reticent gryke,
Blubbering bubbles of rhyme.

He sinks to the dregs, in the dead of the night,
And shuffles the shadows about.
And gathers the stars in a nest of delight,
And sits there and hatches them out.

The gryke blocks his tears with a scrap of his grief,
And growls at the wary graygrole,
As he twunkers a tune on a tiljicum leaf,
And hums like a telegraph pole.

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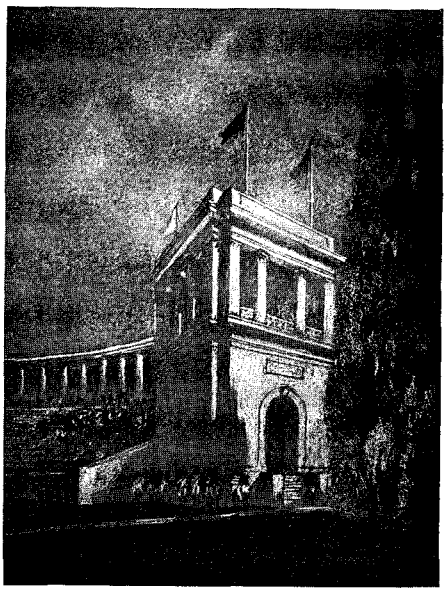
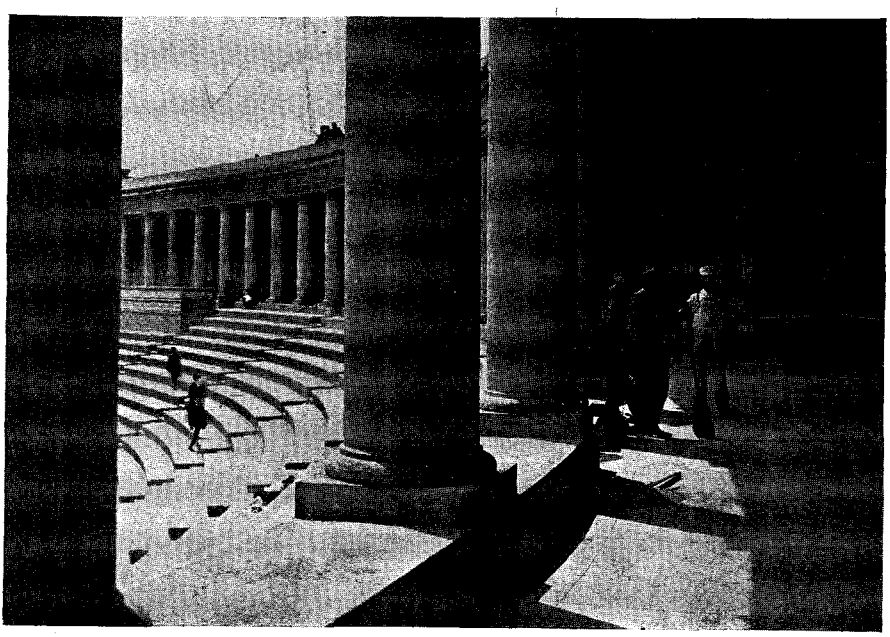
But Mr. Riley had reckoned without the subscription list and the editor. The latter called the poet into his room and talked very seriously. He said the first thing that Riley should do was to see a doctor, and the second was to bring the "Wrangdillon" epic to a close. He said it put him in a fever and prevented his writing intelligent editorials. Being on the pay-roll Riley bowed to the



SKETCH OF ONE OF THE END PAVILIONS OF THE STADIUM OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STADIUM OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

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THE LATEST PICTURE OF JOSEPH CONRAD AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR COUNTRY HOME IN ARFORD, ENGLAND

decision and the epic died an early death. But it was not long before there came a new inspiration. The poet had been going over the advertisements, and, knowing that this side of the paper insured regularity in the matter of the pay envelope, he turned over in his mind a way of increasing that source of income. With the manager's sanction he sent out notices to all the trades people of Anderson that if they would send advertisements to the *Democrat* he would turn their announcements into rhyme (without any extra charge) so that the public might find the reading of them a source of pleasure as well as profit. The offer was accepted by a large number of advertisers, and for two months the advertising columns of *The Democrat* were filled with poems holding forth the virtues of almost every available commodity in town. This long series of poetic advertisements was called "A Business Idyll," and during the time that it ran the paper published over one hundred rhyming advertisements.

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With entertaining candour Earl Derr Biggers confesses the imitative tendencies of his early literary efforts. As soon as he could write connected sentences he appropriated the characters from Palmer Cox's "Brownie" series and wove about them many startling romances. As an undergraduate at Harvard his unconscious collaborators were W. W. Jacobs, O. Henry, and Peter Finley Dunne. It was while he was a sophomore that he sold his first story. The circumstances of its writing were unique. He was one of the editors of the *Advocate,* which for some time had been flooded with contributions known as "pick-up stories." That is to say tales in which young men made the acquaintance of young women without the formality of an introduction. Weary of these yarns, the young man who was Editor-in-chief announced that there would be at the *Advocate's* sanctum a "pick-up" night. Every contributor was to write the best "pick-up" story he could, and appear in person to read it amid the jibes of his fellows. A prize was offered for the best story read, and after that it was understood the *Advocate* was to dispense with that type of romance for good and all. Mr. Big-

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gers entered the contest. Mr. Edward Sheldon, the playwright, was another competitor. Mr. Biggers's "pick-up" story, which received the prize, was called "Reformers Three," and concerned the trio of uncouth sailormen who talked Jacobs, but thirsting for a wider audience, the author did not give the tale to the *Advocate,* but sent it to a magazine. Back came a letter of acceptance and twenty-five dollars, and little later he received twenty-five dollars apiece for three more stories written with the unconscious collaboration of the same Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

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"Sardoodledom"

"Sardou is probably the oftenest referred to and the least read of any dramatist of modern times," says Barrett H. Clark in his introduction to *Patrie* in the master volume of "The Drama League Plays." "His name together with the clever noun invented by Bernard Shaw, is constantly used as a term of reproach; the phrase 'well-made play' is usually employed in a derogatory sense as if a well-constructed play were something to be avoided. This state of affairs would not be so regrettable were it not that the plays of Sardou and his master Scribe are, with very few exceptions, inaccessible to English readers. Even Shaw based some of his most mordant and damning remarks about 'Sardoodledom' upon English adaptations, and confesses that he never read *Fedora* in the original. If Sardou is to be justly estimated, he must be read, and if critics are to link the names of Sardou and Scribe together as nefarious purveyors of 'well-made plays,' they should at least not do so on the authority of former critics, many of whom have either not read the plays of the dramatists in question, or have only a superficial acquaintance with their works in the original."

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In the Trenches

Followers of the war news who have been reading Henry Beach Needham's reports from the front will be interested to hear that even in the first line of trenches the American game of baseball is a subject of interested discussion. Also, followers of Mr. Needham's work will perhaps remember that his literary career began as a baseball correspondent and that he has written many baseball stories. His recently published book *The Double Squeeze* deals entirely with baseball. In the first line trenches he came across those who were also baseball enthusiasts. Just after his return to Paris after several days spent at the very front, he wrote to a friend in the United States: "Have just had a wonderful trip to the front. Saw a review of regiments which took part in campaigne offensive—met and talked with General Joffre. I was in the first line trenches. Here the sharpshooters were in command of a young lieutenant—too young to be made captain. For a year before the war he was in Boston, U.S.A! There he became a lover of baseball. Rooted for the Red Sox and the Braves. Great admirer of Tris Speaker of Red Sox! So I was taken

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM, AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE SQUEEZE," PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE FIRST LINE OF TRENCHES WITH A YOUNG LIEUTENANT WHO BEFORE THE WAR WAS A BASEBALL FAN IN BOSTON

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MRS. WILLIAMSON AT HOME IN WAR TIMES IN HER VILLA AT CAP MARTIN, SOUTHERN FRANCE

into first line trenches by a fellow fan! Here's a picture of the lieutenant and myself—taken in first line trenches. Behind me—between lieutenant and me—is the officer of General Joffre's staff who took me to the front."

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"The Lightning Conductor"

One of the best sellers of yesterday which, according to reports, continues to endure, is *The Lightning Conductor,* which was practically the first of the motor car romances that were so prevalent and popular ten or twelve years ago. Some interesting bits of information about the genesis of that story are contained in an autobiographical letter from Mrs. A. M. Williamson which has recently come to us. In the course of that letter Mrs. Williamson tells us that her name used to be Livingston, that she did not go to England to live until she was about eighteen, that the family, a very clerical one, had an old house in the country in New York State. Her adventures in authorship began when she was six years old, before she could write. She used to print long, exciting stories, mostly of the "serial" order with thrilling climaxes. These works were composed furtively, and secreted from her family. When she was between fourteen and fifteen she sent a short story to some magazine, and to her intense surprise it was accepted and she received a cheque for ten or twelve dollars. No money, she recalls, ever seemed so wonderful.

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Miss Livingston went to London with cousins, and had a letter of introduction, among others, to C. N. Williamson, who was at that time called "the youngest editor in London." This letter she posted soon after arrival, and Mr. Williamson answered asking if he might call. The response was an invitation to tea, but the editor neither came nor sent an excuse. The apparent rudeness was explained later when Miss Livingston, after many misgivings, visited his office and found him "a tall young man with red hair and moustache, who looked very soldierlike." In a min-

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ute it came out that he had sent a note by messenger the afternoon of his engagement with us, explaining that his mother was very ill, and he could not come. What the messenger had done with the note, is unknown to this day! "Later, he wrote again; but we had moved from that hotel, and expecting no letters there, had left no address. So if I had not gone to his office we should never have met. He asked what he could do for me to make London pleasant. Would I like to meet some editors, and write stories for them? The friend who had introduced us had told him I wanted to write. But I did not want him to think I had sought him out to get any favours. I said hastily, 'No thank you, I only came to see what you were like.' Then I realised that was quite a dreadful thing to say. But it couldn't be explained very well, so we both laughed, and became great friends."

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Mr. Williamson had been a University College (Oxford) man; and when Miss Livingston met him he had been for a number of years in the newspaper world, having started and edited *Black and White,* and edited other well-known London papers. He had done a good deal of journalistic work, and had written much about mountaineering, his favourite sport. Story writing he had never thought of, and it was not until they had been married several years that they began to work together. Meanwhile, the first year of the marriage, Mrs. Williamson blossomed out as a writer of sensational serial stories for English magazines and papers. Some rather important investments of her husband's had gone wrong, and she wanted to help if she could, so she gaily accepted every offer to write a serial which came to her through her husband's influence with editors. She accepted so many that she soon found herself pledged to do seven instalments a week. It was desperate work, but she quite enjoyed it. She never wrote less than three thousand words on any day, and sometimes as much as six or seven; thinking herself lazy if she wrote less than a hundred thousand words a month! Always she was on the printers' heels, but it was her great pride never to be late with an instalment. In that way she kept seven serials going at once, and got a reputation of being the most successful sensational writer in England. No magazine which liked such work considered itself complete without a serial from her, and editors used to make her prolong the stories until they sometimes "ran" to two hundred and fifty thousand words. Her nightmare when she was working at this rate used to be that she should forget, and put the lover of a girl in one story into another story by mistake. "Once when we were travelling in Austria," Mrs. Williamson relates, "and I was sending daily instalments of a serial to the London *Daily Mail,* two or three were mislaid in the post, and frantic telegrams came saying that if I would wire what had happened to the heroine the editor would get some tame author he had up his sleeve to write a substitute for the lost part. 'Telegraph what Consuelo found behind the door' was one of these wild messages. And the dreadful part was that I'd forgotten what Consuelo *had* found! Luckily the missing instalments turned up in time after all."

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The idea of writing together came originally through the love of motoring. They were caught with the craze about thirteen years ago, and started from England in a dreadful car, for a long tour through France and Italy. It was to be a holiday for Mrs. Williamson, but her husband was to write "impressions" for a paper called *The Traveller,* and was to take photographs to illustrate his articles. They had all sorts of wild adventures with the car, which never went more than ten miles without breaking down. At last they arrived at Taormina in Sicily, and there Mr. Williamson found a letter with the news that, owing to a legal dispute between the proprietor and editor of *The Traveller,* the paper was about to stop

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publication. That was a blow, for Mr. Williamson had several articles and a quantity of good photographs ready. To add to the annoyance, by some misunderstanding money expected from the bank had gone astray. Mr. Williamson was inclined to think the world a disappointing place; but his wife had a sudden inspiration. She said, "Never mind, let us write a story about the trip, and use your notes and photographs. As we have no money at all, and don't know where it has gone, let us 'do ourselves well,' take the best rooms in the hotel, and celebrate our idea with a dinner." That same night the book of the trip was begun, and named *The Lightning Conductor*. It made such a success that Mrs. Williamson gave up her sensational serials, and together the two wrote books of the travels in which they delighted.

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While they were doing *The Lightning Conductor,* a certain make of motor car won a great race, and they thought it would be "realistic" to give the "hero" car in the book that name. In their innocence they never dreamed that this could be supposed an advertising dodge. But so it was—at least in America, and they were horrified to hear that people said they had been paid for the name, by the manufacturers of the car, with an automobile and a diamond necklace, each worth five thousand dollars. In reality, all they ever got (or wished to get) out of the company in question was a photograph of the car, for the English edition of the book. And they paid to have the photograph taken. Since that trip of "The Lightning Conductor" the Williamsons have made a great many other far more adventurous trips, seeking materials for other books, because they live above all things to see strange, hidden places in the world. Sometimes they go with a motor, and sometimes without, according to the country to be seen. When they were to write *The Golden Silence,* which was a romance of North Africa, they spent five months in the desert. They visited some of the great desert chiefs, splendid men; but often they slept in the desert sand, rolled up in rugs, and had nothing to eat but dates and dry biscuits and condensed milk.

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In Spain, when Mr. and Mrs. Williamson were taking notes for *The Car of Destiny,* they had an adventure with Vivillo, the most famous of Spanish brigands then—the time of King Alfonso's wedding with Princess Ena. Vivillo and his men were so interested in the vacuum flasks and luncheon dishes of the car (they came upon the prey lunching by the roadside) that they let the travellers go without asking any tribute. All they wanted was to know how those supernatural contrivances could keep food and drink smoking hot while the dishes themselves were stone cold outside. The adventure, which might have been rather serious, ended by an invitation to Vivillo and his men to share the "supernaturally" heated meal, and a promise to name after the chief some important character in the forthcoming book. A splendid bull was called "Vivillo" in honour of the brigand—a bull which in the story fought in the Royal bull fight. The authors took the liberty of putting the King into this scene in the story, and were rather afraid he might be annoyed. It turned out, however, that he was pleased; and the Queen's English brothers called *The Car of Destiny* their "bible."

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"Enchanted Cigarettes"

A writer in a recent number of *The Nation* of London plays about the idea of "Enchanted Cigarettes," which was the name that Balzac gave in *La Cousine Bette* to works of art that had been planned or meditated but had never come into existence. If written books are pleasant, those unwritten have a still greater fascination. Balzac accounted for them by saying that those who intended to write them either lacked courage or spent too much time and energy on preliminary preparations. Andrew Lang was inspired by Balzac's

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MR. JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG'S IMPRESSION OF MR. RUPERT HUGHES AT HOME

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phrase to write an essay on "Enchanted Cigarettes." It is to be found in his *Adventures Among Books,* but is practically confined to those of his own smoking. These were all novels, among them one to be called *Where is Rose?* which would introduce "an enterprising person named 'the Whiteley of Crime,' the universal Provider of Iniquity." Part of the idea was anticipated by *Called Back,* and the novel, which was to have been written in collaboration with "a very great novelist," was abandoned. Was this "very great novelist," suggests *The Nation* writer, "R. L. Stevenson?" At any rate Stevenson was given to the smoking of enchanted cigarettes. His list, apart from fiction, includes a series of papers on the French Parnassiens which was declined by the *Academy,* biographies of Wellington and Hazlitt, a history of the Indian Mutiny, and an English grammar, to be illustrated by examples from the English classics.

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But the most fascinating of Stevenson's enchanted cigarettes, the *Nation* writer goes on to say, are his unwritten novels. These are as numerous as they are attractive. "My schemes," he wrote, "are all in the air, and vanish and reappear again like shapes in the clouds." Two of these shapes which kept reappearing were a romance, to be called *The Young Chevalier,* and *Sophia Scarlet,* a novel which was intended "to express and realise" the atmosphere of a large plantation in Tahiti. He describes two others in a letter to Miss Boodle:

> I have a projected, entirely planned, love-story—everybody will think it dreadfully improper, I'm afraid—called "Canonmills." And I've a vague, rosy haze before me—a love-story, too, but not improper—called "The Rising Sun." It's the name of the wayside inn where the story, or much of the story, runs; but it's a kind of pun: it means the stirring up of a boy by falling in love, and how he rises in the estimation of a girl who despised him though she liked him and had befriended him; I really scarce see beyond their childhood yet, but I want to go beyond and make each out-top the other by successions; it would be pretty and true if I could do it.

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Samuel Butler was another writer who enjoyed smoking enchanted cigarettes. His published *Note-Books* tell us something about those which came nearest to achievement. One of the most characteristic is "a story about a free-thinking father who has an illegitimate son, which he considers the proper thing." But the son disappoints all his father's hopes, and grieves him by his departures from principle. He is discovered "taking to immoral ways—*e.g.,* he turns Christian, becomes a clergyman, and insists on marrying." Apparently nothing was left for the father but to disinherit such a reprobate. Another project is an account of the Complete Drunkard who refused to give money to sober people. "He said that they would only eat it, and send their children to school with it." Yet another is a divorce novelette, in which the hero and heroine are married so that they may not forfeit property under an uncle's will; after many obstacles, they succeed in being divorced, and live happily apart ever afterwards. Butler also thought of compiling a collection of the letters of people who had committed suicide.

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Turning to an earlier period in English literature, the same enchanted cigarette was smoked by two great English poets. Ruffhead has preserved the scheme which Pope drew up for a history of English poetry. After Pope's death this scheme fell into the hands of Gray, who was so much struck with it that he contemplated carrying out the work with the assistance of Mason. He was, however, deterred by the magnitude of the task, and he definitely laid it aside when he heard that Warton was engaged on a similar project. Warton's work was never completed, and it was not until 1910, when Mr. Court-

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hope's tenth and concluding volume was published, that the world of books possessed anything approaching an adequate history of English poetry. Gray's contemporary, Gibbon, tells us in his "autobiography" of the many subjects which he revolved before fixing on his great work. He was particularly attracted by two of them. "There is one," he says, "which I should prefer to all others, *The History of the Liberty of the Swiss.* The second subject is *The History of the Republic of Florence under the House of Medicis.* . . . On this splendid subject I shall most probably fix; but *when,* or *where,* or *how* will it be executed?"

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Thackeray once projected a *History of the Reign of Queen Anne,* beginning at the point where Macaulay had ended, and Macaulay, like Gibbon, made at least one false start before determining on the historical work which made him famous. He not only contemplated, but actually began *A History of France from the Restoration of the Bourbons to the Accession of Louis Philippe.* Two of his other projects were "a fair estimate of the intellectual and moral character of Voltaire," and a biography of Jane Austen. Of the latter he noted in his journal in the year before his death: "If I could get materials I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral." Had Burke's proposed *History of England* been written it would almost certainly be a text-book of political science, and there are people who regret that Scott never wrote the story of the fair Venetian, which he abandoned for *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS. A NEW PILGRIMAGE. IN THE AUGUST BOOKMAN

It has been found expedient to postpone the appearance of the first paper in this series to our August number. That paper, to be called "The City That Was," will deal retrospectively with the trail of the characters of fiction of the writers of other generations. Part II, with the rather O. Henryesque title of "The Canons of the Moneygrubbers," will treat of the lower end of Manhattan Island, the Wall Street district, the Criminal Court section of Centre Street, the downtown Ghetto, and the river fronts. Washington Square, Greenwich Village, Madison, Union, and Stuyvesant Squares, and Gramercy Park will contribute to Part III, "The Remnants of Bohemia;" while Part IV, "Tea, Tango, and Toper Land," will naturally take the reader along the "White Light" regions of Broadway, and into the city's modern fashionable sections. Part V, "The City Beyond," will deal with the suburbs.

"WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ" IN THE AUGUST BOOKMAN

The entire reading public of any of the South American nations (outside of the large metropolitan centres) would not suffice to fill a London street, in the words of one of their own critics. Moreover, publishing is a hazardous enterprise, forcing many, if not most authors to pay for their own publications. And yet, despite these serious handicaps South America has produced an imposing list of first-class novels and tales—genres left uncultivated till within recent days. Local colour abounds; historical romance and up-to-date problem tales flourish in an environment that itself is the most astonishing novel of all. The Italian critic Ferrero saw, some years ago, in Aranka's "Canaan," the appearance, at last, of the great American novel. Even if his faith in this Brazilian writer was a bit over-enthusiastic, it is an earnest of what South America has to offer in the way of narrative fiction.

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EL NUEVO TIEMPO
DIARIO DE LA TARDE
Director y Redactor . . . . . FROYLAN TURCIOS
AÑO IV. | TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS, CENTRO-AMERICA, MARTES 1º DE DICIEMBRE DE 1914. | NUMERO 1126.

WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

II—The Newspapers. A Survey of Editors, Press and Policies

In that characteristic tissue of paradoxes which Oscar Wilde has called *The Critic as Artist,* Ernest asks, "But what is the difference between literature and journalism?" To which Gilbert facetiously replies, "Oh! journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read. That is all."

Which explanation, if it be forgiven on the Wildean principle that an artistic untruth is preferable to an uninteresting verity, omits the consideration that sometimes literature and journalism become interchangeable terms. This, indeed, has been the case with a large proportion of the enduring literary output of South America. Nor is that output either unreadable or unread.

The press of South America has been and is to-day the veritable training-ground of the great writers of our Southern neighbour continent. In many instances, due to the scarcity of first-class magazines and to the fact that book publishing is a different and more difficult proposition than here in North America, the newspaper represents almost the only avenue of communication between author and public. This has had its bad and good effects; it has given the writer vivacity, ease, interest; it has tended, on the other hand, to lend to much of the better writings a certain ephemeral character which at once suggests their journalistic origin.

Latest statistics—a science to which South Americans have not given so much attention in the past as they will in the immediate future—credit South America with some three hundred and forty newspapers. This is a surprisingly large number when one bears in mind the relatively small number of readers in the vast area of the republics, and the relatively high prices asked for the papers. Nor does this include the hundreds of periodicals in all shapes, sizes and languages that are issued in the large capitals. Buenos Ayres, for instance, is the home of no less than five hundred publications, among these being some seventy newspapers. Argentine, it will be remembered, contains the most varied population in South America, so that outside of the Spanish organs we find a long list of heterogeneous publications in English, French, Italian, German, Danish, Arabic, Swedish, Hebrew, and even Turkish. Truly a journalistic Tower of Babel!

The newspapers are often called such by a stretching of the term. There is

smoke Reina Victoria
Buenos Aires Herald
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38th Year. New Series, Nº 2537 (Twelve Pages) Buenos Aires — Saturday March 6 1915 Porte Pago Price, 10 cents

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AÑO XII — No. 4,324 — (BOLIVIA) DIARIO DE LA MAÑANA LA PAZ, sábado 10 de abril 1915

ADMINISTRACIÓN
Calle Recreo No. 189
Talleres: Recreo No. 167
Teléfono 185
Por avisos económicos
10 centavos la línea

EL DIARIO

TARIFA
Por un mes Bs. 2.50
Por un trimestre Bs. 7
Por semestre Bs. 12.
Por un año Bs. 22.
Al exterior Sud América Bs.
Al exterior Europa Bs. 35.

the backwoods sheet of four pages, slapped together by some village Greeley, and containing nothing original either in news or ideas. We have them in segregated parts of our own republic. The paper is of poor quality, and this applies even in the case of so great a modern daily as Brazil's leading newspaper, *The Journal of Commerce*. To a North American eye, trained in the metropolitan centres, even the better journals are apt to look small or else unwieldy, and a Boston or New York newsboy would find trouble holding them under his arm. They would crumple more easily than his native stock, and would stick out from, or hide among his other "extras" by virtue of their different proportions.

The "newsy," however, has yet to come into his own in South America. The papers, when not mailed out to subscribers, are sold by dealers in their stores. In Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, the papers are distributed by children on horseback, who, in "pony express" fashion, fling the copies in the doorways as they ride past. Circulation looks small when compared to the high North American figures, yet there is more than one reputed daily in these United States that may well envy the one hundred thousand mark enjoyed by the great journals of Rio de Janeiro, and the one hundred and fifty thousand boast of such remarkable institutions as the Buenos Ayres *Prensa*.

In his *Latin America,* Professor Shepherd of Columbia University has noted an interesting and humourous instance of journalistic reciprocity between our country and the South American republics. "If the newspapers of the United States," he writes, "are apt to give the reading public an impression that revolutions and earthquakes are the main events of interest in Latin America, the journals of this area are in turn equally disposed to entertain their readers with accounts of American railway wrecks, divorce cases, and lynchings!" Which may go to show that though journalists may differ in body the world over, their souls are nevertheless remarkably alike!

If the outward appearance of even the liveliest of the South American newspapers is not so striking as those nearer home, this does not necessarily signify that the editors or the reporters are at all a sleepy aggregation. Foreign visitors of distinction have testified to the ubiquitousness of the staff photographer. One of them, in fact, has gone so far as to say, in an account of his trip to South America, that "when an unfortunate Argentine wants to offer his heart (always accompanied by his hand) to the lady of his choice, let him begin by doubly locking all the doors and hermetically closing all the shutters, if he wishes to be safe from intrusion!"

Sensationalism is practically unknown to the South American press. "Extras" appear in the shape of chalked bulletins in front of the offices rather than in raucously announced special editions. It has been suggested that the sparing use of headlines by the editors may be but another evidence of this distaste for sensational methods, but here a change would be welcome, if only for the sake of the eye. Your modern "tired business man," who wants all the news boiled down in the headings of the items, and who can read his favourite journal in some three or four minutes

Año Séptimo
Cables: "UNIVERSAL"
Imprenta y Taller Gráfico de "EL UNIVERSAL"

EL UNIVERSAL

Número 2122
ANDRES MATA
ANDRES J. VIGAS
Diario de la mañana—Caracas [Venezuela]—Lunes 3 de mayo de 1915

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by merely glancing through the captions, would feel lost in the average South American newspaper. Telegrams, even those from the scenes of the war, are presented in calm, chronological order, and do not commonly form the germ around which an imaginative writer builds an exciting, if fictive, account. Nor has the general run of newspapers in that part of the world learned the art of displaying advertising, which often seems flung together with the same apparent carelessness that characterises the arrangement of news.

The press of Argentine and Chile, especially the latter, is nearest in approach to the type of work with which Americans are most acquainted. That of Brazil, more quiet in tone, is hardly inferior in general worth.

Buenos Ayres contains, in its leading newspaper, *La Prensa* (*The Press*), one of the most noteworthy establishments in the world. *La Prensa,* with its beautiful five-million-dollar building in the Avenue of May, was founded by Paz, later passing to his son Ezequiel, with Ex-Minister Zeballos as its recognised spirit. Independent in politics, *La Prensa* is one of the foremost powers in South American affairs. Every subscriber to this paper insures his health automatically, so to speak, as all subscribers are entitled to free medical service. Scrupulous cleanliness is the watchword, while employees are surrounded with all modern comforts. Special apartments for the reception of distinguished visitors are maintained. But this is merely the beginning.

On its roof is located a practical weather bureau, while a searchlight serves the double function of heralding news of importance and pointing out the location of large conflagrations. And if the news be of still greater interest, the appeal to the eye cedes to appeal to the ear, and a large "siren" emphasises the irony of its name by frequent whistlings.

Legal bureaus, helps in agriculture and related fields (Argentine is principally an agrarian state), musical instruction, prizes for heroism, educational contests, lectures, concerts, dance-hall, library facilities and expositions form some of the additional activities in which this most versatile of newspapers engages. It is interesting to note that the presses, type-setting machines and typewriters employed are all of American make. The average size of the paper compares well with the leading New York dailies, being sixteen pages.

It is a jar to the American eye to take up a copy of this newspaper only to be greeted with a front page given solidly over to the short "want-ads," which our own editors usually relegate to the final pages. At times this continues for four or five pages, so that one must wade through to page six before meeting the news of the day.

In methods the Argentine press on the whole is influenced more by France than by Spain or England. *The Nation* (*La Nación*) of Buenos Ayres is not far different from its illustrious contemporary. It has long been a publisher of good, original literature and translations from the French, English, Russian, German and Italian, at cheap prices—a form of business to which South American capital is slow to respond, depending upon Europe to lead the way in recognition of home talent. *La Argentina* is fast encroaching upon the territory of the two preceding journals. This is a partial

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victory for the United States, as *La Argentina* in its exterior appearance and in its general appeal inclines to North American policies.

The South American reporter shows affinity with his Northern brother in his ready ability to concoct "sob" stories of well-known appeal; he knows, too, how to make his sport accounts attractive and breezy, even if he doesn't use headings seven columns in width. And when we meet an illustrated article on how to dance the modern gavotte, with poses by Vernon Castle and his wife, one wonders whether the world is so large after all. The best music to use for this dance, we are informed in a recent issue of *La Razón* (Buenos Ayres) is Lincke's *La Luciérnaga,* which is none other than our Broadway hit, *The Glow Worm,* doing service for the advancement of South American terpsichorean art.

When we come to the leading papers of Brazil there is a noticeable exterior change. Brazilian journalism, in general, is not so "Yankified" as that of Argentina. The word "Yankee," it might be remarked in passing, is not necessarily used by our Southern friends in a derogatory sense. There is, moreover, less provision for information from the outside world; cablegrams are not so frequent, nor is foreign correspondence so generally cultivated. Behind the leading papers, however, are definite personalities and political factions, which give character such as many of the South American journals lack. Mérou, himself of Argentine, admits that the literary style of the Brazilian newspaper men is superior to that of his countrymen. There is the light French touch, the day's chronicle and the refined commentary at which men like Olavo Bilac and Coelho Netto are masters.

SENATOR RUY BARBOSA, ONE OF SOUTH AMERICA'S GREATEST EDITORS, PHOTOGRAPHED AT HIS RESIDENCE JUST BEFORE THE POPULAR DEMONSTRATION ACCORDED HIM ON NOVEMBER 28, 1914. BARBOSA IS THE CENTRAL FIGURE, HOLDING THE CHILD'S HAND

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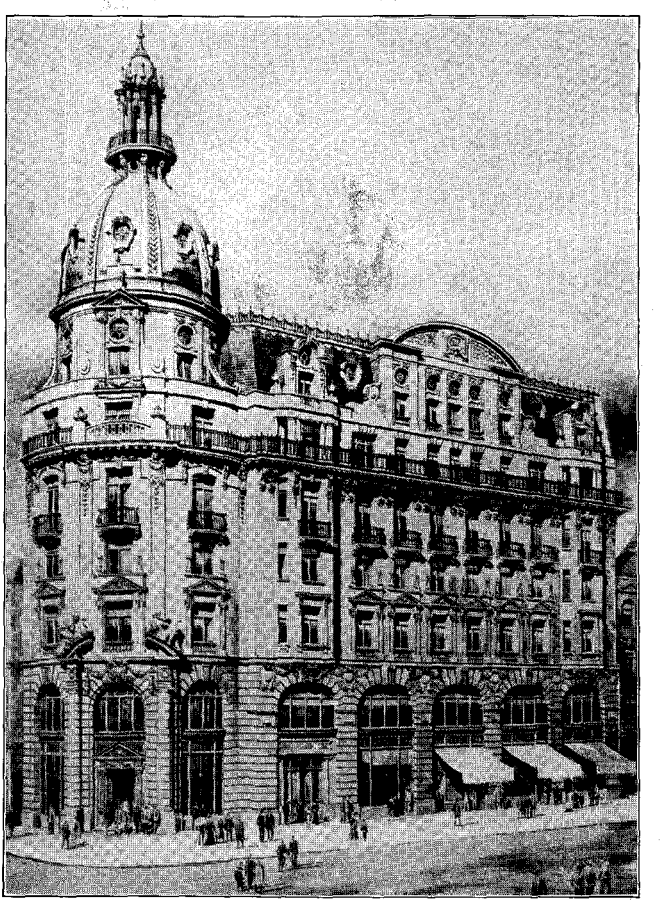
The dean of Brazilian journalism, *O Jornal Do Commercio,* was founded in the same year as the leading paper of Chile, *El Mercurio*—1827. Its original name was *The Spectator*. The paper is unofficial, but reliable, and is housed in an edifice quite worthy of the dignified journal. In appearance the *Journal of Commerce* would seem to belie its reputation as a great daily, noted for its editorials and its accuracy. The first page is usually quite as dull as the last. News from the various republics has precedence, and even telegrams from the war bureaus are arranged chronologically, without much comment. Headings of more than one-column width are rare. Feature advertising would seem to be quite undeveloped. An average Sunday edition of some twenty pages is more than half taken up with advertisements, quite the American proportions; but the advertisements, instead of tempting one away from the reading matter, as in our own case, are forbidding. Yet the *Journal of Commerce* is a powerful rival of its contemporaries in the other leading republics, and has schooled not a few of the writers whose names were to become intellectual passwords in Brazil.

The press of Chile is influenced by England rather than France. Despite small circulation the influence is large, and much attention is given to political



THE BUILDING OF "O JORNOL DO COMMERCIO," RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, THE DEAN OF THE BRAZILIAN PRESS

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events and social questions. The place which *La Prensa* holds in Argentine and *O Jornal Do Commercio* in Brazil is here held by the enterprising syndicate called *El Mercurio* (*The Mercury*). This newspaper has been called the *Times* of South America, enjoying, according to Francis J. G. Maitland, in his recent *Chile: Its Land and People,* a reputation and influence in our neighbour continent similar to that of the great English daily in its own sphere.

El Mercurio was founded in 1827 by the grandfather of the present owner, and its first issue came out in a most unpretentious fashion, being printed on a humble piece of letter-paper. Its offices are noted, even as those of Argentine's *La Prensa,* as being the most luxurious in the country. *The Mercury* was English from the very beginning, since it was the result of an English settler's enterprise. Don Agostino Edwards has shown himself to be a worthy descendant of the founder, since it was due to his acumen that simultaneous issues of the paper were started in Valparaiso and Santiago some years before the idea came to Lord Northcliffe of issuing simultaneous editions of the *Daily Mail* in London and Manchester. Edwards controls a large chain of newspapers throughout the country; *The*

THE BUILDING OF "EL MERCURIO," VALPARAISO, CHILE. THE "TIMES" OF SOUTH AMERICA

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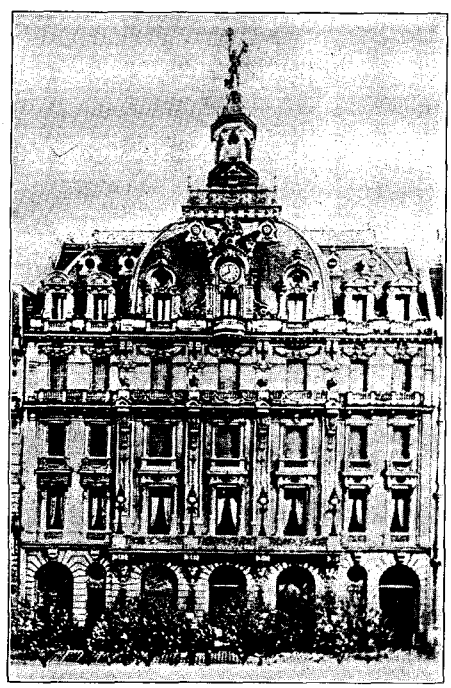
Mercury has been a success from the very beginning.

In appearance *The Mercury* is much smaller than such a typographical desert as the Brazilian *Journal of Commerce*. It is smaller even than our own representative journals, even if not so lively in tone. It is published in the evening under the name *Las Ultimas Noticias* (*The Latest News*). *The*



THE BUILDING OF "LA PRENSA," BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINE. ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE JOURNALISTIC INSTITUTIONS IN THE WORLD

Mercury is quite as well equipped as *The Press*. Not only is the machinery of the latest make, but fast colour presses provide supplements for weeklies, while the illustrations measure up to our own product. What has been said of the Argentine photographer applies with equal emphasis to the cameraman of the Chile newspapers. While we are on the matter of illustrations we might mention that cartoons in the columns of the daily press are a rarity in South America, compared to the frequency with which they appear in the large American dailies. What drawing is done appears in such magazines as the semi-weekly *Caras Y Caretas* (*Faces and Masks*) of Buenos Ayres, *El Chileno* (*The Chilean*) and others.

The newspapers mentioned in the above synopsis, of course, are the leading ones of their nations. It would not be fair to judge the entire press of South America by these specimens, any more than it would be fair to judge American journalism by the New York *World*. As indications of the continent's potentialities and possibilities, however, they are especially important to those of us in the North who have, until lately, been too prone (both intellectually and commercially) to look down upon these people in more than the geographical sense.

The wiliness of editors the world over is well illustrated in one of the anecdotes which former Prime Minister Clémenceau of France has included in the delightful account of his South American trip. "Having gone there intending to interview the editor in my own way," he writes, with reference to a visit to an editor in Uruguay, "the tables were turned on me and a volley of questions fired off at me. Next morning there appeared the very interview I had been avoiding, and all my 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' were cunningly interpreted to make up a tale. Consequently, all I can report of Uruguay journalism is that my *confrères of Montevideo* excel in the art of the Abbé de l'Epée, who managed to make the dumb talk. I trust this remark will be taken as praise."

It might be mentioned, in passing, that Uruguay does not enjoy a free press, but Buenos Ayres is so near to Montevideo, across the river La Plata, that the Uruguay business man may read the Argentine papers at his breakfast table. Near Buenos Ayres, too, we find one of the journalistic curiosities of South America. At the Open Door Asylum for the Insane there is issued a tri-lingual publication entitled *Ecos de las Mercedes*. Articles are printed in

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THE BUILDING OF "A PROVINCIO DO PARÁ." NORTH BRAZIL

Spanish, Italian and French. The paper is written and published by madmen! Nor is it necessarily a reflection upon our sane journalists if the reading matter differs very little from what we get in our favourite periodicals.

Journalism in South America is more personal than our own. Personalism of this nature is usually taken as a sign of an early stage in newspaper development, and if it has disappeared in the large press of our metropolitan centres it is still to be found flourishing in country districts as well as in such highly developed institutions as the Jewish press of New York. The South American to-day, even as we ourselves in the days of Greeley and Dana, feels more or less a personal acquaintance with the man whose editorials he reads. And it should be recalled, in this connection, that in many parts of the Southern continent the editorial, and not the news, is the important part of the newspaper. We may expect to find among the editors of these papers men who accupy, in popular esteem and in power among the people, quite the places that Dana and Greeley held here.

Men like Quintano Bocayuva of the Brazilian journal *O Paiz* (*The Nation*) have their names linked forever with the great abolitionist movement. In parliament, on the rostrum, in the press, his labours, finally crowned with success, were devoted almost entirely to the great cause of freeing the slaves and instituting the republican idea in the empire. Everything from the man's mouth or pen breathes the spirit of a broad Americanism.

Machado de Assis, whom we have met previously as one of the chief ornaments of his country's letters, is no less prominent in journalism. He was a writer of excellent Portuguese, a language whose beauties have yet to be generally appreciated in the Western hemisphere. His spontaneous humour recalled the Englishman, Sterne, while his treatment of every-day types and situations had about it what has been well termed "a mysterious perfume of distinction." This writer of fragile, delicate phrases was a son of the tropics in whom there reigned an Anglo-Saxon self-mastery.

Carlos de Laet, known for his Saturday section in the *Jornal do Brazil* (*Brazilian Journal*), represents an older type, religious, with monarchic tendencies. Here is a solid humanist, a penetrating philosopher, whose pen is feared by all his enemies. Despite the fact that he is of the old régime, he has his large following.

One of the most remarkable figures in South American journalism as a whole is that of Ruy Barbosa, who, in November of the past year, received a

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DIARIO DE LA TARDE

LA RAZON

popular ovation that left unmistakably in his heart a deep sense of what he is to the Brazilian people. Born in 1849 at Bahia, he has covered in his active career many fields, and has risen to eminence in philology, education, pedagogy, politics, journalism and oratory. He attended The Hague Peace Conference of 1907. He has been editor of the *Diario de Noticias,* the *Imprensa* and the *Jornal do Brazil.* His vast erudition and mastery of the word have made him a dangerous polemist. At the death of Machado de Assis he was elected president of the Brazilian Academy of Letters.

sense of humour devoid of buffoonery—something many of our own dailies could import without suffering thereby—a skilled touch in developing an unexpected point of view and a style that can express the most tenuous and delicate caprices of an inexhaustible fantasy.

Cárlos Silva Vildósola, at various times editor or collaborator on *El Chileno* (one of Chile's leading comic publications), *El Porvenir* (Santiago) and *El Pais* (Concepción), was born in Araucana, 1872. As London correspondent of the great *El Mercurio,* and as editor for many years of that influential periodical, he quickly earned

EL DIA

No less interesting is the dominant personality of José Carlos Rodriguez, editor of the *Journal of Commerce,* Rio de Janeiro. He is favourably known in our own country, having lived here for a long time. Possessing an excellent acquaintance with foreign literatures, especially that of England and the United States, he writes English with ease, as is attested in his book *The Panama Canal.*

Men like Coelho Netto and Araujo, both of them skilful stylists, the first known equally well in poetry and fiction, the second for his originality in journalistic topics, are but further proofs of the versatile turn of South America's public minds. Araujo, after abandoning a medical career, founded the *Gazeta De Noticias,* one of the leading organs in Rio. He is noted for possessing a sarcastic vein free of venom, a name for his nationalist sentiments and his penetrating writings in politics and sociology. He has written on "The Mission of the Press in Modern Society," and "The English and French Press."

An interesting anecdote recounted by Vildósola is worth a hasty reference because of the fascinating style and the sweet, unique sentiment underlying the original. In early childhood one of his teachers had been a certain Don Clemente, well named, for he was indeed clement to his favourite pupil, the future editor of Chile's greatest newspaper. Young Vildósola had always sat first in the class, until, on one fated day, he slipped down to the ignominious position of sixth. This hurt the teacher no less, if not more, than the pupil. The latter was asked to stay "after school." The much feared castigation arrived,

EL MERCURIO

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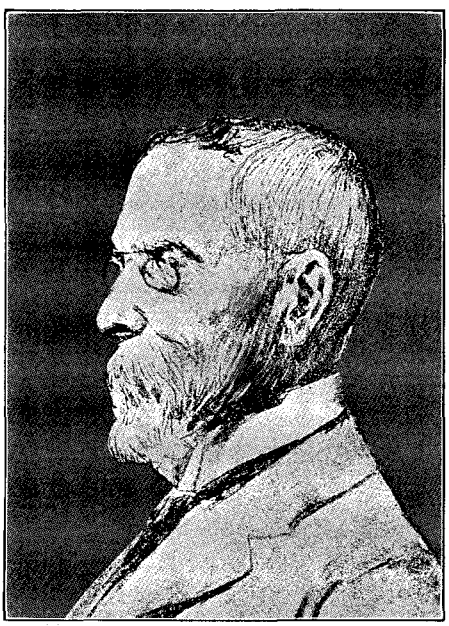
and it was merely "Learn the conjugation of the verb 'to have'!" from the stern lips of Don Clemente. Vildósola, unaware of what his teacher was up to, did as he was told. Next morning, with almost savage ferocity, Don Clemente began the day's lessons. "Present indicative of the verb 'to have'!" he demanded of the first pupil. The suddenness of the demand defeated pupil number one. The next faltered and was mercilessly sacrificed; number three met a similar fate; four and five, perhaps never suspecting such a question, went down to defeat. Number six was Vildósola. "Present indicative of the verb 'to have'!", vociferated Don Clemente. And the youngster, having followed his teacher's advice, gave it without error. First place in the class was again his! Don Clemente, in order to achieve this happy event, had "cheated" for his favourite pupil by warning him in advance! Upon reading of the death of Don Clemente, Vildósola, instead of inscribing a dry obituary, was moved to the writing of this anecdote, one of the many gems that has come from his pen.

Another of the representative journalists of Chile is Misael Correa Pastene. After starting, at the age of twenty-two, on *El Constitucional,* going thence to *La Libertad* till 1897, then to *La Patria* for three years more, he became assistant editor of the Valparaiso *La Unión.* Three years later found him on *El Diario Ilustrado.* The latter newspaper, in the words of the well-known Chilean writer Don Pedro Pablo Figueroa, produced in national journalism, as regards its modern style and conceptions, the same improvement as did the *Mercurio* in the matter of printing and format. Pastene, a supporter of the younger element, recalls in his style the correctness of Valera with the freedom of Pereda.

Among the leading newspaper humourists we find Miguel Angel Gargari, whose pseudonym is, quite humbly, "Nadir." Gargari has edited *La Saeta, Los Lúnes, La Tarde, El Imparcial* and *La Prensa.* His genial style in the newspaper column has won him favour on the vaudeville stage through the medium of clever monologues in the same fashion. Gargari has been called the most gifted humourist of both Chile's press and its literature. A characteristic satire, in this case against his own journalistic profession, may serve as an introduction to his humour. Labouring, as the satire here does, under the double disadvantage of translation and condensation, it is but a poor tribute to so deserving a writer.



MACHADO DE ASSIS. FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE BRAZILIAN ACADEMY

A journalist dies and finds himself wafted up to heaven. Arriving there he asks for entrance into the realms where no blue pencils shall ever more wrack his soul. St. Peter, however, when he learns that the newcomer is a journalist, obdurately refuses him admission. Pressed for an explanation, St. Peter recounts the story of the original harmony in heaven until the revolt of Lucifer. This is couched in newspaper terms, with Lucifer made out as a ce-

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O ESTADO DE S. PAULO

ANNO XLI | S. Paulo — Terça-feira, 9 de Março de 1915 | N. 13.225

lestial muck-raker who revolted against the editor-in-chief, God, with the result that the muck-raker was banished. As St. Peter told the story, another applicant for heaven came, with a special note, telling that although he was a bad man on earth, there were extenuating circumstances, and that he had also done good as an official in a religious institution. The man was allowed to enter, much to the surprise of the journalist. "What!" protested the latter to the guardian of heaven's gates, "you allow to enter such a worthless creature on the mere pretence that——." St. Peter smiled ironically. "That note," he replied with scorn, "was a trick of mine. You see, you are not yet in heaven when you revert to your natural, journalistic perverseness of mind, and begin to find fault, just like our original fault-finder up here. No! Journalists cannot enter heaven!"

To give the journalist, as original ancestor, no less a personage than the Devil, and to relate in a modern quasi-myth form the origin of it all, is a combination of Gilbert and Ovid that proves quite irresistible. Gargari tells the tale above paraphrased in rapidly flowing narrative, free from the slapstick methods to which our own newspaper humourists stoop too willingly and too often.

There is such a wide choice to be made of editors and newspaper men who have served their apprenticeship in the press and graduated into the more legitimate fields of literature that one can but choose a name here and there that must stand for a host of others.

Juan Pable Echagüe, born in San Juan, 1877, made his reputation on the staffs of *La Nación, El Pais, El Diario, El Tiempo, El Heraldo* and the principal dailies of the Argentine Republic. His audacious sincerity, more dangerous there than here, immediately attracted attention from the intellectual circles of a nation that still, according to native confessions, writes criticism with the pen dipped in sugar. Antonio Monteavaro (born in the same year as Echagüe), editor of the Buenos Ayres *Nation,* has won signal praise from Dr. José Ingegnieros, himself one of Argentine's foremost scientists. "Monteavaro," says Ingegnieros, "has certain intellectual characteristics which bring out in personal relief everything that he writes. His mind is as agile as his style. Words sparkle from under his pen like smiling pyrotechnics, giving to every phrase the distinction of the picturesque and the charm of grace." The man who can write an expression like "smiling pyrotechnics" is himself no mean journalist.

Raúl Montero Bustamente, born in Uruguay, 1881, is an example of the self-made man who boasts no school but that of experience. He writes of himself, "I never took any college courses nor did I ever know the discipline of any method. I came into intellectual life through accident, without desiring it or even knowing it, carried along by irresistible atavistic tendencies and by the romanticism of my character."

ANNO IV | SEXTA-FEIRA, 12 DE FEVEREIRO DE 1915 | NUM. 778

O IMPARCIAL

Diario Illustrado do Rio de Janeiro

PROPRIEDADE DA COMPANHIA BRASILEIRA DE PUBLICIDADE (São-Paulo)

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LA PRENSA

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That journalism, however, sails no unimpeded course in South America, may be gleaned from the reply of Clovis Bevilaqua to João do Rio, one of the best writers of the younger generation in Brazil. Said Bevilaqua, "Although I read the papers continually, I am not very sympathetic to journalism. Without denying that the press has a certain value as a cultural element, I find that those who devote themselves to it exhaust their energies and breed superficiality. . . . Journalism agitates the passions more often than it clarifies opinion. . . . It is a strong projection of light enveloped in a thick fog of smoke."

All of which brings us back to Wilde's paradox regarding literature and journalism. Nor is this view of journalism without its staunch supporters in this country. After all, it is a question of just what is meant by journalism. The irrepressible Bernard Shaw, for instance, has told us in his *Sanity of Art* that

> I am also a journalist, proud of it, deliberately cutting out of my works all that is not journalism, convinced that nothing that is not journalism will live long as literature, or be of any use whilst it does live. I deal with all periods; but I never study any period but the present, which I have not yet mastered and never shall; and as a dramatist I have no clue to any historical or other personage save that part of him which is also myself, and which may be nine-tenths of him or ninety-nine hundredths, as the case may be (if, indeed, I do not transcend the creature), but which, anyhow, is all that can ever come within my knowledge of his soul. The man who writes about himself and his own time is the only man who writes about all people and all time. The other sort of man, who believes that he and his period are so distinct from all other men and periods that it would be immodest and irrelevant to allude to them or assume that they could interest any one but himself and his contemporaries, is the most infatuated of all egotists, and consequently the most unreadable and negligible of all the authors. And so, let others cultivate what they call literature: journalism for me!

Not that Shaw has said anything really new in this gay paragraph. He has merely taken what most of us always called good literature and labelled it "journalism" in order to emphasise the proposition that posterity can be interested only in those traits of man's writings which are always contemporary because always human. But there is virtue in the paradox. If journalism, not only in South America, but also nearer home, is open to the criticism levelled at it by Bevilaqua, it is also producing the type of product which Shaw has indicated in his own impertinent fashion. As far as South America is concerned, when one considers the history of the republics, their native and foreign problems, their political instability of yesterday, the impediments to education and the general economic unrest, the progress made by its journalism in the past fifty years is nothing less than prodigious.

This is but a sign of what is there going on in all departments of human relations, and is an earnest of future intellectual accomplishment that shall awaken the United States from a lethargy that does both itself and South America a deep wrong.

ASSIGNATURAS PARA TODO O BRAZIL

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ANNO 89 RIO DE JANEIRO — QUARTA-FEIRA 17 DE MARÇO DE 1915 N. 76

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GRUB STREET ORGANISED

BY LOUIS BAURY

I

THEY are telling a story—sometimes when the prattle of the ateliers languishes and the oldest critic has been derided to exhaustion—of a certain young painter who, in a frenzy of discouragement with a landscape that would not block in to his satisfaction, suddenly dipped his broadest brush in orange-vermilion and banded the offending canvas across with frantic, shrieking stripes. The surprised protestations of his studio-mate served merely to drive him into wilder fury. Madly he vented his disgust in great gashes of blues and greens, in indiscriminate swirls of purples and yellows. Then, when all signs of landscape had been quite obliterated, he put on his hat and went out, leaving the horrid thing still on the easel.

Next day—so runs the tale—a devotee of Futurism came along, went into ecstasies over the "fine, free passion of the work," and bought it on the spot to hang in her boudoir. And now they say that young man is turning out "Futurist" paintings at the rate of twelve a week—and making a very good thing of it, too.

Which incident may not, to be sure, be altogether accurate. Artists are said to be very imaginative folk, and it has been shrewdly suggested that this yarn bears suspicious family resemblance to the old donkey's-tail anecdote that has been going the rounds ever since Impressionism came into the first furore of its vogue.. But it seems foolhardy to pry too closely into details of fact where the underlying truth is as significant as in this case.

For though it may be natural and salutary to discuss at length only our more inspired works and expressions, the fact remains that, for the great bulk of our population, this is the day of the something-just-as-good-for-half-the-money. It is the day of stucco houses and false mantelpieces, of arts and crafts furniture and hand-coloured reproductions from old masters, of five-star extras and "easy payments" and gold-filled watches. And it is in the midst of this atmosphere that there has been evolved a Grub Street new with a magnitude and precision of newness that would stagger even the enterprising Mr. Jasper Millvain who, over quarter of a century ago, so cleverly scented which way the artistic trade winds were blowing.

Dr. Johnson, in his famous definition of the term, for all time identified Grub Street with works of a "temporary" nature; and it is on this score that pretty nearly every one from Dryden and Pope down to the latest British-weekly essayist has stigmatised it. But amid the intensive scheme of modernity, the moment—each little electric will-o'-the-wisp flash of eternity—has come to acquire an importance unnecessary to it in any earlier epoch. It is an importance less rhapsodic than that the poets have prayed for it, but more dynamic. And these works which are fashioned, like a cigarette or a demi-tasse, only for the moment's enlivenment, take on a new and unwonted importance in proportion. "Popular!" is the inferentially derogative epithet with which the higher criticism is still inclined to dismiss even the most ambitious of them. Conscientiously, though, "proletarian" would seem a fitter designation—and in this day of democracy rampant, it is scarcely wise summarily to dismiss anything proletarian.

Some one with a periscopic knack of statistics recently estimated that one-tenth of the entire population of the United States to-day subsists through

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helping, in one fashion or another, provide entertainment for the other nine-tenths. Calling our population roughly a hundred million, as we roughly do nowadays, that would mean ten million people thus engaged. Even making due allowance for those whose concern is solely with mechanical ends—printers, engravers, electricians, and folk of that sort—this is an unprecedented creative proportion. It means that, as the later Henry James might put it, Grub Street has suddenly come down to earth—Grub Street and all the artistic highways adjacent.

The scurrilous pen and the invective style, once its unfailing attributes, have been quite superseded. The down-at-the-heel little thoroughfare has at length taken unto itself the normal standards of the average contemporary man. It is this which constitutes its latest phase so very decidedly a revolution. It has harkened to the great twentieth-century doctrines of efficiency until waste has become, among artistic workers, a thing as odious as it is held in a packing-house. That is the great secret of this transformation.

Five or six years ago—to cite a striking case in point—before he had won "serious attention" by dramatising the Pons and Schmuck of the East Side coat-and-suit trade and fencing the astounding Mr. Wallingford about with a proscenium-arch, George Cohan wrote a play called *Popularity*. It was projected as a serious study of certain phases in the life of that fast-dwindling species, the "matinee idol." In that day, however, the creator of *Little Johnny Jones* and *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway* had not yet learned all the intricate mental processes requisite to the performances of miracle men—and the play failed almost as rapidly and unrestrainedly as its author can dance. To-day very few people are so inconsiderate as to remember it. But thousands do remember its uproarious reincarnation, wherein, to the accompaniment of that nervously lilting music peculiar to his composition, George Cohan lampooned all his erstwhile pretensions to gravity—the musical-comedy version known as *The Man Who Owns Broadway*. Throughout the season that piece, it will be recalled, with Raymond Hitchcock in the title rôle, jammed the New York Theatre nightly. By unequivocally accepting the public estimate of this, his first serious attempt, and causing his characters to jeer with the audience at it, Mr. Cohan had turned a dull failure into a flambuoyant "box-office" success.

If this were simply a matter of revision, however, it would not be especially noteworthy. Revision is the common lot of dramatic work. As Mr. Daniel Frohman has summed the matter up, "plays are not written—they are rewritten." But George Cohan and that agile "Futurist painter" did much more than merely revise. The proof of their modernity lies in their unhesitating sacrifice of the substance of a dream to the exigencies of the moment. They eliminated waste.

To-day waste is being eliminated in every artistic sphere without any such necessity for revision. Systematisation has so far progressed within the last five years that talents and themes are now finding their best working level automatically, as it were. At a time when the "under dog" is being treated with a respect wholly unaccustomed to him, the under dogs—that is, from the point of view of inspiration—of the arts have found unstinted means of expression. And whatever may be the individual merits or demerits of works thus produced, the spirit of the thing has its roots deep down within the heart of to-day.

All of which makes it singularly appropriate that one of the chief aids in establishing this order has come through a machine. The triumph of moving pictures has been such a vivid, arresting thing in itself, that, for all the comment it has called forth, the writers' part in it has been largely overlooked. That part amounts, though—to use the most over-worked word in all the modern

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vernacular—to a romance. Fluttering their dumb, palpitant shadow-folk across the screen, moving pictures have compassed for the writer the great literary triumph of mind over printed matter.

II

Only recently have any of the cinematograph companies been giving credit on the programme to the various "au-

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AS SEEN ON THE SCREEN. PLOT! PLOT! PLOT! ACTION! ACTION! ACTION! THAT IS THE GREAT REQUISITE IN THE SCREEN DRAMA; AND PRECISELY BECAUSE IT IS IN THOSE TERMS THAT ELEVEN-TWELFTHS OF GRUB STREET THINKS, A DOWNRIGHT HONESTY OF FEELING NEVER BEFORE QUITE FEASIBLE HAS BEEN HERE OPENED UP

thors" responsible for each day's offerings. Prior to this, a regular dramatist at a rehearsal of his own play was not more innocuous than the photo-playwright remained so far as the public was concerned. It is not the least evidence of the new spirit which has taken possession of Grub Street that so many aspiring writers, under such conditions, were drawn to this work. Certainly no hope of that fame of which Grub Street through the ages has dreamed in its garrets could have prompted them in the beginning. Yet fame has come, after a fashion. To-day such names as Bannister Merwin, H. Pathè Lehrman, E. W. Sargent, Marc Edmund Jones, and Russell Smith—to choose a few at random—have become things to conjure with in the profession. And scattered out across the country are at least ten thousand others, according to conservative estimate, all eagerly, tirelessly turning out motion-picture plays.

What could be more typically, faithfully American! Since anything approaching nationality of expression has been achieved by us, we have been uniformly weak as stylists, as we have been uniformly fecund as builders of situations. In the headlong rush to express all the emotions teeming within us, there simply has been no time for the delicious quest of the *mot juste,* the fastidious perfection of the sensitively shaded line. Here, though, at one fell swoop, as it were, all need for such subtleties was swept away. The play became the thing with a comprehensiveness undreamed of by Shakespeare's lyric dictum. Plot—plot—plot! Action—action—action! That was all that was required. And precisely because it is in those terms that eleven-twelfths of Grub Street habitually thinks, there were opened up possibilities of downright honesty of expression never before quite feasible—as witness the rise of this same Russell Smith. That is sufficiently representative.

Smith dabbled a bit in newspaper work in New York, tried his hand at short stories; but Smith could not write. He admits it freely himself. He could, though, construct most amazing and wondrous plots. Naturally, spontaneously they flowed from him in bizarre and ceaseless succession. If his collar-button rolled under the bed when he was dressing, while still he was on his knees fumbling for it, his imagination was already off on an intricate series of events suggested by the incident. If an apple-cart overturned or a man's hat blew off as he passed along the street, immediately he elaborated the affair into

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a sequence of Arabian Nights' marvels. One evening when he was fabricating such an adventure for the amusement of a group of friends, some one suggested that he was unfolding the substance of a most enlivening motion picture. Immediately Smith, all embarrassments of style of diction being quite beside the point, set to work constructing a scenario. He has been constructing them ever since. To-day he is associated as playwright extraordinary with one of the large motion-picture producing companies in San Francisco; and as one fellow Grub Streeter naïvely remarked, "he's riding around in taxicabs."

Then there is Marc Edmund Jones—and surely, it is through more than mere coincidence that Smith and Jones should be among the most brilliant proponents of this latter-day Grub Street—surely, there is inspirational symbolism in that! Fertility of ideas is likewise Jones's distinction—ideas singularly adapted to the needs of the cinematograph. He started putting them into scenario form on the backs of the shipping-tags of a middle-Western corporation by which he was employed. Now he, too, is permanently on the staff of a producing company. At one time, early in his career, he was said to be the only person in the United States supporting himself exclusively through motion-picture writing. Yet without this particular medium, it is not altogether inconceivable that he might still be with that mid-Western corporation—perhaps going endlessly over and over some laborious novel, quite as Harold Biffen went over and over the "ignoble decency" of *Mr. Bailey, Grocer*. Take his *Diogenes Weekly*, for instance, the first burlesque ever attempted of the "news weekly." That is an amusing enough idea; but where save through moving pictures could it have found outlet?

With the exorbitant growth of this means of expression, and the richer rewards which accrued inevitably, a great many writers already safely established in other popular fields have turned their attention to moving-picture plays—men such as Richard Harding Davis, James Oliver Curwood, Louis Joseph Vance, together with scores of others equally prominent. Meanwhile, from the ranks of those who supply the fifteen-cent magazines with their regular productions, is scarcely one but what has at least tried a hand at this form of "writing." Indeed, so closely in accord have these two mediums come that there has been established the Author's Photoplay Syndicate—an organisation which

DAILY THE MOVING-PICTURE COMPANIES ARE DELUGED WITH SCENARIOS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. ACCORDING TO CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE, THERE ARE TEN THOUSAND PERSONS TO-DAY TRYING TO WRITE FOR THE "MOVIES"

goes through all the popular magazines and has every short story suitable done over into a "one-reel" "movie." Imagine it! If the old-time hack succeeded in getting paid once for a piece of work, he considered himself so excessively lucky that he promptly went forth into the highways and roused up all his friends to treat them. But to be paid twice for the same production—well, only a modern hack could survive the shock of that.

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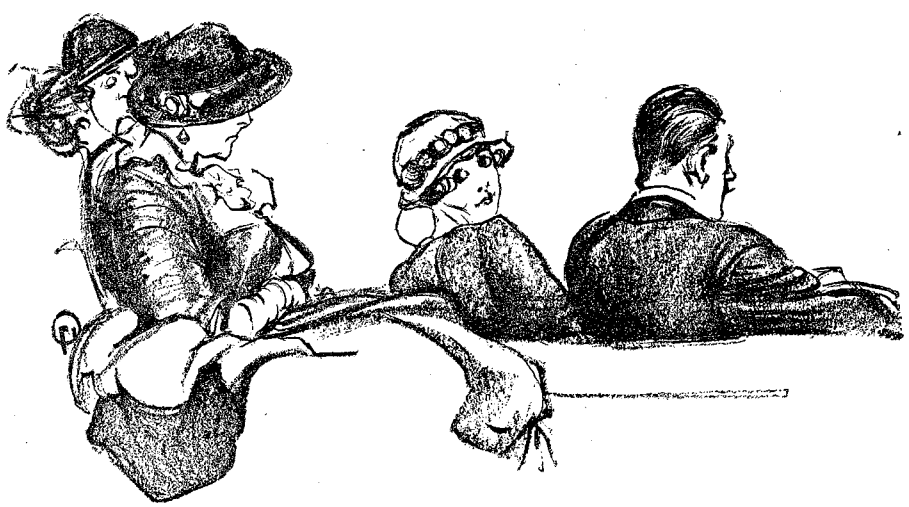
Exorbitant sums could be mentioned in this connection. D. W. Griffiths—who has been considerably before the public recently as creator of the spectacular *Birth of a Nation* film, and of whom one St. Beuve of the "movies" has magnificently said that "Shakespeare does not suffer in comparison"—is reputed to have an income in excess of a million dollars a year; but, then, he is producer and director as well as author. Disregarding sensational figures, though, it is the general practice to pay authors who have won large followings through popular fiction a thousand dollars for a single "four-reel" play. Bringing the matter still closer to Grub Street proper, the ordinary price to writers for "one-reel" plays—the great staple of this form of entertainment—varies from fifteen dollars to a hundred, with twenty-five as a fair average.

To be sure, many of these plays are the work of regular staff writers, of whom there are between seventy-five and one hundred, their salaries ranging from twenty-five to a hundred dollars a week; but these staff writers cannot begin to supply the demand. At the present time, each year sees considerably more than fifty thousand films released, as the phrase goes. Plays form an overwhelming majority among these. To keep pace with any such breathless rate of output, very considerable and definite reliance has to be placed upon the "free-lance"—and it is by no means unknown for an obscure writer to receive as much as a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a longer play. No one will ever be able to estimate the number of aspiring Grub Streeters from out the ten thousand who have, through this means, "kept the wolf from the door" and been enabled to subsist in comparative decency while writing the "great American novel" or the "great American play." And if these have failed, the fact that they were attempted—that they were even dreamed of—by the same brains hatching out the routine moving-picture product may, subtly, have had something to do with that conspicuous improvement in the latter so effusively noted by some of our most progressive magazines and suburban women's clubs.

This writing of the plays, though, is only the beginning of the opportunities afforded Grub Street through the vast



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THROUGH THE CINEMATOGRAPH GRUB STREET HAS FOUND AN UNPARALLELED AUDIENCE. MORE THAN TEN MILLION PEOPLE A DAY WITNESS THE WORK OF THE PHOTO PLAY. AND EVERY CLASS OF SOCIETY IS REPRESENTED

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expansion of the moving-picture business. When it is recalled that the last census showed this to be the fifth largest industry in the country, some idea is conveyed of the extent of the possibilities it holds out—the diversity of occupations it has created.

There are "scenario editors" and "directors"—the latter the men who do the actual staging of the pieces, and sometimes receive as much as two hundred dollars a week; there are "technical directors"—glorified versions of the stage carpenter, who also attend to setting, costuming, matters of period, and a hundred like important details; and there are "film editors," colloquially known as "sub-title men," who fit together the finished films after they have returned from the factory and insert the legends which shall warn the audience of what is coming. All these have been recruited from one cranny or another of Grub Street.

So likewise have the men who write the little moving-picture news-sheets, "house organs" of which practically every company issues one a week. And so have those responsible for the three weekly trade journals and the two monthly magazines this industry has called into being. When, in addition, one considers the motion-picture reviewers created by so many newspapers and those who "novelise" the column upon column of photo-plays featured every day by the press, understanding becomes clearer as to why the soiled collar and the greasy card no longer claim necessary kinship with "literature"—why so many gentlemen of whom the public never heard, though they follow that profession, actually go away on vacation in the summer, for all the world like any self-respecting bank-clerk. Finally—though perhaps here, too, the last should have been first—there are the actors and actresses.

III

During the theatrical season just past, a young woman who held a minor rôle in one of the then reigning successes lost her voice. Her engagement terminated, of course, on the spot. Which was especially arduous for her in view of the fact that, besides herself, her husband, who was suffering from consumption, had to be entirely dependent upon her earnings. But she applied to a moving-picture company for work—and two weeks later was featured in a film as "directly from Broadway." She played steadily for this company until a fortnight ago. Now she has taken her husband to Colorado.

That exploit may not be so startling as many in the career of the late John Bunny, but it is a good deal nearer typical. For although very few theatrical folk ever lose their voices—indeed, people who hear them constantly have been known to lament the very excessive infrequency of the occurrence—practically all of them still do lose their jobs—often with disconcerting abruptness.

From the standpoint of histrionic Grub Street, it matters little that, since Mme. Bernhardt sanctioned the practice with her production of *Queen Elizabeth,* practically every actor and actress of note has paid her the compliment of following in her steps to the films. It matters even less that, more recently, grand opera itself has gone the same road, in the person of Geraldine Farrar. And almost equally beside the point—to-day—are Mary Pickford, with her yearly salary of seventy-five thousand dollars—or is it eighty thousand?—and Charles Chaplin, with his fifty thousand, and Mary Fuller, Florence Turner, Clara Kimball Young, Francis X. Bushman, Earl Williams, Arthur Johnson, or any of the other now fixed stars in this flickering firmament.

These people would have succeeded in any event. Occasionally the degree might have varied. That is all. It is to the humbler, lesser lights, the "support," that the cinematograph has been an absolute boon. Before it came there positively was not room for half of them—with any degree of regularity, at all events. The number of players whose attainments really entitled them to a

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place in the cast, though no higher, was so preponderous. It was this state of affairs, partly, that was responsible for gaining the stroller his justly celebrated reputation as a chronic "down and out."

One does not wish to be so rash as to intimate that he has altogether lived down that status. It might interfere with the borrowing of too many necessary half-dollars. But somehow Broadway does not seem quite so crowded nowadays on sunny afternoons. And it is not necessary to look at the photographs of emotional actresses' villas and motors and collies to realise that the mummers have fallen upon better fiscal times. A glimpse of any moving-picture "city" will sufficiently demonstrate it—with its wide, expansive life and its innumerable *homes*, set down securely for all the tumult and the work.

So many of the film players, however, are outside of these, so many, now that both avenues are open to them, flit back and forth between spotlight and camera, that it is rather hazardous to name definitely the number employed by the latter. Probably to say that between a thousand and fifteen hundred play, on and off, for the screen drama in the course of a year would be as nearly accurate as, in the nature of the thing, is possible. To say that about as many more work regularly and exclusively in photo-plays would be equally safe. Of these the "extras"—corresponding to the people with a "bit" in a legitimate play—receive a flat rate of five dollars a day, irrespective of whether they work for five minutes or five hours, while the various salaries of minor characters who are paid by the week will average about fifty dollars.

It would be useless to catalogue a long list of names. Inveterate votaries of the "movies" might recognise them; but what does it matter? Rob Grub Street of its obscurity, and it ceases to be Grub Street. The important point is that a whole host of people who would otherwise have been quite miserable have herein found opportunity for dramatic expression. Playing, furthermore, as they do, to an audience of more than ten million persons a day, there is scant chance that ability will fail of its just recognition. And what the cinematograph has done for the legitimate player, the cabarets have accomplished, upon lesser scale, for the musical-comedy and vaudeville aspirant.

During some weeks last winter there were no less than eighteen thousand cabaret performers working in various parts of the United States—if you are willing to include the "singing waiters" in certain resorts of somewhat doubtful artistic eminence. "Billy" Sunday's recent crusade through Pennsylvania was the means of making every cabaret in that State bite the dust, or hit the dirt, or whatever the technical term may be; but in all the other States of the Union these institutions flourish fulsomely—in every city of any size. In California—where they had their American origin out on the famous Barbary Coast of San Francisco—they are thick; in New York City about a thousand of them exist—counting in the less celebrated, though possibly more notorious, ones of the Bowery, Harlem, and the lower West Side; midway, in Chicago they reach their apogee, and run riot through the city in fifteen hundred separate variations.

This is being written before "Billy" Sunday has yet arrived at that city whence the Rev. Mr. Birmingham expects an artistic renaissance to proceed; but "Billy" will have to shatter the English language into more terrifying fragments than ever before if he is to disturb Chicago's present position as the cabaret capital of the world. Out there the performers receive almost a third as much again as they can command in New York. This spring Maurice and Florence Walton, the popular dancers, set the record salary-mark for such entertainment in an engagement which yielded them seven hundred and fifty dollars a week. It is rumoured that the incredible Mr. Ziegfeld is planning to put on some "acts" during the summer at his elaborate Jardin de Danse which

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"THE MINUET." BY FRANK EUGENE SMITH. THE REALISATION OF THE CAMERA REPRESENTS ONE OF THE TWO DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO MODERN ARTISTIC EXPRESSION. TO-DAY, FRANK EUGENE SMITH, THE AMERICAN WHO TOOK THIS PICTURE, OCCUPIES THE CHAIR OF PHOTOGRAPHY AT LEIPSIC UNIVERSITY

will be more expensive than this, but up to the moment very few cabaret entertainers have exceeded, in New York, the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar salary into which Maud Rockwell recently danced her weekly way. A great many of the lesser known ones are willing to disport themselves for twenty-five dollars a week, or even, in some cases, fifteen.

A variation, in this country, of the old music-hall, it is only natural that the cabaret should still have to divide many of its most glittering adornments with the vaudeville stage, even as the "movies" share so many of their stars with the legitimate. Still it is no less a harbour of refuge; and there are between twelve and fourteen hundred singers and dancers content to seek employment nowhere else. It takes a specialised kind of talent to excel in a cabaret—a talent pervaded by a sort of spontaneous informality of restraint, the particular appeal of which is often blurred by removal behind the more ceremonious footlights.

Those in whom this talent is predominant, however, have found their place amid this *variété* of popping corks and clinking glass and silverware, as have the many who, lacking the balanced ability desirable for a "part" even in musical comedy, yet have some one "stunt" they are able pleasingly to perform. That is where the efficiency, from the Grub-Street standpoint, of this type of entertainment comes in. A further evidence of that efficiency lies, on the other hand, in the fact that, if a performance seem to warrant advancement to something better, the advancement is usually forthcoming. Did not Yvette Guilbert and La Loïe Fuller have their beginnings among the entrées and the roasts?

Consider, too, the benefit of this quicksilver spread of the cabaret—all a

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THE BEST ARTISTS NO LONGER DISDAIN TO DO CARD WORK, NOR TO DO THEIR BEST WORK IN THAT FIELD, AS THIS DRAWING BY C. E. BROCK ATTESTS

matter of the last five years or so with us—to musicians. The numberless moving-picture theatres that keep popping into life overnight have supplied a powerful enough stimulus; but where the usual "movie" house employs only a single pianist, even the less pretentious cabarets as a rule use a pianist and at least a couple of violins. Numbers of them maintain eight- and ten-piece orchestras. The fact that New York State alone now contains ninety-six local unions of musicians indicates something of the scale upon which this organisation has taken place. Nor have the song-writers failed to profit from the same source.

It was not without design that Leonard Merrick indicated as one of the rarely prosperous intervals in the lives of that diverting pair, Pitou and Tricotrin, the occasion when they temporarily foreswore art and fabricated that triumphant cabaret ditty which wrought the undoing of the "Johnny-in-the-Stalls." Here in America, most of the songs heard in the restaurants are derived from the vaudeville and musical-comedy stages, but because their authors are paid largely on a royalty basis—a cent to the composer and a cent to the lyric-writer for every copy sold—the extended publicity given them through cabaret presentation is of enormous value.

Would "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," for example, have been bought by two million people—not to mention those who had it on their phonographs—had it not been dinned into the ears of the populace morning, noon, and night by every restaurant orchestra and singer in the land before they turned it over to the hurdy-gurdies? And would even Mr. Irving Berlin be quite so comfortably a millionaire as report has him, were not his melodies, almost before they have died away from the ear in the theatre, taken up by the syncopated choirs where one goes for supper?—Incidentally, Mr. Berlin's association with the Grub Street of music is twofold, for it was as pianist in a Chinatown cabaret that he began improvising the

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THAT APPRECIATION IS NOT WITHHELD THE ARTIST WHO FASHIONS CARDS IS PROVED BY THE EXISTENCE OF MANY SERIES. THIS DRAWING IS FROM ALBERTINE RANDALL WHEELAN'S "OLD GOTHAM" GROUP

tunes which have since set a continent to whistling.

From beginning to end, it is, or course, a little moth-life of expression, this that flits its transient, hectic way beneath the electric bulbs and makes of supper-time a monstrous harlequinade; but why should not the moths have their little fling as well as the butterflies and more sumptuously plumaged birds? There are cabaret agencies which "book" a great many acts through a regular circuit of restaurants; but fully half the latter engage their own performers. Anybody who can sing or dance or recite, who can play any sort of instrument or do any sort of imitation or contribute any sort of novelty for the distraction of the jaded after-theatre world, may apply and be assured a hearing.—And so they come, leaping endlessly one after another like fevered pulse-beats, each flinging her little mite of personality and skill into the great sea of human expression. Is it entirely for business reasons that their painted lips part in perpetual smile? A little of it, one feels convinced, is because they are at last enabled to give of what they have.

However much one may sympathise with them, though, it is wholesome and bracing to remember that the greatest triumphs of Grub Street belong to the morning. It is far from the whirling dancers and the sinuous song, away from the glare of incandescence, out in the unstrained sunlight, that the only distinctively American contributions of an artistic nature to the world have been consummated. There are just two of these contributions—the skyscraper and the realisation of the camera. It is a question in which we have attained to the loftier altitudes.

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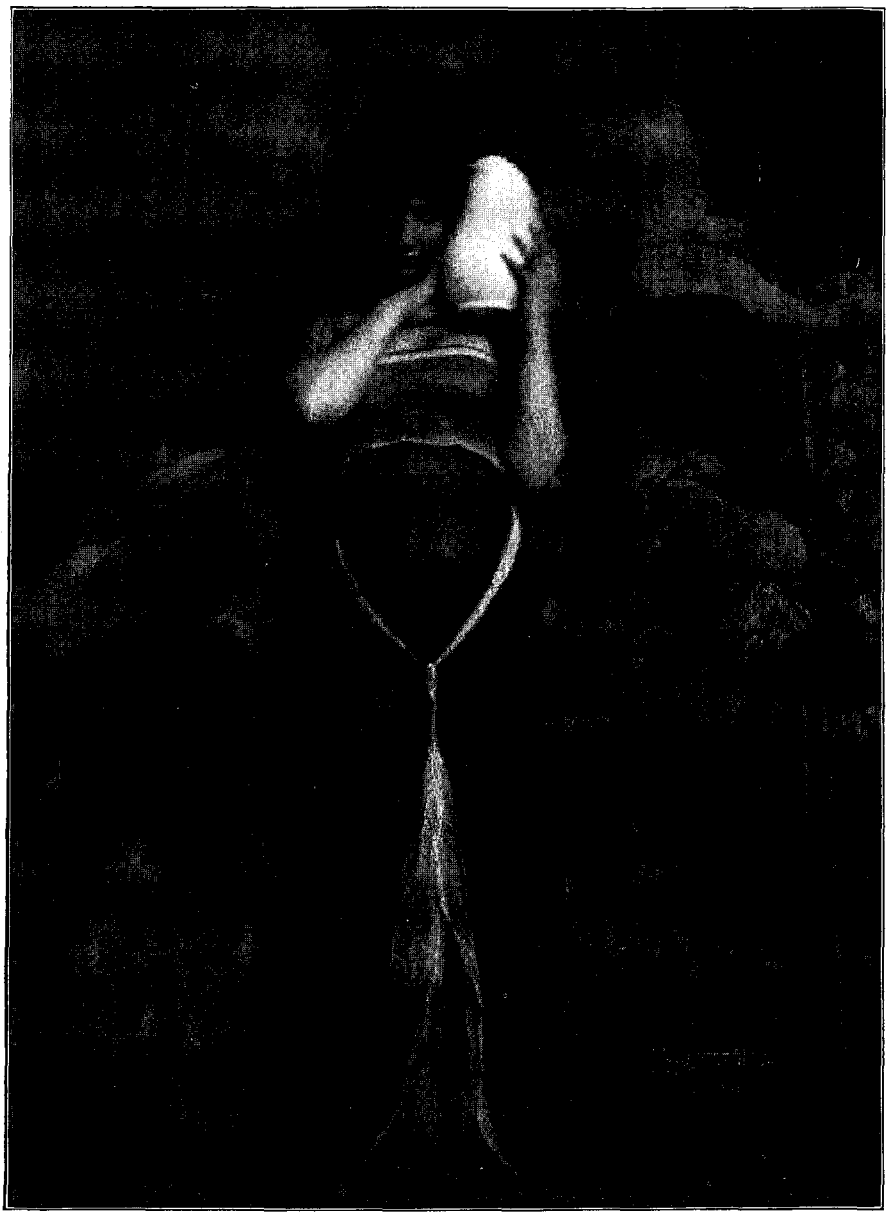

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"THE SOURCE." BY FRANK EUGENE SMITH. IF THIS WAVE OF EFFICIENCY WHICH HAS SWEPT ALL THE GRUB STREETS HAD HAD NO OTHER EFFECT, IT WOULD STILL FIND JUSTIFICATION IN HAVING SENT SUCH ARTISTS AS FRANK EUGENE SMITH INTO PHOTOGRAPHY. THROUGH SUCH WORK AS HE HAS DONE WITH THE CAMERA VALUABLE ADDITIONS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE WORLD'S STORE OF BEAUTY

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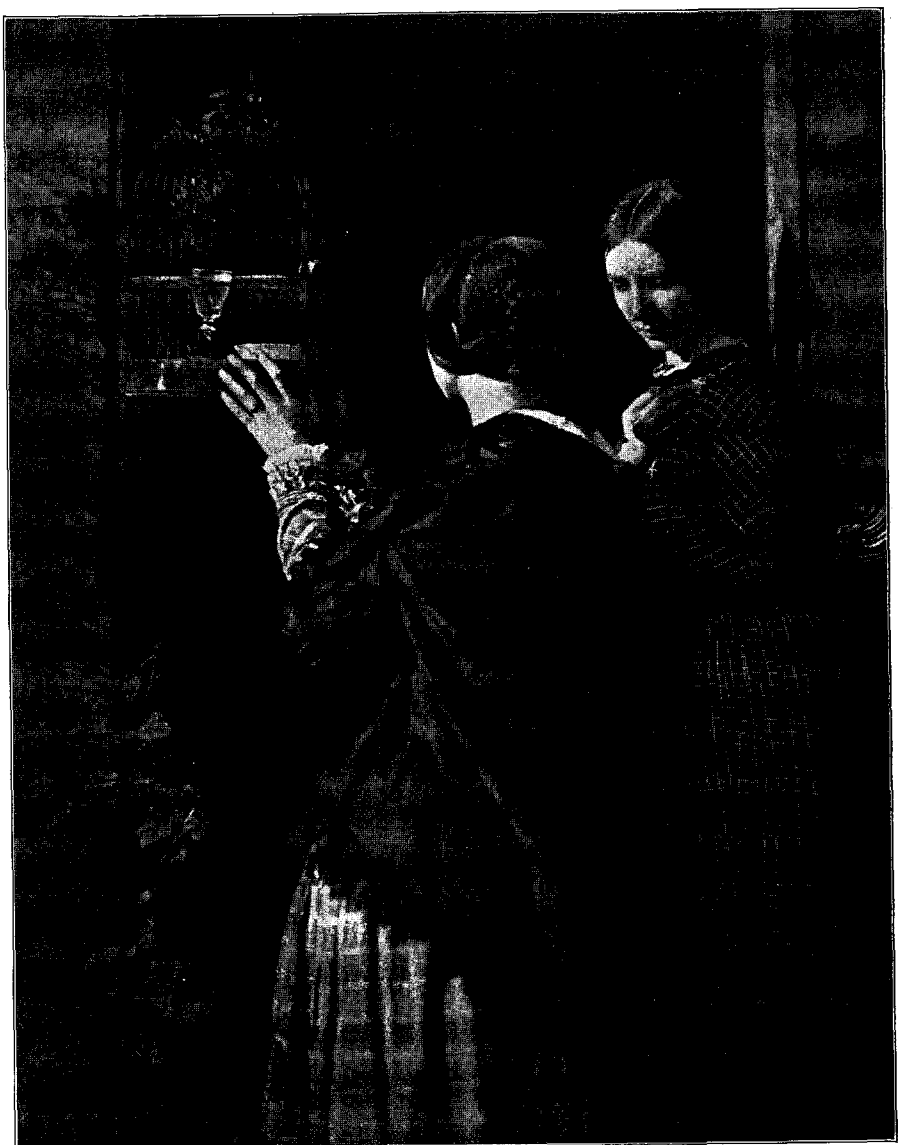
IV

To the 'nineties, the mad, inspired, turbulent 'nineties, when to be "new" was to be adequate, when art was spelled with a capital A and revolt had all the forces of a fashion, belong the battle and victory of the higher photography. A year ago came the ultimate admission of the dignity and scope of that victory with the establishment, at the University of Leipsic, of a formal Department of Photography. It was, too, to America that recourse was taken when it came to filling the presiding pro-



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"THE BIRD CAGE." AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF D. O. HILL, THE OLD SCOTCH MASTER, WITH WHOM BEGAN WHAT MAY BE CALLED THE "ART TRADITION" IN PHOTOGRAPHY

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fessorship of that department—to Frank Eugene Smith, that exquisite and sensitive photographer whose work, it has been finely predicted, will be handed on to the future beside the choicest oils produced of our day.

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IT IS STRONG PROOF OF HOW FAR THE SPIRIT OF EFFICIENCY HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF OUR ARTISTS WHEN EVEN, AS IN THIS SERIES BY JOHN DENT, STUDIES FROM THE OLD MASTERS CAN BE UTILISED COMMERCIALLY

Culminating with this professorship, the career of Frank Eugene—as he is known professionally—seems in a way to summarise this entire movement of which he has formed so striking a part. Beginning as a painter, he took up photography merely incidentally at first. But he brought to it all his scrupulous knowledge of design and chiaroscuro, his fastidious sense of selection and proportion. Being genuinely an artist at heart, he "saw naught common on Thine earth" simply because he looked through a lens. And presently Frank Eugene found himself obtaining, through his respectful manipulation of the medium, effects and statements which eluded him when he tried to put them on canvas.

He continued with his painting, but all the while the camera was absorbing more and more of his attention and love. In portraiture, landscape, and figure work he was tirelessly experimenting, innovating. His photographs became instinct with that rarest of all prizes, personality. They were as unmistakably recognisable in their way as a Rubens or a Botticelli. But he did not utilise them commercially; and meanwhile, through painting, he fared not well financially. Perhaps the time he devoted to photography may have had a little to do with that.

Finally, though, when his fortunes were in direst straits, he decided to try exhibiting his photographs instead of his paintings. That was in Munich, where critics are swift in appreciation and "art theatres" have quickened public sensibilities. The result was that Frank Eugene enjoyed the not altogether unparalleled experience of waking to find himself famous. From that time forward he undertook to earn his living through photography. After the first brilliant acclaim, however, it proved difficult work.

People of sound taste recognised his worth and lauded it. Stupid critics, though, continued to transmute into mockery their own bewilderment at the apparition of pure beauty in a new guise. But slowly, inevitably, appreciation spread; solid worth and dauntless sincerity made themselves felt. To-day even a person who secretly did not care for them would not audibly admit lack of enthusiasm for this man's photographs. Which is a test of standing. And now the last academic stronghold has capitulated, and, serene, he sits among the pundits as one of them, an

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Courtesy of "Harper's Bazar"

TO DRIAN MUST PROBABLY BE GIVEN CREDIT FOR HAVING FIRST DEMONSTRATED UPON ANY CONSIDERABLE SCALE HOW FULL AND PERSONAL AN UTTERANCE FASHION WORK MIGHT BE MADE

honoured member of their assemblage. —Such is the story of Frank Eugene Smith; such is the story of the advance of that compelling thing which has come to be known by the impossible name of "art photography."

But if Frank Eugene summarises the movement, Alfred Steiglitz created it—and then went forth as his own St. John. Through the wilderness of the academies he chanted the new message. And the burden of his refrain was that a camera was in nowise ignoble simply because it is a machine; that a machine handled with loving comprehension may become a thing as personal as an embrace, as true as sunlight or the laughter of children.

The principle had been proved long before Steiglitz, of course, in the splendid work of the old Scotch master, David O. Hill. But Hill had been lost, to all intents and purposes. In his day Whistler—incredible though it may seem—actually wrote laudatory articles on this man's work; the discriminating few responded to his spell, and photographers will always pay him homage as the founder of what may be called the "art tradition" in photography. But in his time printing had not realised the subtleties it now can boast, and the influence of Hill as an active force lapsed altogether until Steiglitz—dominated by the same worship of pure form which has led him more recently to champion the cause of the plane-ridden anarchists of "modern" art—waxed militant on behalf of the camera's possibilities.

It was in Europe that his photographic crusade first made itself widely felt among the laity; and they were, one must admit, European galleries that first opened their doors to this "eighth art," as some one has called it. Americans dominated the exhibitions in those early days, however—Americans, with

IN THIS DRAWING OF GABY DESLYS M. DRIAN HAS SUGGESTED THE POSSIBILITIES OF AN ALMOST UNTRIED PHASE—THE COMBINATION OF FASHION WORK WITH PORTRAITURE

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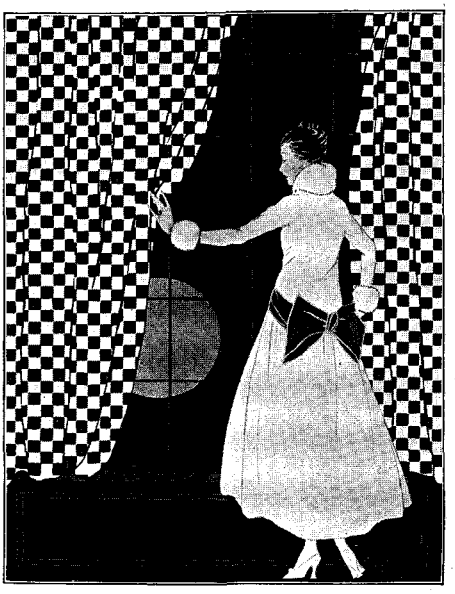
Steiglitz in the forefront. And it was in America that the culminating and definitive triumph came, in the middle 'nineties, at the famous photographic show of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. Then were brought forward such exponents of this medium as Joseph B. Keiley, Gertrude Kasebier, Charles H. White. Then was the way made easier for unquestioned acceptance of such an artist as E. J. Steichen, who for the last fifteen years has been associated with Mr. Steiglitz, and whose distinguished photographs of the Rodin drawings are probably the finest specimens of pure appreciation this medium has yet to show.

The fight these men were forced to make has been so far overshadowed by their later accomplishments that few who were not actively involved in it can understand, at this late date, what a merry war it was. Impressionism itself—which, incidentally, was of course the basic means of making such photographic apotheosis possible—had not encountered more scathing opposition. For a little while even after the Philadelphia show, from a few quarters, such epithets as "muzzygraph," "fuzzytype," and similar terms that sounded like misquotations from Lewis Carroll continued to be hurled at the new prints. Today, though, all that is very ancient history. Even so confirmed a mystic as Maurice Maeterlinck now extols the camera as an "instrument of thought," while George Bernard Shaw, who has constituted himself a sort of intermittent Ruskin for the movement, says, speaking, in the person of Trefusis, from the pages of *An Unsocial Socialist:* "The artists have still left to them invention, didactics, and (for a little while longer) colour. But selection and representation, covering ninety-nine-hundredths of our annual output of art, belong henceforth to photography. Some



IN THE FACE OF SUCH WORK AS MISS HELEN DRYDEN IS DOING FOR "VOGUE" IN THE CAUSE OF THE MODES, IT IS BECOMING MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT FOR MODISTES TO INSIST UPON THAT STATISTICAL LITERALNESS WHICH USED ONCE TO RENDER ALL FASHION WORK A THING OF HORROR

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IN OPENING UP A FIELD FOR DRAWINGS WHICH COULD NOT VERY EASILY FIND OTHER PROFITABLE APPLICATION, CARDS HAVE BEEN OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO PICTORIAL GRUB STREET

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day the camera will do the work of Velasquez and Peter de Hooghe, colour and all."

This, to be sure, may be a slightly exaggerated prediction. Probably its fulfilment will depend a good deal upon what the Futurists and Cubists may accomplish, if they survive. But to the point of view that prompts it, few intelligent people to-day would take any exception—despite the terrific phrase, "our annual output of art."

Of course, though, as in all forms of artistic utterance, the masters are few. Genius is the one element that still seems unwilling to subscribe to the claims of universal suffrage. But even the rank and file of photographic work to-day is at least prompted by artistic principles. Its average of attainment rises just as high as—say, the average run of paintings shown at the National Academy of Design. And this advance —for it is that—is due quite as much to intensified feeling as it is to any perfections of equipment. To-day the most arrant amateur is deeply concerned with matters of design, of quality, of arrangement.

All of which has been the direct result of painters' influence. Gertrude Kasebier, for instance, started out as a pupil at the art school of Pratt Academy; practically all the better photographers of the English school are painter-trained, including that brilliant performer, Alvin Langdon Coburn—who, by the way, is an American, Boston born; Charles White spent most of his childhood making sketches, and at first turned to photography only as a compromise with his father, who objected to having an artist in the family. The list could be prolonged indefinitely. But it would scarcely be fair. Any group of names that might be assembled here would have, of necessity, to omit far too many really notable photographers. But it may be laid down as a broad general principle that wherever you find an exceptional photographer, you are fairly certain to find a man who has had some experience of what is more ordinarily called art. Some from motives of strength, some from motives of weakness, have deserted the brush for the lens; but in either case it is usually this instinct for efficiency that has supplied the impetus—the desire for balanced self-expression which shall be true or effective to the highest attainable degree.

Down in the depths of Greenwich Village, and in a few other remote places, lingers still a scattering of those who don smocks and paint mussy, unconstructed pictures, suffering the while privations that would put an old master to shame. They are quite certain that neglect is an indisputable sign of genius. But these represent merely the undergraduate element in expression, and their tribe is decreasing. Those who, however, have seen fit to dispense, through the camera, with the ineptitudes of the individual hand where these were a hindrance rather than an aid to harmonious expression, have been the means of making genuine additions to the world's store of beauty and understanding. Also, they have, in innumerable instances, reaped very substantial rewards. Beside their achievements, though, that becomes of secondary importance. The heights they have reached are enough, of themselves, to justify this entire wave of efficiency which has swept all the Grub Streets, impelling all those who have blessedly found their work to go a little further and find also their particular branch in that work.

Every painter, though, whose "masterpieces" have been failures has not, of course, turned to photography. Indeed, there are almost as many different outlets open now to the artist as there are to the writer. Among the most conspicuous of which is—opposite end of the pole!—fashion work.

V

A man in close touch with the situation says there are fully twenty-five thousand fashion artists in America at the present time. There are at least

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four schools where fashion art is taught as a separate course, while to find an artist of any rank working "for publication" who has not, at one time or another, availed himself—or herself—of this means of livelihood would not be altogether easy.

From the humble young draughtsmen who, often for three or four dollars a week, "do shoes" in the more obvious "commercial" drawings, up to Etienne Drian and his scintillant, sinuous concoctions in femininity, scope is afforded here for the exercise of a tremendous variety of decorative dexterity. Even leaving out of the question the innumerable fashion magazines and the millions of figures which are completed for them alone in the course of a year, the quantity of fashion work demanded for the booklets of department stores, mail-order houses, and independent modistes, together with the drawings they need for daily, weekly, and monthly advertising, is stupendous.

Specialisation reaches its climax in this field. Very few of those figures which lure the adventurous housewife into the extravagances so dear to the gibes of our comic weeklies are the cunning contrivance of a single hand. Usually one person sketches the figure, another clothes it, a third affixes buttons and trimmings, while a fourth brings out the texture of materials with wash or—less often—with colour. And ghastly though this system may be, it offers a certain salvation to pictorial Grub Street. Those "so artistic" young ladies whose undisciplined minds render mastery of anatomy improbable can at least vent what decorative instinct is theirs in the massing of fluffy fichus, the swirl of floating chiffon, or the insouciant insolence of flaunting plume. If the Mazie of *The Light that Failed,* for instance, could have condescended to such exercise, she would not have been forced to cover bad drawing with a misplaced rose. And who shall say that the world would not still have had as much of the essential Mazie as was necessary to it?—Again, as Mr. Sam Bernard would undoubtedly say—efficiency!

It is all very well to point a derisively carping finger at the great volume of crudity such work still sponsors. The fact nevertheless remains that even in its worst manifestations a sort of suggestion is coming more and more to replace that statistical literalness once deemed a sine qua non in fashion work. To Drian must probably be given credit for first demonstrating upon any extensive scale just how far fashion art may be made a personal and expressive utterance where one person is allowed to do all the work on a figure; but here in this country a number of ingeniously talented people have been swift to set out toward the same goal.

Millenniums do not spring, like Minerva, fully armed from out the aching head; but compare the fashion cuts of twenty years ago with the work being turned out to-day by Fern Forrester, Irma Campbell, E. M. A. Steinmetz, Mrs. Ganson, or Mrs. Stewart—and scoff if you can. We are still far from the day when all fashion drawings shall possess inherent artistic value, but while —fatuously or no—most of the artists concerned labour as best they can toward that end, they themselves are far better caparisoned than the artistic lowly of any other generation. A few of them are making over five thousand a year; scores earn from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week.

The day of sartorial deliverance in line does not, furthermore, seem so hopelessly remote when an artist of the fanciful charm of Helen Dryden can rise from the ranks of the fashion draughtsmen. Hers has become a very definite place in the American art world. Without any claims upon importance, she is still as necessary as rice at a wedding, as confetti at a carnival, as bubbles in champagne. Working in the cause of the modes, she has expressed herself with a completeness which, one feels, would have been possible to her in no other way.

Yet Helen Dryden is a product rather

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than a cause. Perhaps without the impetus of her success, one of our largest fashion houses might not have been inspired to send—as it is doing to-day—three of its draughtsmen through the National Academy of Design; but on the other hand, it is somewhat doubtful whether she would have been allowed to express as much of herself as she has, had not artistic pressure been already brought to bear upon the tradesman. It was the cumulative efforts and attitude of those who turned to fashion work only after other, more exalted avenues had failed them that struck the first blow against the pantograph and all for which that amazing contrivance stands.

To the same influence—the influence of workers at least trained in the highest artistic traditions—is due, also, the vast latter-day improvement noticeable in valentines, calendars, and cards. For these purposes, moreover, work can often be utilised which, in any other application, would be quite valueless commercially.

There was a young foreigner, not too long ago, who came to try fortune in this country and marry a young woman who was awaiting him. He brought with him a little portfolio of line drawings—quaintly gracious things, informed with pleasing, refined colouring. Having almost nothing in the way of funds, he travelled in the steerage; and on the way over he contracted typhoid. The immigration authorities, who, through large experience of day labourers, have learned just how to treat an artist, detained him at Ellis Island. There was much talk of deportation before he was able to get in touch with a friend and broach the subject of his drawings.

These, however, were too slight for gallery exhibition, even if a gallery could have been secured, and too detached for use by any periodical—this particular foreigner not having, either, sufficient reputation to have "poems" written around his work. But his friend disposed of them to a publishing house—as Christmas-cards. When the young artist finally recovered of his illness and was granted the freedom of the country—though not, of course, of the city—he was able to be married at once, and start in housekeeping not wholly penniless. And six months later, a great many Christmas mails were the brighter therefor.

John Dent, son of the English publisher, showed even more forthright

TO-DAY THE BEST OF THE ADVERTISING DRAWINGS COMPARES FAVOURABLY WITH THE PICTORIAL WORK IN OUR MAGAZINES

adaptability of matter when he executed, in the Renaissance Series, one of the most successful of recent card sequences. Every art student who ever dreamed of immortality while the sausages burned in the frying-pan has copied sacred subjects from old masters; but—because the antique dealers are very fussy and subtile in these affairs—there is no record of any of them contriving to make money from such exercises until the twentieth century brought the inspiration to Mr. Dent. And although the idea of such a series is quite frightful in one way, in

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another it is highly desirable—especially for John Dent.

Perhaps it is stretching a point to include calendars in this category, since so large a proportion of them are reprints of drawings already published; and perhaps the valentines represent too limited a division to claim real importance—but the cards are sufficiently impressive of themselves. Last year one publishing house issued no less than three million Christmas-cards alone—nor is this the house most largely interested in work of such sort. Nearly a dozen firms are engaged in it upon a vast scale—and there are scores of lesser concerns involved.

And while greetings of Michaelmas furnish the theme for the greatest array of our more imposing cards, those which make coherent the sentiments of the average human at Easter and upon the occasions of birthdays and special holidays present a formidable total, extending well into the millions. Even the comic card of every-day intercourse, despite all the vulgarities perpetrated in its name, has felt something of the prevailing spirit, and in such specimens as the late Anning Bell produced in mirthful vein has attained to authentic fun and fluency of line. Ethel DeWees, too, sometime contributor to *Life,* has brought a deliciously quaint fancy to play through the house of cards; while the naïve sentiment expressed by Albertine Wheelan in such a series as her Old Gotham drawings comprise, or the pleasingly decorative touch of Marguerite Larned, wife of an equally pleasing writer, are by no means exceptional examples of the progress that has been made since the not so distant day of the squashed-peach-sky cards of the chromolithographic heydey.

Here again, though, one cannot say to a decimal point just how many artists have contributed to this regeneration. Elusiveness seems the one characteristic Grub Street still preserves intact. No one, of course, supports himself exclusively through card work. Like love, one cannot live on it alone—but it has been known to help a tremendous amount. Such artists as C. E. Brock have been paid as much as a hundred dollars for a single design. Some others whose names might not be so readily identified have received as little as a dollar. The more usual remuneration falls comfortably in between these two extremes.

A few writers, also, have benefited from this development of the card, but not so emphatically as have the artists. For the most part, adequately to approximate the emotions of unexpressive humanity at large, nothing less will suffice than quotations from Shakespeare, Tennyson, Dickens, Emerson, Longfellow, or some other conjurer of sentiment whose copyrights have lapsed. But the case of Mary C. Low shows what may be done even by one suffering under the disadvantage of being still alive.

Nobody who has ever clawed a way through holiday throngs that relatives in the suburbs might not seem to be forgotten but what is familiar with her work. In these fragile little lavender-scented messages of a moment she has as definitely recorded an individuality as has Miss Dryden in fashion work or Steichen in photography. There are a few others, less prominent perhaps, besides Miss Low who design their own cards and write their own text as well. The opportunity is there for any with sufficient sympathy for this work to seize it. That is the great thing.

And if the writers in this field are so enormously overshadowed by the draughtsmen, they very nearly even the score when it comes to the production of advertisements.

VI

Possibly the first consecutively arresting evidence of personality in advertising text—one is careful to say "possibly," for there are many surprising byways in this extensive subject—was that furnished nearly twenty years ago in the series of aphoristic legends written by John O. Powers to exploit the Macbeth chimney. "Macbeth chimneys have their

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name stamped on them. No other chimneys do. Wonder why?" That was the sort of copy Powers wrote. Set in heavy black-face and placed in one corner of a large, otherwise blank rectangle, these epigrams of his at one time started out at one from the pages of every newspaper, the coved ceiling of every street-car.

To-day the cry for "personality" is the dominant one in the advertising world. Yet despite the encouragement accorded this rather elusive attribute, it will probably never surpass—in the way of sheer creation—the exemplification it reached a few years past in the person of Sunny Jim. With the exception of Sherlock Holmes, it is doubtful if any fictional figure of modern times is more universally known than this excruciating little person with the bobbed pigtail. Everywhere his name has become a "household word." Ministers have cited him from the pulpit and urchins invoke his memory along the highway. When he was at his zenith, two plays, a book, and a musical comedy were projected, all around his quaint personality.

Many tales have been told as to the origin of this *bon viveur*. This is the correct one, according to Mr. E. E. Calkins, the advertising agent who was his manager: The idea of a "Jim Dumps" who, through purchase of some particular product, should become "Sunny Jim" originated with two fifteen-year-old girls. One of these made a sketch in which the fundamental characteristics of the gentleman were set down essentially as we know them to-day. The other wrote a few lines of verse, embodying the central idea. Both sketch and verses were, however, too crude for practical use. But a syndicate man to whom they were submitted bought them, on speculation, for the sake of the idea. The purchase cost him exactly twenty-five dollars. Some time later, he happened to submit the thing to Mr. Calkins at a time when the latter was searching for some novel method of "pushing" Force. It was then that Mr. Calkins, sensing his latent possibilities, took Jim Dumps over—for a hundred dollars.

His career from this point forward is rather curiously interesting. First his new custodian tried to get the two girls with whom the character originated to develop their idea. But they proved utterly inadequate to the task. So he sent them a cheque for a hundred dollars as a sort of bonus, and summoned one of his staff artists who dealt in the bold, simple lines in which he believed the figure should be presented. This artist achieved the bold lines without any difficulty, but somewhere among them the peculiar character of the subject was lost. Then Mr. Calkins tried an illustrator of his acquaintance.

The latter managed to catch the desired character well enough, but he laced it about with a network of irrelevant, distracting lines. Undaunted, though, Calkins took this drawing to his staff artist of the simple line, with instructions to make an outline tracing of it. Then only was success achieved; then only came the smile which proclaimed him to be indisputably Sunny Jim. Which is perhaps as detailed an example as could be found of the methods whereby individual talents are utilised and waste insured against.

A great number of people, also, produced the many verses chronicling the little man's variegated transitions from gloom to delight. The agents maintained a standing offer of five dollars for any contribution that seemed suitable—and small as the sum may seem, a great many prosperous writers were among those who clamoured to contribute to Sunny Jim's biography. Oliver Herford wrote some of the verses; so did the late Madison Cawein; Carolyn Wells rattled off dozens of them.

There are several other distinct individualities which, although less famous, none the less show that a creative spirit is not necessarily quite killed in advertising work. Phoebe Snow, for instance, sprang into life on the spur of the moment one afternoon when the Lackawanna Railroad had asked their

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agents to find some means of emphasising the cleanliness of their system. And if Phoebe Snow is not as full and complete a portrait—and along pretty much the same lines—as half the heroines of "summer fiction," then there are no soldiers in Belgium. Even her pictured likeness is perfect in its way. To have brought to it any deeper, subtler artistry than appears in that wide-eyed wisp of muslin with the pale auburn hair would have been to emit downright discord. Only a highly systematised and efficient organisation could have brought together Phoebe Snow and the man who made that picture.

In THE BOOKMAN for October, 1912, the present writer essayed at some length to trace the course of such pictorial advertising as seemed to have any worthy claims upon art. In that article it was suggested that many advertising drawings in this country had risen at least as high as the general level of popular magazine illustrations. Since then there has been no very pronounced change in this situation. Some falling off in one quarter has been compensated for by some advance in another. A tendency toward better style has, however, been noticeable here and there in advertising copy. A number of expository booklets and many screeds of the sort that have lately been singing the wonders of the Panama-Pacific Exposition attest to this, while such work as is shown in the admonitory advertisements of Nestlé's Milk seems quite on a par with—shall one say the admonitory special articles in the "women's magazines"? That, though, is about as far as the thing goes. Grub Street has found no touchstone of genius. It has simply learned how to capitalise a meed of ability that used once to be only an irritant and a misfortune to it.

There is no desire to invade here the flexible realm of the statistic which the advertising men have made so peculiarly their own. It is too risky. If one mentioned that the Associated Advertising Clubs have a membership of eleven thousand, they would be sure to reply that all the members of these organisations are not actively connected with the advertising business, and that uncatalogued thousands who are do not find representation here. Anyway, it is far more impressive just to consider the volume of advertising matter with which the days of every citizen are flooded from the time the first post brings its shower of circulars until the night engulfs him round with a tidal-wave of electric signs. Some anonymous writer or artist is behind every word and line in this colossal pageant of publicity.

So much has been written about the large sums made by advertising writers that there is no need, either, to traverse that ground again here. It might not be amiss, however, to point out that the men who have made the fortunes have done much besides write copy. They have had business affiliations with one or another of the innumerable advertising agencies this country supports. Even most of those who are earning from fifty to a hundred dollars a week through the writing of advertisements are regularly in the employ of some agency. To be sure, John Kennedy once received twenty-five hundred dollars for writing a series of ten advertisements containing only about fifty words each—a rate beside which Colonel Roosevelt's much-quoted dollar-a-word record sounds insignificant—and there are plenty of other notable examples of earnings among "free-lances"; but the more usual price for a piece of advertising hack writing is five or ten dollars.

Yet there are few scribblers who are not eager to avail themselves of these small sums. As trustees are fond of mentioning, they amount to a great deal in the aggregate. There is hardly a mail but what brings to every advertising agent of any prominence at least one letter submitting sample advertisements from some writer anxious to apply his surplus energy in this way. Men who have been on their college papers, and who a few years ago would have turned naturally to short-story writing, are now going into advertising by the score. Not

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because they have to, but because, normal children of an industrial nation, that method of expression honestly makes strongest appeal to them. From the staffs of newspapers and from behind editorial desks, from poets' corners and novelists' dens pour bubbling streams of these incidental advertisements. Even on holiday the practice continues. One well-known contributor to "women's magazines," for instance, who last summer took a motor trip through Italy, instead of turning her experiences into the conventional "travel article," fashioned them into a booklet for an automobile company—thereby defraying her expenses to the extent of three hundred dollars—a very fair price for a booklet.

Yes, Grub Street has become organised. From a fantastic slum in the empire of the Muses, it has been renovated into a "model town." All the curious-angled, crumbling façades which once marked its circuitous way have been transformed into the trimmest, most up-to-date fronts. The old hollowed pavements have been superseded by neat flags. The broken panes are all replaced, and scrim curtains hang in the windows. They have set out little trees along the roadside, and every evening they water the lawns. The sun shines more brightly here than patent leather, the breeze is crisp as a new bank-note, and there is a prevalent atmosphere of dapperness.

Which is not at all to imply that that happy-go-lucky, irresponsible band known as Bohemians has vanished utterly off the earth—merely that their club-house has been removed from Grub Street proper. Time has obviously become too precious in that quarter to admit of them longer. Yet this almost cursory little survey has taken no note of the prodigious activities of the trade-journalists nor of the recent spread of industrial art—a really important development which now promises to make abiding impress on the contours of modern civilisation. If certain phases of magazine writing have also been omitted, that is merely because so much is already general knowledge about them. But the paper on this subject which appeared in last May's issue of this magazine was enough, with its record of specialisation, to show how powerfully such work is to-day motivated by ideals of efficiency.

To any one at all sensitive, the great mass of work resulting from this organisation of talents is, of course, rather horrific. From any tolerable æsthetic standpoint, it is fit only for the scrap-basket. Yet in a day abandoned to "cults" and "movements," it represents the most considerable single "movement" America has developed. It must be admitted as an integral part of the same times that have witnessed the rise of the Celtic movement, the revival of interest in poetry, the sounding of the primitive and peasant notes as a new decorative clarion-call, the re-birth of English drama, the reawakening of the pageant, and the triumphal spread of the "little theatre."

Compounded almost entirely of the second-rate, these creations out of Grub Street have still simulated the gestures of the first-rate. And though from the critical point of view that is the greatest of their crimes, practically it has been of enormous democratic value. For they are works that, whether we wished it or no, have contrived to surround our days and our lives precisely as the ancient Greeks intended that things of beauty should at all times and in all places insinuate themselves into the lives of mankind. Uninspired, machine-made, they yet have raised the standard for "pot-boilers" to a technical level before unknown. And by just that much have they stimulated public taste and taken it a step higher up the educative ladder.

Signs are not wanting to indicate that we are entering upon an era of new and glorious artistic vitality. If this renaissance is indeed to come true as an assertive part of the life of the people themselves—as it must to possess any real robustness—it is to Grub Street, then, that some measure of credit must be given for having prepared the way.

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Not because the Futurists have painted at the top of their lungs, but because the bill-boards along the highways have shrieked even more stridently, is the "man in the street" beginning to "see colour." Not because portentous theorists have told him of his "right to freedom," but because the cabaret has bid him up and join in the dance on his own account, is he more nearly ready for that larger dance whose rhythms shall be a wider beauty. Not because pale poets have sung of "red blood" through the drawing-rooms, but because the "movies," in terms he could comprehend, have told him that life is a splendid, tingling adventure, all a-throb with hair-breadth escapes and miraculous rescues and gorgeous chases—that is why he is thirsty for more. Or does it purport too wild a belief in an ultimate scheme to surmise that it is for this that, all unsuspecting, the efficient pencils ply, the dancers wheel and cavort, and myriad typewriters pulse, while out of the chimney-pots the dawn is creeping?

Courtesy of "Vanity Fair"

TO A LOVED ONE

BY L. L. BIDDLE

FAIR as the vision of a summer moon
Reflected on the bosom of an inland sea,
Or of bright stars viewed near the edge of thunder clouds,
Thou art so fair to me.

Dear as the memories of days gone by,
Days when I knew not pain or e'en a single tear,
Of gladdest dreams and things most treasured in past years,
To me thou art so dear.

Sweet as the fragrance of arbutus blooms,
Which trail in mossy nooks and thrive from man apart,
Or of a full-blown orchard visited at dusk,
So sweet to me thou art.

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MODEL OF OTSEGO HALL AS RECONSTRUCTED BY COOPER AFTER HIS RETURN FROM EUROPE IN 1834. THE DESIGN WAS FURNISHED BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, COOPER'S FRIEND, WHO RESIDED IN THE VILLAGE FOR SOME TIME

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TRAIL

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. J. TELFER, COOPERSTOWN

NOT long after the close of the Revolutionary War, the father-to-be of America's first and to this day most representative novelist, made a journey on horseback from Burlington, New Jersey, to "the rough and hilly country of Otsego," to determine the bounds of a forty thousand-acre stretch of wilderness which had recently fallen to him under mortgage. Going west from Albany, he and his companions, a party of surveyors, passed through the desolated colonial village of Cherry Valley, whose inhabitants had nearly all been slaughtered or taken captive by the Iroquois in 1778 at command of British masters. A subsequent campaign of Sullivan and Clinton had cleared the Mohawk Valley of all the "castles," or villages, of the Six Nations and decimated their tribes. Six years after the massacre, General Washington toured the country about Otsego Lake, dining one day beneath a now vanished apple-tree on the Campbell estate below Cherry Valley. No Indians harried his path, nor does Judge William Cooper record any encounters on his way through the forest to the south end of the Lake, though the site of Cooperstown, the settlement he founded, had previous to 1779 been a fixed meeting place of tribesmen, native to the region about the headwaters of the Susquehanna.

At that time, according to letters written by the pioneer landlord of Otse-

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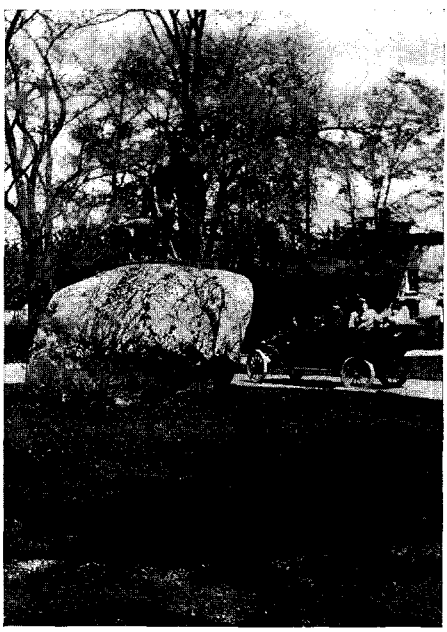
go, "there existed not an inhabitant, nor any trace of a road. . . . Fire and fishing-tackle were my only means of subsistence. My horse fed on the grass that grew on the edge of the waters. I laid me down to sleep in my watch-coat, nothing but the melancholy wilderness about me. In this way I explored the country, formed my plans of future settlements, and meditated upon the spot where a place of trade or a future village should afterward be established."



THE INDIAN HUNTER STANDS ON THE SITE WHERE COOPER'S FATHER ERECTED OTSEGO HALL IN 1778. THE NOVELIST DIED HERE IN 1851

James Cooper, heir to the romance of Otsego's woods and waters, was brought in 1790 as an infant in his nurse's arms to the frontier village of Cooperstown. The prim brick house in Burlington was permanently forsaken for the habitation of his father in this, the "first settlement attempted after the Revolution," and "the roughest in all the State." Travel was by canoe or over roads so perilous that, to prevent their upsetting, chaises were steadied by ropes grasped by attendants at the wheel-side. The call of the hunter, the forester's axe, the fisherman's paddle, broke the silence of the Lake shore. Trappers hunted the woods for wolf and panther, and hewed the paths through which they dragged their spools to the distant village. In touch with such scenes as these, amid "forests and hills, fresh clearings and new fields," the boy James grew a blithe and ruddy young woodsman, supple of body, keen of eye, practised in the traditions, the crafts and sports of the open air.

When as a lad he entered Yale, he so persistently neglected conventional halls for the pursuit of nature that he was suspended by the faculty before the completion of his course. The sea presented a still wider field for his roaming. With his father's aid he obtained a berth as sailor on a cargo ship, preparatory to his appointment as a midshipman in the navy. The fruits of the years 1806 to 1810 were the incomparable sea tales, *The Pilot, The Red Rover, Wing and Wing* and seven lesser creations which

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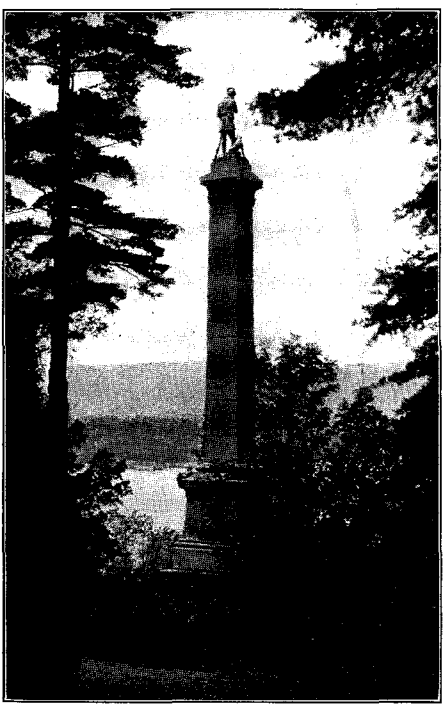
appeared years later and portrayed for the first time in the annals of literature the veritable life of men of the ocean.

The youth's naval career being abandoned in 1811 to marry Miss Susan de Lancey, they went to live at Fenimore Farm, on the west bank of Otsego Lake, and later resided in Scarsdale, New York, where the future romanticist continued to cultivate the soil. "Cooper of the wood and wave," Stevenson named him.

However, his first novels, *Precaution* and *The Spy,* had no relation with either forest or sea. Following the publication of the latter, which to an unprecedented degree pleased the American public of a century ago, our author wrote *The Pioneers,* avowedly "to please himself," and laid its scenes about the Glimmerglass of the Indians.

It was in this first novel of primitive America that Cooper created Natty Bumppo, the hunter called Leatherstocking, in whom Lowell found "the protagonist of our New World epic, a figure as poetic as that of Achilles, as ideally representative as that of Don Quixote, as romantic in his relation to our homespun and plebeian myths as Arthur in his to his mailed and plumed cycle of chivalry."



THE COOPER MONUMENT, LAKEWOOD CEMETERY, ERECTED IN 1859. WASHINGTON IRVING WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRST COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO RECEIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

During the twenty years that elapsed between the production of the first and the fifth of the *Leatherstocking Tales,* Cooper wrote Natty into *The Last of the Mohicans* as Hawkeye, the scout whose habitat was the wild tract about Lake George and Lake Champlain. In *The Prairie,* published in 1827, he appears as a trapper of the plains. When the "most prolific of American authors" returned from a six years' stay abroad

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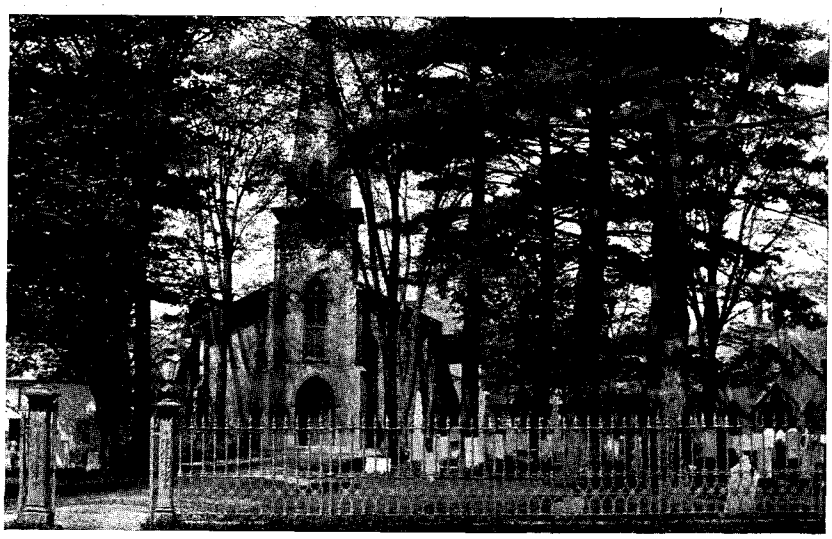

CHRIST CHURCH, COOPERSTOWN

and took up his residence at "Otsego Hall," the dwelling erected by his father in 1798, he wrote amid the surroundings of his boyhood *The Pathfinder,* wherein the Leatherstocking was again a principal character. The locale of this story was the country "between the banks of the Mohawk and the shore of Lake Ontario," which Cooper, the naval lieutenant, had traversed in 1808. Finally the novelist resolved to write "one more tale of our little Lake," and *The Deerslayer* came into being, with Natty in the title rôle.

In his "Preface to the Leatherstocking Tales," Cooper explains that "the order in which the several books appeared was essentially different from that in which they would have been presented to the world, had the regular course of their incidents been consulted. In *The Pioneers* the Leatherstocking . . . is already old. . . . *The Last of the Mohicans* . . . carried the readers back to a much earlier period in the history of our hero, representing him as middle-aged. . . . In *The Prairie* his career terminates, and he is laid in the grave. . . . A latent regard for this character induced the author to resuscitate him in *The Pathfinder*. . . . *The Deerslayer* should have been the opening book, for in that work he is seen just emerging into manhood." He concludes: "If anything from the pen of the writer of these romances is at all to outlive himself, it is, unquestionably, the series of *The Leatherstocking Tales.*" He describes Natty, the "man of the forest," as purely a creation, "though, in a physical sense, different individuals known to the writer in early life certainly presented themselves as models, through his recollections." One of these individuals was an old hunter named Shipman who used to offer his game at Judge Cooper's door, "and whose rude equipments, dogs, and rifle had much attraction for the lads of the house."

The country home built by the founder of Cooperstown on a rise above the mountain-girdled Lake was the original of the residence of Marmaduke Temple in *The Pioneers.* In Judge Temple himself we see the father of Fenimore Cooper. The Hall stood on a plot now marked by an appropriately mounted bronze, "The IndianHunter," by J. Q. A. Ward. Entrance to the Cooper grounds is from the main street of Cooperstown.

On returning from Europe in 1834,

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COOPER'S CHILDREN. 1. SUSAN FENIMORE. 2. CAROLINE. 3. CHARLOTTE. 4. FANNY. 5. PAUL

the novelist restored and improved the ancestral home to the condition represented in the miniature model which his grand-nephew, Mr. George Pomeroy Keese, constructed, and which is here reproduced by courtesy of his widow, Mrs. Caroline Foote Keese. Two years after Cooper's death, in 1851, Otsego Hall was burned. Bricks taken from the ruins, and the imposing oaken doors through which have passed four generations of the Cooper family, were utilised in the dwelling later built by his daughters on a near-by street.

One of the treasures of the Cooper family is the painting which shows the mother of the author seated amid her beloved plants in the great central hall of the manor house. In *The Pioneers* Cooper describes Elizabeth Temple and her father entering this apartment upon their arrival in Templeton.

> There was a sideboard of mahogany, inlaid with ivory, and bearing enormous handles of glittering brass, and groaning under the piles of silver plate. . . . In a corner stood a heavy, old-fashioned, brass-faced clock, encased in a high box, of the dark hue of the black walnut from the sea-shore. An enormous settee, or sofa, covered with light chintz, stretched along the walls for nearly twenty feet on one side of the hall; and chairs of wood painted a light yellow, with black lines that were drawn by no very steady hand, were ranged opposite. . . . Some little display in architecture had been made in constructing the frames and casings (of the doors), which were surmounted with pediments that bore each a little pedestal in its centre: on these pedestals were small busts in blacked plaster of Paris. . . . The walls were hung with a dark, lead-coloured English paper that represented Britannia weeping over the tomb of Wolfe.

Opening off the hall, at the southwest corner of the house, was the room in which most of the books written during the last seventeen years of the author's life were composed.

Mr. Cooper owned a farm which was situated a mile or two from the Hall on the ledge of a steep hill above the east bank of the Lake, and is even now more remarkable for its views than for its fertility. As he walked daily to and fro between the village and "The Chalet," he is said to have visualised many of the scenes incorporated in his *Tales*. The road passes at the base of the eminence long known as "The Vision," for its command of fair prospects. Of

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"THE ARK," CONSTRUCTED BY A CINEMATOGRAPH COMPANY FOR THE PRESENTATION OF "THE DEERSLAYER"

the view from the mount, Cooper declared, "Nothing is wanting but ruined castles and recollections, to raise it to the level of the scenery of the Rhine, or, indeed, to that of the minor Swiss views." From over this hill Judge Temple made his entrance in *The Pioneers,* supposedly in the year 1793; and here Leatherstocking saved Elizabeth from the panther. On the present site of Lakewood Cemetery, below Mount Vision, stood the fictitious cabin of Natty, in *The Pioneers.* A graceful shaft of Italian marble commemorates him and his creator. At the top is a statue of Leatherstocking, "tall, and so meagre as to make him seem above even the six feet that he actually stood in his stockings." The sculptor has modelled the hunter as Cooper first described him:

> On his head, which was thinly covered with lank, sandy hair, he wore a cap made of foxskin. . . . His face was skinny . . . yet it bore no signs of disease; on the contrary, it had every indication of the most robust and enduring health. . . . His grey eyes were glancing under a pair of shaggy brows, that overhung them in long hairs of grey mingled with their natural hue; his scraggy neck was bare, and burnt to the same tint with his face. . . . A kind of coat, made of dressed deerskin, with the hair on, was belted close to his lank body. . . . On his feet were deerskin moccasins . . . and his limbs were guarded with long leggings of the same material as the moccasins, which, gartering over the knees of his tarnished buckskin breeches, had obtained for him, among the settlers, the nickname of Leatherstocking. Over his left shoulder was slung a belt of deerskin, from which depended an enormous ox-horn, so thinly scraped as to discover the powder it contained.

At Natty's feet crouches his hound, "old Hector . . . more to be trusted," in the words of his master, "than many a Christian man."

The gap between two boulders, ambitiously called "Natty Bumppo's Cave," scarcely rewards the sharp climb necessary to reach it. Doubtless Cooper's rambles about "The Chalet's" hills brought him to this precipitous cranny, which he designated in *The Pioneers* as the spot to which Elizabeth and Oliver were guided by Leatherstocking out of the forest fire which threatened to consume them. A little further on in the

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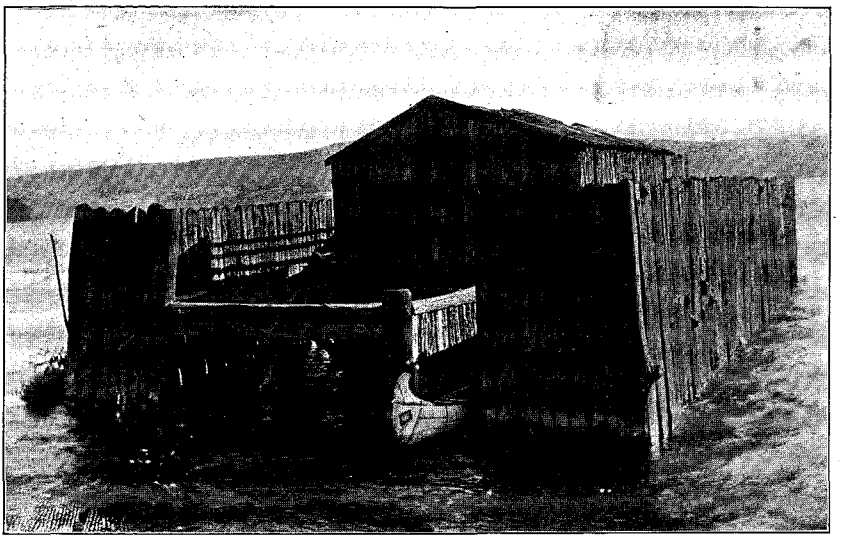

"TOM HUTTER'S CASTLE." CONSTRUCTED ON SUNKEN ISLAND, OTSEGO LAKE, BY A CINEMATOGRAPH COMPANY FOR THE PRESENTATION OF "THE DEERSLAYER"

narrative, the cave, reputed "as a secret receptacle of guilt," is stormed by the "Templeton Light Infantry" in an unsuccessful attempt to seize the old huntsman and take him prisoner.

The ancient rock about which the Indians of the Six Nations were accustomed to assemble before the intrusion of the white man rounds its grey surface above the water near the source of the Susquehanna, at the brink of the village. Cooper made this the place of meeting between Deerslayer and Chingachgook, the Delaware, when they conferred together concerning the plight of Floating Tom Hutter and Hurry Harry, and plotted the attack on the hostile Mingoes.

At a "cape" five miles up the east side of the Lake from Council Rock, Deerslayer killed his first Indian. Near the head of the Lake are the reedy shallows where Cooper's fancy anchored Hutter Castle, "the stationary house, there being two; this which never moves, and the other that floats, being sometimes in one part of the Lake and sometimes in another. The last goes by the name of the ark. . . ." The shoal of the sunken island where the mother of Hetty and Judith was buried, and where Tom Hutter, their pseudo-father, drove the pikes of his oddly conceived frontier cabin, is in plain view from either shore of the Lake. Mount Wellington and the Sleeping Lion rise to the east, landmarks of this country-side for ages immemorial.

A circuit of twenty miles, around the head of the Lake and back to Cooperstown, embraces all of the scenes associated with *The Deerslayer*. At Hutter's Point, on the west bank, Deerslayer and Hurry Harry first burst upon the "solemn solitude and sweet repose" of the Glimmerglass,—"an edication of itself to look upon." At Five Mile Point, Deerslayer set foot on the strand and surrendered to the Hurons in fulfilment of his pledge to return from his "furlough." Two miles to the south a shady spit of land extends into the Lake. Here on Wild Rose Point Cooper staged the rescue of Wah-ta-wah, who was affianced to that "best of loping redskins," Chingachgook.

This spot was from boyhood associated in Cooper's mind with light-hearted gatherings of his family and the friends invited to share with them the

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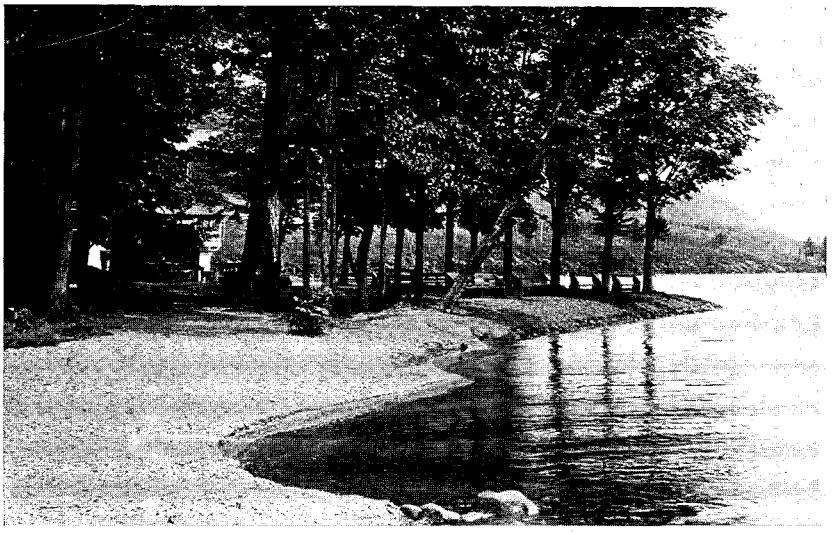

WILD ROSE OR THREE MILE POINT, WHERE DEERSLAYER RESCUED WAH-TA-WAH, THE AFFIANCED OF CHINGACHGOOK. IT WAS THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN COOPER AND HIS TOWNSFOLK OVER THE LATTER'S RIGHTS TO THE POINT AS A PLEASURE GROUND THAT DREW THE NOVELIST INTO A WORLD-WIDE CONTROVERSY OVER THE MANNERS OF AMERICANS

beauties of the lakeside bower. Later in life he so stoutly defied the presumptuous claim of the villagers that the place should be considered a public pleasure park, without reference to his ownership, that a historic dispute ensued which grew to national proportions through the interference of politics.

Within sight of the grounds which enclosed Otsego Hall is the century-old church in whose re-modelling the novelist interested himself after his return from Europe. As a vestryman, he influenced the changing of the rounded window casings to pointed Gothic, and the installation within of oaken roof brackets, wainscotings and choir screens. In the mellow auditory of this edifice Fenimore Cooper was baptized and confirmed a few weeks before his death, September, 1851. The first rector of the parish was the venerated missionary, Father Nash, one of those whom Cooper describes as being provided by the Church of England "to keep alive the expiring flame of devotion in such members as were deprived of the ordinary administrations, by dwelling in new and unorganised districts." The Reverend Daniel Nash ministered to the country extending from the St. Lawrence to Otsego County, "making his pilgrimages on horseback, his wife riding on a pillion behind and the iron kettle in which was cooked their humble fare swung at the side." He was presumed to be the original of Mr. Grant, "the local clergyman" of *The Pioneers,* but this has been gainsaid. Father Nash, who is buried in the churchyard, first came to Cooperstown in the year 1800 to officiate at the funeral of Fenimore Cooper's eldest sister Anna, who, according to her brother's *Chronicles of Cooperstown* (1838), was killed in her twenty-third year by a fall from her horse. To this young woman, "perhaps as extensively and favourably known in the Middle States as any female of her years," Monsieur de Talleyrand, when a guest at the Hall in the autumn of 1795, indited a French acrostic which was printed in *The Otsego Herald.* A rare file of the journal is on view in the museum at the "Village Club and Li-

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brary" given by the Alfred Corning Clark estate. In an upper hall are displayed portraits, yellowed documents and mementoes of the Cooper family, which by application to the curator are accessible to visitors.

Cooper's grave in Christ Church yard is marked by a low, weather-greyed stone, with no embellishment but a cross in relief, and no inscription save the name, and the dates of birth and death. Beside him lies his wife. Across a narrow path is the tomb of his father, first squire of Cooperstown.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART V—WHEN THE "ATLANTIC" WAS NEW

IT is difficult at first glance to see why the Boston literati almost to a man should have despaired of establishing there a first-class all-round literary magazine. What Leland said when he was residing there in 1862, when its brilliant circle was at its brightest, could have been said with equal truth at any time in the previous twenty years. Leland had lived in several European capitals and in Philadelphia and New York; and was thus an expert witness for the defence. Moreover, he did not particularly care for Boston—which makes his testimony all the stronger. "In the very general respect manifested in all circles in Boston for culture and knowledge in every form, it is certainly equalled by no city on earth." This being the case, why then did the projector of a first-class magazine—publisher or author—invariably fear that such a community would fail to support it?

Leland's next sentence may afford a clue. "Every stranger has a verdict or judgment passed on him, he is numbered and labelled at once, and it is really wonderful how in a few days the whole town knows of it." The truth is that cultivated Boston was a village community: it was always foregathering at various meeting-places and swapping opinions. And it had the thrifty village habit of passing its books around also. It distinctly believed in neighbourhood copies. Emerson—who remembered with chagrin that he couldn't find five hundred buyers for the *Dial* in spite of all the eager discussion about it—might have been thinking of this when he wrote in 1850 that a New England magazine was an impossible problem. Well might Higginson, on a lecture tour in the West, record in 1867 his amazement at the support given to the New England magazine which was at last successfully established. "I have heard of a little town in northern Iowa where there were fifty houses and twenty-five copies of the *Atlantic*." That was not the sort of thing he was accustomed to: people were far more neighbourly in Cambridge and Boston.

Fifteen years before the *Atlantic* was begun, Lowell had attempted to do much the same sort of thing in the *Pioneer*, of which he and Robert Carter were proprietors as well as editors. It lived three months. The immediate occasion of its suspension was Lowell's breakdown with eye-strain, but starvation had already set in. Three years before that, in 1839, Hawthorne had written Longfellow, "I saw Mr. Sparks some time since and he said that you were thinking of a literary paper. Why not? Your name would go a great way toward insuring its success; and it is intolerable that there should not be a single belles-lettres journal in New England." Cultivated New England was too busy making contributions to

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every cause in Christendom to support the "embodiment of the national literature" it was always complacently talking about.

Thus the canny projector of the *Atlantic* in allowing it to be considered as the organ of the anti-slavery party, sought to enlist not only ready pens but reluctant pennies. He was hitching his star to a wagon. Boston had tried the purely literary "periodical" and failed to float it even when buoyed up with fashion-plates. It would now see what a double-header might do. Says Scudder's *Lowell:*

> Its founders did not conceal their intention to make it a political magazine. It bore as its sub-head a title it has never relinquished, "A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Politics." But the magazine did not become, as it might in lesser hands, a mere propaganda of reform or the organ of a political party; neither did it assume an air of philosophical absenteeism. The space given to the discussion of affairs was not considerable, but the subjects were chosen with deliberation and treated with a good deal more than newspaper care. They were intended to have the incisiveness of brilliant newspaper work and a breadth not to be looked for in a newspaper.

In this age of magazines, wrote J. T. Trowbridge, it is difficult to imagine the interest excited by the advent of the long-expected *Atlantic*. Colonel Higginson says it was really planned in 1853, but was stayed four years by the business failure of J. P. Jewett and Company, who were to have been its publishers.

The present editor of the magazine says that the whole plan of it was originated by the "editor who never was the editor," Francis H. Underwood, and but for the failure of the projected publishers he would have enjoyed the full credit for the enterprise. At the failure and the consequent collapse of the plan, Lowell wrote him, "I think this Mr. Jew-it ought to be—that something ought to be done to him, but for that matter, nearly all booksellers stand in the same condemnation." Underwood now entered the counting-room of Phillips, Sampson and Company. In the meantime, through all the years of its frustration, the idea had been slowly growing, "Why should not Boston have a Monthly of her own?" For the *North American,* which had not yet departed from Boston and retained all the scholarly traditions of her historians, was still a quarterly. Boston felt—all the more because she showed it in no other way—her inferiority in this respect to her rivals New York and Philadelphia. Each of these barbarian cities had a trinity of graces — Philadelphia with *Graham's, Godey's,* and *Sartain's* (although the Boston literati thought them all vapourish and simpering), New York with the hoary *Knickerbocker* and the adolescent *Harper's,* and *Putnam's* —while Boston, the centre of American literature, did not possess and had really never possessed a magazine of her own which could be agreeable for her best writers and at the same time appeal to popular support. But Underwood began now to develop a surprising social popularity (for a business clerk) among the Cambridge-Boston literary group; and with the idea of his magazine always in mind he set to work to become a mediator between this group and his new firm, which was already identified with some of Boston's best literary interests. Sampson had died about 1852, and the other partner of Phillips in 1857 was William Lee, who had been for many years the senior partner in Lee and Shepard.

Here let Scudder's *Lowell* take up the story.

> Phillips had the practical man's distrust of new enterprises suggested by authors, and a temperament calculated to chill enthusiasm. Underwood, reader for the firm, had already received a pledge of support from Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and others; and he represented strongly to Lee the possibility of the magazine which should

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start out with a staff of such eminent writers. Phillips having been won over, plans were rapidly pushed. Phillips wrote a letter to his niece telling her of the dinner he gave to talk the project over. "We sat down at three P. M. and rose at eight. The time occupied was longer by about four hours and thirty minutes than I am in the habit of consuming in that kind of occupation, but it was the richest time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. The exact arrangement of the table was as follows:

Mr. Underwood

Cabot	Lowell
Motley	Holmes
Longfellow	Emerson

Phillips

Each one is known alike on both sides of the Atlantic and is read beyond the limits of the English language. Though I say it as shouldn't, it was the proudest day of my life."

Nevertheless, the cautious Mr. Phillips would not make up his mind until he had seen Mrs. Stowe, who was at that moment in England. He had unbounded admiration for her; and they had been for some years on exceedingly friendly terms. She rarely came to town without calling upon him, although she did not extend her cordiality to every one in the house. Though it was Jewett who had taken the risk of publishing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—indeed, put the idea into her head while it was running as a serial—and on the other hand Phillips had declined it when she had offered it to him, she had, on receiving an intimation that Phillips would not decline a second book from her (a lady who had sold three thousand copies on the day of publication!) gladly given him in 1854 *Sunny Memories*, and in 1856 *Dred*. Now she conferred at once upon the project her doubly distinguished support, and promised to write for the magazine. Underwood afterward told Arthur Gilman that she was the last straw that had broken the back of the camel's prudence—only of course he did not put it so flippantly. It remained to give the magazine a name, now that it had at last a local habitation; and the christening was neatly accomplished by Holmes.

But the first number was after all delayed. For in the great financial panic of 1857 (the worst the country had seen for just twenty years) the firm almost went under; and the narrow escape justified to the band of eager writers what had seemed the excessive caution of Phillips. The first number appeared at last in October, calling itself November. The death of Phillips two years after and the break up of the firm severed the connection of its founder, Underwood, with the magazine. The editorship had been given to Lowell, at a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars with six dollars a page for his own contributions. This and the regular rate for other contributions was on a scale more liberal than had ever been heard of before.

When Scudder became editor of the *Atlantic* in 1890, Lowell wrote him, "There are now twenty people who can write English where there was one then." But there were a great many more than could find a steady market; and it is no wonder that writers whose only dependence for a livelihood rested upon magazines were always clamouring to found them. "It is safe to say," reflects Scudder, "that few prominent writers in America, Longfellow and Cooper being the chief exceptions, failed to dream of launching a magazine; and the initiative in almost all the cases of important magazines has been taken by the author rather than the publisher." The hungry New England authors appropriated the new one with avidity. "I am glad if you like the *Atlantic*," Emerson wrote Furness in January, 1858. "We hope when it shall be better. One would think it would be easy to find good criticism, but the department is hard to fill. Then what I call the Zoroastrian element, which I think essential to a good American journal, Lord Bacon would 'note as deficient!' And I believe further that we have not

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yet had a single correspondent from Philadelphia. I hope we shall yet supply all these deficiencies."

The Atlantic Club (though it never actually existed as such) gathered the contributors together under the auspices of the publishers during the first months of strong interest; and Phillips had presumably other red-letter evenings or rather afternoons in his life, now drawing to a close. But gradually some of the contributors felt their feast of pure culture impaired by the presence of mundane persons like publishers, and more exclusive dinners were given. Colonel Higginson speaks of one amusingly in *Cheerful Yesterdays*. "The most notable of the monthly dinners was held at the Revere House on the occasion of Mrs. Stowe's projected departure for Europe. It was the only one to which ladies were invited, and the invitation was accepted with a good deal of hesitation by Mrs. Stowe, and with a distinct guarantee that no wine should be furnished. Other feminine contributors were invited, but for various reasons none appeared except Mrs. Stowe and Harriet Prescott. The dinner was a very awkward one until wine, surreptitiously ordered, enlivened things a bit. Dr. and Mrs. Stowe told Whittier afterward that while the company was very distinguished the conversation was not what they had been led to expect." This may be readily appreciated when it is known that Lowell discoursed to Mrs. Stowe on the superiority of *Tom Jones* to all other novels, while Holmes demonstrated to Dr. Stowe that profane swearing really originated in the pulpit. Poor Mrs. Stowe! To sit at a table where wine and *Tom Jones* were alike discussed! After such faithlessness and such tactlessness, no wonder it took the *Atlantic* thirty years to summon up its courage to invite women again!

THE CONSULSHIP OF PLAUTUS SURNAMED FIELDS

A few weeks after the death of Phillips in 1859 the firm suspended payment. Its enormous stock of books and sheets and plates was sold at auction in the autumn, and Trowbridge says that he was shifted, scrip and scrippage, to a New York house. Fortunately the *Atlantic* fell into good hands, he goes on, those of Ticknor and Fields; it is interesting to note that it was a project of the elder and, one would have supposed, more conservative member, while it was opposed by the junior, whose literary tastes and associations with authors would have seemed likely to render him the more earnest of the two in its favour. The price, ten thousand dollars, looked formidably large for those days, and Mr. Fields deemed it too hazardous an undertaking. If he had been on the ground he might have thought differently; but he was abroad. At all events, the senior's courage and sound judgment were abundantly vindicated. So far, Trowbridge; and Scudder, too, says that after many plans for the future of the magazine and much competition of the publishers, Ticknor and Fields bought it. But although Scudder made one in the procession of *Atlantic* editors, still the following story—narrated many years afterward in the magazine itself—seems too circumstantial to be inaccurate:

> Governor Rice was the assignee of the original publishers of the *Atlantic,* and he sent letters to a dozen different publishers telling them that he should sell it to the highest bidder, whose offer should be received by noon on a certain day. The day arrived, and not one bid had come. Mr. Rice walked over to the office of Ticknor and Fields and said to Mr. Ticknor, "I have not yet received your bid for the *Atlantic.*" "No," replied the publisher, "and you will not, for we don't care to undertake the responsibility of the venture." In point of fact, the risk was not great, for the circulation stood at that time at thirty thousand copies. Mr. Rice pointed to the clock on the Old South, and it was after half-past eleven. "I am about to go to my office to open the bids," said he, "and I am sure Ticknor and Fields will be sorry if I find none there from them." Ticknor was apparently im-

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movable, Fields was in Europe. Mr. Rice continued his appeal, and the hands of the Old South clock their way. At five minutes to twelve Ticknor turned to his desk, wrote a line, sealed it, and handed it to the Governor. Mr. Rice carried it to his office and solemnly proceeded to open it. It was the only bid, and the sum mentioned was twelve thousand dollars. Mr. Rice went at once to Mr. Ticknor and said, "the *Atlantic* is yours." Mr. Ticknor was startled and replied, "Pray let no one know what I bid, for all my friends would think me crazy!"

"I may say," wrote Lowell to Norton, "that I think it is just the best arrangement possible. Whether T. will want me or not is another question. I suppose he will think that Fields will make a good editor, besides saving the salary [which was now three thousand dollars]; and F. may think so too. In certain respects he would, as the dining editor for example, to look after authors when they come to Boston and the like. I shall be quite satisfied, anyhow —though the salary is a convenience." Later, he wrote Emerson: "I saw Ticknor yesterday, and he says he wants the magazine to go on as it has gone. I never talked so long with him before, and the impression he gave was that of a man very shrewd in business after it is once in train, but very inert at judgment. I rather think Fields is captain when at home."

When Fields returned, he took the helm. Times were so threatening that the firm seems to have concluded that the salary was, as Lowell had anticipated, an item. "On the business side of editorship, at least," says Higginson, "it was a great relief when Fields was in the chair, and the the junior publisher really proved a much better editor in other ways. For one thing, being publisher, he had a free hand in paying for articles; and he raised prices steadily. He first introduced the practice of paying on acceptance, though he always said that it defeated his object. Instead of quieting the impatience of contributors for publication, it increased it."

"He had a virtue which I have never known in any other editor or publisher," goes on Higginson, "that of volunteering to advance money on prospective articles yet to be written. I have also known him to increase the amount paid, on finding that an author particularly needed the money, especially if it were the case of a woman. He was capable of being influenced by argument, and was really the only editor I have ever encountered I could move for an instant by any cajoling; editors being as a rule a race made of adamant, as they should be."

"In 1860 our literary centre was in Boston," wrote Howells in *Literary Friends,* "wherever it is or is not at present. The claim of the commercial metropolis to literary primacy had passed with the perishing of inanition of *Putnam's Magazine,* for *Knickerbocker's* was decrepit and doting, and *Harper's* was not yet distinctly literary. Philadelphia was now counting for nothing, its publications having become really incredible in their insipidity. In Boston, every ambitious young writer was eager to enter his name with the chosen among the contributors of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and in the list of Ticknor and Fields, who were literary publishers in a sense such as the business world has known nowhere else before or since. Their imprint was a warrant of quality to the reader and of immortality to the author." With the establishment of her magazine, Boston stood at last in the eyes of New York and Philadelphia as she had long stood—not without reason—in her own. She was supreme.

Aldrich was one of the ambitious young writers Howells speaks about. He might have been content with his success in New York, for at the ripe age of twenty he was sub-editor under Willis of the *Home Journal,* and was at the same time literary adviser for the publishing house of Derby and Jackson. On first entering Fields's office in the Corner Bookstore, he says in *Ponkapog Papers,* he saw the editor's memoran-

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dum book open on the table and observed certain items within. (Doubtless he was careful to keep his own memorandum book closed when he became editor!) "Don't forget to mail R. W. E. his *contract*—*Don't forget* O. W. H.'s proofs——" Whereupon the cheeky youngster added an item of his own, "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem," and fled. The poem was accepted, paid for, *and* never printed, says Aldrich; and adds, "It was a real kindness." One wonders if, when he came to occupy the editorial chair, he was as kind to the author of another poem with the manifest destiny of which another intruder interfered. When he took the editorship upon Mr. Howells's resignation in 1881, says Professor Perry, he had the comforts—both before and since his time considered too Capuan for an *Atlantic* editor in office hours—of a pipe and a red setter. Once the setter ate a sonnet. "How should *he* know it was doggerel?" exclaimed Aldrich admiringly. But there was no pun intended when about this time he gaily wrote to Bayard Taylor of his Ponkapog farm, careless of coming slang and quoting the laughter-loving Gail Hamilton, "I am twenty miles from my lemon—the *Atlantic Monthly.*"

Mr. Howells thus tells of his first entrance into the sanctum of the *Atlantic.*

> My business relations at that time were with another house, but all my literary affiliations were with Ticknor and Fields; and it was the Old Corner Bookstore that drew my heart as soon as I had replenished my pocket in Cornhill. It very quickly happened that when I was shown into Mr. Fields's little room at the back of the store, he had just got the magazine sheets of a poem of mine from the Cambridge printers. [The poem, by the way, had been printed with an unfortunate error; and though it meant the wasting of a sheet in the entire edition, Fields recalled it.] He introduced me to Mr. Ticknor, who asked me whether I had been paid for it. I confessed that I had not. And then he got out a chamois-leather bag and took from it five half-eagles in gold and laid them on the green top of the desk in much the shape and of much the size of the Great Bear. I have never since felt myself paid so lavishly for any literary work, though I had had more for a single piece than the twenty-five dollars that dazzled me in this constellation. The publishers seem aware of the poetic nature of the transaction. "I always think it pleasant to have it in gold," he said.

"The war was nearing its close," says Trowbridge, "when Fields invited my coöperation in establishing a new 'illustrated magazine for boys and girls.'" It was called *Our Young Folks,* and was a financial success from the start. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom were the editors. "I became manager in 1870. The firm at that time, under its new name of Fields, Osgood and Company, occupied a spacious store and chambers at 124 Tremont Street. The house had a lunch-room with a generously served table, at which publishers and the various editors met, and such contributors and book-authors as happened to be about were often welcomed." Aldrich had, in 1865, become editor of the third periodical of the house, *Every Saturday,* and Mr. Howells was now assistant to Fields on the *Atlantic.* "As I recall those pleasant rooms," wrote a contributor to the *Atlantic,* "it seems as though they were always full of sunshine. There could not be greyness or dulness with Mr. Fields, Mr. Aldrich, and Mr. Osgood in possession, and the constant visitor, who, the chances were, would be wise or witty or both. I think clouds and rain began to come when Mr. Fields retired. From the pleasant quarters in Tremont Street the house moved to Winthrop Square, and never again till it reached Park Street did it know the comforts of home, so to speak—it had only business offices."

Thus was Mr. Howells installed as assistant to Fields.

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The whole affair was conducted by Fields with his unfailing tact and kindness, but it could not be kept from me that the qualification I had as practical printer for the work was most valued and that as a proof-reader I was expected to make it avail on the side of economy. Our proof-reading was something almost fearfully scrupulous and perfect. It would not do to say how many of the first American writers owed their correctness in print to the zeal of our proof-reading, but I may say that there were very few who did not owe something. As for the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* her syntax was such a snare to her that it sometimes needed the combined skill of all the proof-readers and the assistant editor to extricate her. I look back now with respectful amazement at my proficiency in the detecting the errors of the great as well as the little.

Mrs. Stowe herself used to say that she left her verbs and nominatives to be brought together by her publisher; and it must be owned that it never ruffled her in the least. She would be the last one of all the immortals to regret it, if Mr. Howells had ventured into details.

THE RIVAL ATHENIANS

When he went to Boston to assist in editing the *Atlantic,* all its contributors were New Englanders and dwelt in the region roundabout—"except for those New England men and women living in the splendid exile of New York." Thus it may be seen that Mr. Howells was already—or thinks he was—casting a wishful eye back to the metropolis; and when he returned whence he had come he was to utter that famous gibe which still makes Boston snort. But if from the inner shrine of the *Atlantic* editorial room came treachery, from the same room a little later came atonement. It was in 1865 that Aldrich took up his permanent Boston residence as editor of *Every Saturday.* Within a short time Aldrich was writing Bayard Taylor, "I miss my few dear friends in New York —but that is all. There is a finer intellectual atmosphere here than in our city. The people of Boston are full-blooded *readers,* appreciative, trained. The humblest man of letters here has a position which he doesn't have in New York. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society opened to you. A knight of the quill here is supposed necessarily to be a gentleman. In New York—he's a Bohemian! Outside of his personal friends he has no standing." This last Mr. Howells had said also, but still his roué heart perversely sang "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." And the coarser siren kept on beckoning him until he took the cotton from his ears. Not so Aldrich. "Though I am not Boston, I am Boston-plated," he began to say. Later we find him writing to Stedman, echoing (or was it anticipating?) almost the very essence and structure of his predecessor's cavil. "In the six years I have been here I have found seven or eight hearts so full of noble things that there is no room in them for such trifles as envy and conceit and insincerity. I didn't find more than two or three such hearts in New York, and I lived there fifteen years. It was an excellent school for me—*to get out of!* I wonder that I got out of it with my English tolerably correct." But the final amends were yet to come. Mr. George Cary Eggleston in his *Recollections of a Varied Life* says that he made Aldrich the offer for Bryant of the literary editorship of the New York *Evening Post.* This position the old gentleman considered the very highest literary crown America had to offer. Aldrich wrote back that he knew it was in every way to be coveted, and added, "But what, my dear Eggleston, can the paper offer to compensate one for having to live in New York?" And thus, finally, was Boston avenged!

But to return to Mr. Howells's account of his un-splendid expatriation in the colder light of the Northern frontier! "The editors had been eager to discover any outlying literature," he says, "but very little good writing was done beyond the borders of New Eng-

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land. The literary theories we accepted were Boston theories, the criticism we valued was Boston criticism. New England has now ceased to be a nation in itself, but that was something like a national literature and Ticknor and Fields embodied New England literature. James R. Osgood, who became afterward the head of the house, forecast in his bold enterprise the change from a New England to an American literary situation."

But just about this time Stedman in New York was writing Taylor: "The Boston house, naturally, drive apace every steed that wins a heat. But when a man's pace is slow, though sure, they don't make much of him unless he is 'in their midst.' (That phrase is bad English.) They never ask me for anything, and have declined what little I have sent them. I have this week hit upon a magnificent subject, but when done, I shall not have the courage to send it to the *Atlantic*. Besides, I don't want it to appear in the late spring, and I *do* want the money for it; and *Scribner's, Harper's* or the *Galaxy* will use it at once and pay me double what Boston would." So there were two sides to this matter. The letter also shows that J. T. F. had not yet begun, in all cases at least, to pay on acceptance—but possibly that was only his little trick to discourage New Yorkers!

New Yorkers were, at any rate, beginning to feel that they were not being treated with reciprocity. They had been complaining for years of the Yankeeisation of their own periodicals, and now the chief literary magazine of the country was taking on the aspect of a closed shop. "Nearly the whole *Atlantic* force are permanent or summer residents," said a Newport newspaper proudly in 1866. Yet the elect of the whole country was supporting the magazine, grumbled New York, or it wouldn't have been able to get along. "It was so strange to dip down in these little Western towns and find an audience all ready and always readers of the *Atlantic,* so glad to see me," wrote Higginson on his lecture-tour. "I have just realised what a clientèle the magazine has." The *Atlantic* had become a national institution, it is true, but its pillars were all Bostonians. And New Yorkers began gleefully to prognosticate the usual results of inbreeding. But the magazine went serenely on its mission of localising America; it even Bostoned Bret Harte! Its intention was to plant a Bunker Hill monument in every remote hamlet. It became the fashion to smile at the Bostonesqueness of the *Atlantic*. The city smiled itself, but with fond maternal joy. Twenty years afterward, about 1892, Mr. John Adams Thayer summed up the whole matter. He had an idea (nobody asked him to have it!) of poking up the *Atlantic:* he tried it and came back to New York feeling as Mrs. Partington must have felt when she tried to sweep it out with a broom. "A great publishing house was behind it, with a list of books of famous old-time authors as well as newer favourites. As a business proposition for the book end, the idea was sound if, as I planned, the magazine could be increased from its small circulation of less than twenty-five thousand copies up into the hundred thousands. [Mr. Thayer had learned to talk thus big in the office of the *Ladies' Home Journal* in sleepy Philadelphia.] To do this the *Atlantic* would have to be *materially changed and illustrated.* [The italics are the affrighted scribe's.] The delightful gentleman who has been for so many years the head of the old house was interested, but to change the magazine in any way—never! It was Boston."

In the long meanwhile, however, some other things had not gone on unchanged. "In 1874," says Trowbridge, "the proverbial thunderbolt out of a clear sky struck the publishing house. The sky was not so clear as it had seemed to many of us who were enjoying the fancied security of that hospitable roof. Mr. Fields retired from the firm in 1871 and Mr. J. R. Osgood (who, like Mr. Fields, had risen from

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the ranks in business) became head of the house. He was able, honourable, large-hearted but aggressive and self-confident; and under his leadership the concern assumed enterprises involving hazards which the other's more conservative judgment could hardly have sanctioned. Of these, I remember most about *Every Saturday,* which began and ran some time as a modest reprint of selections from foreign periodicals; but which the new firm changed to a large illustrated sheet, designed to rival *Harper's Weekly* in popular favour."

"Long before this reaches you," Aldrich wrote to Bayard Taylor, "you will have heard of the miserable changes that have taken place in the Corner Bookstore. Scribner and Company have bought and swallowed our *Young Folks,* and the *Atlantic* and *Every Saturday* belong to Houghton. [This was Hurd and Houghton, which later united with J. R. Osgood and Company.] Howells has gone with the *Atlantic* permanently, I fancy; and I am to edit *Every Saturday* for one year, and then I am on the town. After being so closely connected with Osgood for nearly nine years, you may imagine that I feel as if I had been cut adrift."

Thus was New York avenged and Boston might have called to her as Cassius to the spirit of Cæsar, "Even by the sword that killéd thee." For Stedman says that Osgood told him that if he had followed his suggestion and established an *Atlantic Weekly* in New York instead of trying to outdo *Harper's Weekly* by making a pictorial of *Every Saturday* it would have saved him one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. To Bayard Taylor Stedman wrote as follows:

> You have noticed the remarkable changes in the ownership of the *Atlantic* and *Every Saturday.* Probably I was the only writer not surprised by them. You know it has long been one of my theories that the sceptre would come back from Boston to New York after a time, just as it did from Edinburgh to London. The metropolis, many-sided, all-embracing, is the true centre; and the provincial genius of the elder Boston writers has raised up no successors. Two years ago I saw the time was close at hand, cut loose (mostly) from the *Atlantic,* and have thrown all my advice, influence, work, in favour of the "coming monthly," *Scribner's.* This entirely apart for my abiding friendship for my publisher Osgood. The *Atlantic* has steadily declined, despite the most friendly and extended *Tribune* aid, for several years past in authority and circulation. The contrary process has obtained in New York. Literary society here, also, is becoming knit together, rich, catholic—a veritable power.

Yet of the *Atlantic* it may still be said, as was once thundered of Massachusetts, "There she stands!"

LONGFELLOW AND HOLMES

The record of Longfellow's connection with the *Atlantic* is meagre. On April 29, 1857, he writes: "Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new magazine. I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any magazine." A week later he notes that he attended the famous dinner of which Phillips speaks, "to talk about the new magazine he wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest." In 1859 he wrote: The *Atlantic* flourishes. Holmes is in full blast at his Breakfast-Table. Dined with the Atlantic Club. The Atlantic is not the Saturday, though many members belong to both. They are the writers for the *Atlantic Monthly*—Dined with the Atlantic Club at the Revere. Mrs. Stowe was there with a green wreath on her head, which I thought very becoming. Also Miss Prescott, who wrote the story 'In a Cellar.' One of the publishers of the magazine is a good teller of funny stories." In 1866: "Here is our good Fields frightened at the length of the Dante letters. I confess it is a quality of food not adapted to the great mass of magazine readers. But I trust the

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Atlantic has some judicious readers who like to have some timber in the building and not all clapboards." In 1871 he wrote to Fields: "I come back to my old wish and intention of leaving the magazine when you do."

No American author has ever been more a part of a magazine than Holmes was a part of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Howells said that Holmes "made the magazine;" it may be added that, in a certain way, the magazine made him. Underwood wrote years afterward in the old *Scribner's* that the literary success of the magazine was due to Holmes more than to any other man; the Autocrat, said he, was the only entirely new creation in its pages, and readers always turned to it first; excepting the Noctes Ambrosianæ of John Wilson, no series of papers on either side of the ocean secured such attention during the entire century. After the Autocrat came the Professor and the Poet and the novels. With two or three unimportant exceptions, Holmes never afterward wrote for another magazine. In 1870 he wrote Fields, "You have now plenty of young blood for the *Atlantic,* and it is a question with me whether others cannot do better for you than I can. My preference, I do not hesitate to say, is for the *Atlantic;*" in 1890 he wrote Mr. Houghton that he did not wish to listen to any outside temptations, "even when they come in so attractive a form as that of the *Forum.*" But not only did the *Atlantic* publish most of his work, it had given him his second wind. He had really abandoned writing when Lowell said he would accept the editorship, though it ought to go to Holmes, only on condition that O. W. H. be the first contributor engaged. Without the magazine we should have had no Breakfast Table. "I, who felt myself outside of the charmed circle drawn around the scholars and poets of Cambridge and Concord, wondered somewhat when Mr. Lowell insisted upon my becoming a contributor. I looked at the old Portfolio and said to myself, 'Too late! too late!' But Lowell woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service." In 1879 at the breakfast given him by the *Atlantic,* he said that Lowell was the cause of his writing the Autocrat and that any pleasure his writings had given could be added to Lowell's own noble contributions to our literature. But the Breakfast Table series gave much besides pleasure. Even now one may catch in remote rural communities the ground-swell of the storm they made in conventionally devout minds. Much water has flowed under bridges since the Breakfast Table fluttered the orthodox by the impious food it was serving up and the "Guardian Angel" cost the *Atlantic* a wholesale loss of subscribers on account of its atheism. Holmes wrote to Motley in 1861: "But oh! such a belabouring as I have had from the so-called 'evangelical' press, for the last two or three years almost without intermission! There must be a great deal of weakness and rottenness, when such extreme bitterness is called out by such a good-natured person as I can claim to be in print."

Earlier in the same letter he says: The magazine which you helped to give a start to has prospered, since its transfer to Ticknor and Fields. I suppose they may make something directly by it, and, as an advertising medium, it is a source of great indirect benefit to them. No doubt you will like to hear in a few words about its small affairs. I suppose I have made more money and reputation out of it than anybody else, on the whole. I have written more than anybody else, at any rate. Miss Prescott's stories have made her quite a name. Wentworth Higginson's articles have also been very popular. Lowell's critical articles and political ones are always full of point, but he has been too busy as editor to write a great deal. As for the reputations that were *toutes faites,* I don't know that they have gained or lost a great deal by what their owners have done for the *Atlantic.*" In 1879 the magazine gave him a birthday breakfast, on December 3d, "as of August

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29th," writes he quaintly; "and every one of any account came or regretted." In a letter to Mr. Howells complimenting him upon his management of this affair, Holmes said: "You have brought us an outside element which Boston needed and have assimilated all that Boston could do for you (if you can be said to have needed anything) so completely that it seems as if you had cheated some native Esau out of his birthright." And finally, in 1885—the whirligig of time just reversing the earlier situation—he wrote thus to Lowell: "Calling on Mr. Houghton this morning on business of my own, he expressed the strongest wish that you could be induced to write for the *Atlantic*. I told him that I supposed you had received or would receive liberal offers from the New York periodicals. He does not want to bid against other publishers; but, to use his own language, it would not be money that would stand in the way of your writing for the *Atlantic*. How much he or others would pay you I do not know. ["I have just had an offer," Lowell wrote to Gilder in 1890, "of a thousand dollars for a short paper of reminiscences!" In 1876 he had written to Robert Carter that a newspaper had asked him for his Fourth of July ode, apparently as a gift. "I can't afford to give it away. The *Atlantic*—to which I have promised what I may write—will pay me $300 for it." From this it will be seen that Lowell's market-rate, on his return from the Court of St. James, had suffered a sea-change.] But I do know that Mr. Houghton has treated me very liberally, that he is an exact man of business, that he takes a pride in the *Atlantic*, which I suppose in a literary point of view is recognised as the first of the monthlies, and that he is very anxious to see you again in the pages of the old magazine you launched so long ago."

MRS. STOWE BRINGS WAR AND PEACE

But if O. W. H. had by his contributions whistled up a storm of protest from his more orthodox readers, Mrs. Stowe in 1869 lashed the whole English-speaking world into a veritable simoom. To the mind of the younger generation the *Atlantic* may carry no such tempestuous associations—there are, possibly, those who look upon it as a harnessed and fireside force, in comparison with later magazines more avowedly volcanic. Maybe it has simmered down since then or we have simmered up. But, at the time, no one ever caused more world-wide ripples than Mrs. Stowe when she threw a stone into the sedate *Atlantic* (when it wasn't looking). Here are some of the documents in the case.

Mrs. Stowe to Holmes: Lady Byron told me, with almost the solemnity of a deathbed confession, the history which I have embodied in an article to appear in *The Atlantic Monthly*. I have been induced to prepare it by the run which the Guiccioli book is having, which is from first to last an unsparing attack on Lady Byron's memory by Lord Byron's mistress. When you have read my article I want, not your advice as to whether the main facts shall be told, for on this point I am so resolved that I frankly say advice would do me no good. But you might help me with your delicacy and insight; to make the *manner of telling* more perfect, and I want to do it as wisely and well as such story can be told.—Holmes to Mrs. Stowe: In the midst of all the wild and irrelevant talk about the article, I felt as if there was little to say until the first fury of the storm had blown over. . . . That Lady Byron believed and told you the story will not be questioned by any but fools and malignants. . . . It is to be expected that public opinion will be more or less divided as to the expediency of this revelation.—Holmes to Motley: The first thing I naturally recur to is the Byron article. In your letter of August 4th you say there will be a row about it. Hasn't there been! Great as I expected the excitement to be, it far exceeded anything I had anticipated. The prevailing feeling was that of disbelief of the facts. The general opinion was strongly adverse to the action of Mrs. Stowe. The

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poor woman, who, of course, meant to do what she thought an act of supreme justice, has been abused as a hyena, a ghoul, and by every name and in every form, by the baser sort of papers. The tone of the leading ones has been generally severe, but not brutal. I might have felt very badly about it, if I had had any responsibility in counselling Mrs. S. to publish, but she had made up her mind finally and had her article in type before I heard or knew anything of it.

Holmes says that Mr. Fields was absent in Europe, and his sub-editor, fearing to lose Mrs. Stowe as a contributor altogether, assented to her request to print the Byron paper. This looks as if the subject of Mrs. Stowe's future contributions had come up in the interview when the propriety of the article was questioned. That Mrs. Stowe was prepared to go any length may be gathered from the facts that Lady Byron's story contained no evidence whatever—it was only an inference, and was unsupported except by Lady Byron's word; and that she ventured, without further confirmation, to rest the case upon a story she had heard thirteen years before; and had held in abeyance until the publication of the Guiccioli Memoirs and an article on them in *Blackwood's* had stung her to action. "At first I thought the world's people had lost their senses," Mrs. Stowe wrote raptly, of the storm her article made; but she went serenely on the tenour of her way. "She always spoke and behaved," wrote Mrs. Fields in loving indulgence, "as if she recognised herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit." And this unquestionably simplifies conduct.

Considering that Mrs. Stowe's influence more than that of any other person had inaugurated the *Atlantic* and that its second editor and publisher was so great a champion of the cause of woman, the attitude of the magazine toward its female contributors in the matter of dinners was rather remarkable. The *Atlantic* was always feeding itself, but its ladies were not even allowed in at dessert. Lowell, it is remembered, once declined a poem of Mrs. Howe's with the assertion that no woman could write a poem.

He said, however, he would gladly accept a prose article; and this would have seemed lamentable to Hawthorne, to whom "all ink-stained women were detestable." The latter had written to Ticknor in 1854 from abroad:

America is now wholly given over to a d——d mob of scribbling women, and I should have no chance of success while the public taste is occupied with their trash. But I have since been reading *Ruth Hall* and I must say I enjoyed it a good deal. The woman writes as if the Devil were in her; and that is the only condition under which a woman ever writes anything worth reading. Generally women write like emasculated men, and are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly; but when they throw off the restraints of decency and come before the public stark naked, as it were, then their books aresure to possess character and value. Can you tell me anything about this Fanny Fern? If you meet her, I wish you would let her know how much I admire her.

But times had greatly changed during Hawthorne's day, and were to change still more. Boston, which had been horrified when Mrs. Howe first attended a woman's rights convention, had now so long cradled the *Woman's Journal* that outlying cynics muttered darkly of the wholesale conversion of her blue-stockings into bloomers. But though the feminist movement had now manifestly begun, the double standard of morality as to public dinners still existed; and equal suffrage for women at the table was thought to mean the banishment of those twin vices, wine and tobacco. When the magazine was sixteen years old and passed to its present publishers, a very large dinner was given,—but no ladies were invited. The next great *Atlantic* dinner was on

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the occasion of Whittier's seventieth birthday, in 1877; but no ladies were bidden to be present at "the most notable company ever gathered together in this country within four walls." The dinner for this lifelong woman's suffragist was for men only. But there was a slight indication that the embargo was to be lifted—for a few ladies were indulgently admitted after the meal was over, to help applaud the speeches. This proved to be the entering wedge. For it happened that some ultimate outpost and last relay of civilisation, Michigan or farther, published on the subject a gay article at which Boston smiled but her heart was sad. Mrs. Stowe, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Gail Hamilton, Helen Hunt, Rebecca Harding Davis—brilliant pens that had contributed to make the *Atlantic* what it was—all figured in the scandalous work of *lèse majesté* as bitterly protesting against their exclusion. An admonition from Lochinvar has ever been intolerable to Boston—and Mr. Houghton saw the error of his inherited way. At his next feast there was no sex-line drawn. He had learned the lesson which Boston herself first began to teach awakening America, that a sex-line is a danger line. One-third of the one hundred guests at the Holmes breakfast were ladies; and Mr. Houghton made a sheepish apology. He said that he had always wanted them but had been too bashful to ask them before. And his next feast was in honour of a lady! But this lady, Mrs. Stowe, had to wait until her seventieth birthday for the *Atlantic* to make the *amende honourable* for its masculine misbehaviour at its first dinner to which ladies were invited.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA, IN THE AUGUST BOOKMAN

Perhaps the last place one would look for Transcendentalism is Cincinnati. But she provided the first mouthpiece for Emerson, and after his own "Dial" has ceased to record the time, the Western city constructed one of her own—which, curiously enough, found its chief support among the Jews (even the transplanted transcendentalists were thrifty souls!). Out of the same city, too, came Dr. Bailey, who carried his courage and his ideals to Washington and set up the National Era. But Baltimore, with whose culture Sparks was so struck in 1825, failed to live up to her promise as a producer; and more cultivated but less prosperous Charleston simply smouldered away, always threatening to support a first-class magazine but never doing so. The reason seems to be that the middle-class in the South never became readers. Richmond established a famous magazine, only six months younger than the "Knickerbocker"; and it died at a ripe old age the same year as its twin. Louisville made many enterprising endeavours, and Chicago, during the war, even brought forth a best seller. The Southernism of the South and the Westernism of the West found an emphatic voice in their periodicals.

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CERTAIN REMINISCENCES

BY RICHARD WHITEING

I. London Club Life in the Sixties. II. Paris. Later Days of the Empire. III. Russian Impressions. IV. Some Men of Our Time.

From a forthcoming book, "My Harvest," by Richard Whiteing, the author of "No. 5 John Street," The Bookman *is presenting a series of four chapters under the title of "Certain Reminiscences." Born in 1840, the son of a man who held a modest place in the Inland Revenue Office at Somerset House, London, Mr. Whiteing's early life was an arduous one. He was almost wholly self-educated. After the schools of his boyhood, such as they were, he studied at the Workingmen's College and pursued a course in art in the Science and Art department founded by the Prince Consort. But he felt a marked preference for literature, and into literature found his way through the medium of British journalism. Having little or no influence he was obliged to make his own opportunity. The "Pall Mall Gazette," then under the editorship of Frederic Greenwood, printed an article entitled "A Night in the Workhouse. By an Amateur Casual." The "Gazette" was the smartest thing in journalism, written by gentlemen for gentlemen, on the plan sketched in jest by Thackeray in the pages of "Pendennis." Greenwood had taken the hint and turned it into the living reality of a new evening paper. "A Night in the Workhouse" brought a happy thought to Whiteing and a friend. Dives had gone to have a look at Lazarus; why should not Lazarus return the compliment, in the "Evening Star," the organ of the other side? So Whiteing wrote "A Night in Belgrave Square. By a Costermonger." The coster was smuggled into the fine house as a guest, by a friend engaged as an extra hand for the service of a great dinner. He borrowed his toggery for the occasion, drove to the rendezvous in his barrow, passed muster because the host and hostess, having separate lists, as the result of a tiff, were each under the impression that he came on the other's invitation. With the writing of "A Night in Belgrave Square" the Press claimed Richard Whiteing for its own. It is just at that point in the narrative that the first of the papers appearing in serial form begins. In London journalism of the sixties Whiteing found many friends and acquaintances and grew to know intimately the curious club life of the time.*

Part I—London Club Life in the Sixties

At the end of the week came a letter from the cashier, who handed me two guineas with the expression of a hope that it might only be the beginning of our relations. It was the first wage for work of this kind I had ever touched, and as such it had a most beneficial effect on my spirits in giving me confidence. It seemed to lift me at a bound out of the amateur class. The compliments of my new patrons must be sincere, for they had backed their opinions with their money. My friend and I cracked a bottle over it; and with this and other rejoicings the gold was soon reduced to small change, which might more appropriately have been spent with a spoon.

Then came an introduction to the staff. Justin McCarthy sent for me, and I was presented in due form as one who was going to be "one of us." I felt like the initiate of a priesthood. These were *writers;* and in my callow

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state of mind the people who regularly got into print had suffered the mystic change into something that was almost sacramental.

Their chief was well calculated to inspire this feeling with the charm of his manner. As I have said of him elsewhere, "Pleased with thyself whom every one can please" might have been written of Justin McCarthy. It would, however, have to be understood in its best sense. There was nothing of the self-satisfaction of vanity in his inexhaustible amiability. It sprang from a genuine charity, a genuine joy in being and in doing, as good things.

As a writer he had incomparable ease. And for once, though by way of exception, the easy reading was the product of easy writing. The maxim on which he consistently acted in all the labours of composition was that a man need never seek to do more than his level best. Something of his essentially Celtic temperament perhaps went into this theory. Innumerable columns of print, and pages as the leaves of Vallombrosa, did not seem to leave a wrinkle on his brow, or to add or take a tint from the pure white-and-red of his complexion. If he had to lecture, he went straight to his work without a thought about it, except in the general scheme. His solicitude never extended to the form, and still less, if possible, to the sentence. He spoke out of a full mind, and left all the rest to take care of itself.

It was the same later on with his speeches in the House. With a better voice, he would have left his mark as an orator. As it was, he too often seemed to be speaking "in his own beard." But the substance of what he said was admirable within the limits of excellence which Nature and choice had assigned to him. Ease was the principle of his literary being. His prodigious memory was stored with cases in point from two or three literatures. He could quote by chapter and verse. He quoted freely, because he enjoyed freely. His reading had manifestly agreed with him. He had taken his authors, as he took men of flesh and blood, as good fellows who meant well, and whose best things, whether they told for or against him, were infinitely interesting as products of human power. Geniality was his note. He seemed to write with the softest of swan quills dipped in a fluid of milk and honey, without an effort, without a pang, till the task was done. He instinctively avoided all those parts of his subject that might give himself, or his readers, a headache. It was all picture, suggestion, felicity of phrase. In this way he produced his prodigious production of journalism and of magazine literature. The mere titles of his topics would tax the industry of a German *savant*. He seemed to have written on everything that was stirring in his time—politics, literature, philosophy, manners.

His very limitations were means to an end. Nature was fashioning the author of *A History of Our Own Times*. "One is helped in writing history," he said, "by being a novelist." That really remarkable work was in a new style of what may be called middle history—the history which is but one vast epic, or romance, with the whole Pantheon of the newspapers for its characters. It was not profound; it was not learned; it was not a problem in politics or morals; it was a genial, tolerant survey of an epoch, written without a trace of party, for the benefit of those who sometimes have to read as they run. Such are the bulk of mankind. It was commissioned by one publishing house, and then returned—on payment of a handsome compensation—in a cold fit of alarm as to the effect on the book market of his championship in Parliament of Home Rule. With a smile and a shrug, he at once offered it to another house, and it made the tour of the English-speaking world. House No. 1 lost no time in going into sackcloth and ashes, but the mischief was done.

The success of the original issue was immediate and prodigious. The author's royalties in this country realised sums that were only to be written in

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five figures. If there had been copyright in the United States at the time of its publication, he might have retired on a competence from this one production alone. But, alas! political life had claimed him for its own; and the cause of Ireland was the altar on which he laid the sacrifice of his fortune. As he went deeper and deeper into politics, he had, of course, less and less time for the labours of the desk. His income fell off, and all possibility of saving was brought to an end by the direful catastrophe of the Irish Exhibition. He had guaranteed the ill-starred undertaking, which had Olympia for the scene of its failure, and he was one of the few of his associates whose position made them profitable game for the creditor. He was bled, and bled, and bled again by process of law, and as fast as the veins were replenished by his industry, they were drained once more. Such were his sacrifices to the cause.

But all this was yet to be when I joined in the halcyon days. On Saturdays we often supped at his house in Kennington, then still touched with rural charm. These entertainments were to my limited experience as feasts of the gods. William Black was of the company, when he was not away on correspondence during the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866. Black was soon to try his hand at the novel. His first attempt, I believe, in that form was called *Love or Marriage,* prudently suppressed afterward when his works were collected for the canon. It was among the first of the risky stories, the "or" turning on the supposition that the states were deadly opposites, and that you had to make your choice. It came to the office for review; and the task fell to the lot of Cooper, then sub-editor, and afterward editor of *The Scotsman.* "Governor," he said to the chief, "I've done my best for it; but—oh!" McCarthy himself was, I think, then in the running for the prizes of fiction, or soon to be. Most of his work in that line, as in others, was bright and optimistic, a tender love-story ending with wedding-bells, and interspersed with sketches of life as it is lived on the public scene, in foreign travel, or in the social round, all taken at its face value. If there was a touch of envy anywhere, it was only in the breast of his beautiful and charming wife. She never could get quite used to Black's success in subsequent works, especially in *The Daughter of Heth* that started him on the triumphs of his career. For her, "Justin" had struck the note, and there could not possibly be any departure from it, consistently with what were then regarded as the sanctities of the home. She was the hostess at our Saturday suppers, with no rival of her own sex, and with only adorers of ours.

We saw something of the children—Justin Huntly in the knickerbocker stage, the daughter Charlotte a callow little thing in frocks and sashes, with something of the wondering look of one of Raffaele's cherubs making a first acquaintance with a planet of sorts. These children lived the life of their parents to the full. When still early in their teens, if not before, they had seen most of the plays and operas, travelled here, there and everywhere on the Continent, and ransacked their father's library at will. Later on, Justin Huntly, if not in knickerbockers, still without a hair on his chin, was once met at his father's door alighting from a hansom, with a pile of Balzacs for his luggage. He was going to review the master from start to finish, by way of trying his luck with it in one of the magazines.

Russell of Liverpool, Sir Edward now, if you please, was another of our band. He then wrote the Parliamentary leader for *The Star,* in the press gallery of the House—paragraph by paragraph, as he distilled the whole moral of the distracting business in the course of the debate. His private and personal solace in literature was the drama, as associated with the genius and fortunes of Henry Irving. He did for Irving what he did for the debates, discovered his true significance, and gave him his place in the critical estimates

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of the time, lectured on him, and every now and then produced a solid and thoughtful pamphlet in which he chronicled the growth of his powers.

Among others destined to future distinction, we had Wilson, a young Irishman from Cork—Alphabet Wilson we used to call him, by reason of the number of letters, E.D.J., to his name. He was then a writer of leaders for *The Star,* and an ardent Nationalist, so ardent that McCarthy could hardly drive him without the curb. Afterward he became chief leader-writer for *The Times,* and took an active part in the campaign against Home Rule that bore the title of "Parnellism and Crime." The blood-curdling revelations under that heading were not by his hand: he only drove the moral of them home in the leader columns. He was altogether an extraordinary person. He was widely and deeply read in the classics and in modern tongues, and he had a memory that could pick up the pin of anecdote, or lift the weight of a whole thesis in politics, philosophy or history. He wrote impeccable prose, at the pace of something driven by steam, rarely blotted a line, and in that, as in all other respects, was the ideal journalist in the perfection of his powers. I include in the estimate perfect conviction in his abandonment of the Radical cause. He did not turn his coat: he changed it. The new faith was as much a matter of conscience, and say also, of feeling, with him as the old. I can testify to that, for it was the subject of many a hot dispute between us, which our mutual friendship never allowed to degenerate into a quarrel. I doubted his judgment —I never had cause to doubt his honesty. I own to a partiality in my estimate, for all that: he was ever the soul of friendship with me. He lived on to fight the battle of the paper to its disastrous close, and finally retired on a liberal allowance, but not to his hoped-for rest in the evening of life. He had projected an important political work for the occupation of his leisure, but suddenly his great powers seemed to fail him with a snap, and after that came labour and sorrow, before they were due by his count of years. The *Times* gave him an obituary column: the world at large seemed hardly aware of his loss. It was the system of anonymity at its worst. For the better part of half a century his pen had influenced, for good or ill, the policy of the Empire, but his work bore no signature, and only the newspaper offices and the Parliament men could put a name to it. For multitudinous readers in every quarter of the globe he was hardly so much as a great unknown, since this implies at least the knowledge that there is a concrete something to ignore. In France, such a man might easily have aspired to ministerial honours, or to an embassy, and he could not possibly have failed of his Officer's Cross. As it was, the very ruck of the music-hall stage would have eclipsed him easily in notoriety, while the cruel conditions under which he worked denied him fame.

I now settled down to my costermonger articles, carrying the character here, there and everywhere in a comprehensive glance at the life of his betters. He found his way into the Strangers' Gallery for a night in Parliament, then in the turmoil of the new Reform debates. He even drew up a Reform Bill of his own. He attended the great Trades' Demonstration of 1866, when some sixty thousand working-men marched in perfect order through the West End, ironically saluting the Tory clubs as they passed. He went to the Derby; he dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; he ran over to Calais for a look at the French in a walking tour to the Belgian frontier. He professed to know all about the table talk at one of the Greenwich whitebait dinners of the Cabinet, even then in the period of their decline. He said his say on the horrors of war—*à propos* of the struggle between Austria and Prussia,—on the Indian famine, and what not. The articles were afterward republished in book form as *Mr. Sprouts, His Opinions,* with a grateful

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dedication to Robert Coningsby as the only begetter. The little volume had its day, and then deservedly sank into oblivion. It was immature to the last degree, but it is still of interest to the writer, as a record of the best he could do at that time in the criticism of life.

A further interest lies in the fact that it was in the Bohemian note, at a time when the Bohemia of the press was beginning to be a thing of the past. The institution was just kept going by a few convivial clubs, all based on the idea that the self-respecting writer was bound to be a bit of a wastrel in his private hours. With most, this was no more than lip-service to a social cult in its dotage, and it was consistent with the decorum of the home and wholesome family life. One club held its meetings in the Gothic chamber over the gateway of the old military monastery of St. John of Jerusalem, in Clerkenwell. Many actors were of the membership, and one of the sights for visitors was Marston, the famous Ghost in *Hamlet,* smoking his midnight pipe after playing in the piece with Phelps at Sadler's Wells. His nature was so subdued to what it worked in that, like Mrs. Siddons before him, he ordered his very refreshments in a sepulchral tone. Black once violated the Club rule of secrecy in a fancy sketch of harmless pleasantries. There was a Vagrants Club, with its profession of faith in a club song of which a precious fragment still remains in my memory:

I'm a vagrant,
Thou'rt a vagrant,
Vagrants too are he and she:
We are vagrants,
Ye are vagrants,
And where are they as wouldn't be?
Three groans for them as wouldn't be!

However, we contrived to believe that we believed every word of it, till the last note of the chorus had died away.

There was an Arundel Club for the theatrical critics, which slowly opened one eye at about midnight, and became wide awake an hour or so later, when all the copy was in the printer's hands. There was a Circle Club, chiefly for Academy students, with Waterlow Ouless and Buckman among its members. And there was, of course, the Savage Club, which would need a whole book to itself, if it did not already possess it in the volume from the pen of Mr. Aaron Watson.

Most of them merely took Bohemianism as a diversion: the few who still took it seriously were much to be pitied, for they suffered much. Such a Bohemian, dyed in the wool, I remember going to see in the limbo of one of the sponging-houses to which our old comedy owed so much. It was in Cursitor Street, I think. I am glad I did not neglect my opportunity, for shortly after they all died the death, as the effect, direct or indirect, of the Act of Parliament abolishing imprisonment for debt. Such imprisonment goes on, all the same, with a difference, and that is quite enough for a mealy-mouthed generation. Formerly you were imprisoned for not paying your creditor; now you suffer for not obeying the Court that orders you to pay him. The Court determines the condition of settlement, according to its view of your means: your failure to comply with its order is "contempt." Holloway Prison still swarms with debtors, but they are there under another name, as wanton and wilful contemners of the law. It must make all the difference to them in adding to the enormity of their sense of guilt. The sponging-house was a relic of the old class legislation, with its thousand and one discriminations between common people and their betters. If you had absolutely nothing, you went into the jail for debtors as long as they cared to pay for keeping you there; if you could pay your way for awhile, you had the option of a sort of private lodging-house, where you might receive your friends, and try to settle matters before final committal to prison. The lodging-house keeper, as a bailiff, was also your jailer, responsible for your safe custody.

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You boarded with him, and ate, drank and smoked your full, all at famine prices.

My friend was a well-known artist of the humbler sort. He illustrated the published music-hall songs of the day with portraits of the singers in their habit as they lived in the glare of the footlights. One evening he missed the weekly meeting of The Vagrants, and the dismal news went round that he had been taken to Cursitor Street. The Club decreed a visit of sympathy, and next day I was of the deputation. Locks, bolts, and bars flew asunder to admit us, and then shot back again to make us sharers of his captivity till we took our leave. Two or three days' confinement, without exercise and almost without light and air, had yellowed him to the prison colour. Much of the dirt of his environment was supplied gratis by the management, but his foul dressing-gown was, I believe, a luxury at charges. He essayed a smile on our entry, and croaked "I'm a vagrant, thou'rt a vagrant," to show that his spirit was unbroken, but somehow it seemed to come from the wrong side of his mouth.

On another occasion I wished our chairman at a certain club a cordial "Good night," after a delightful evening. Twelve hours or so later, I had unexpectedly to wish him "Good morning" in the less bright clime of Whitecross Street Prison for Debt. He had just been arrested; I was there only as a visitor in quest of material for an article on the approaching demolition of the jail. It was an awkward moment. "You here!" came simultaneously from both of us. "Yes, I'm just looking round," I said, not knowing how to better it on the spur of the moment. He reddened to the roots of his hair, and turned away.

Yes, Bohemia was dying—and everywhere. Mürger even had to make it but a phase in the life of his merry men on their way to a career. Who killed its Cock Robin in our colder clime? Some attribute the catastrophe to the Time Spirit, others to suburban trains. One famous club in London, long devoted to the cult, but now a model of all the virtues, still keeps a chartered libertine of Bohemia on its list of members, as a sort of pet. He, and he alone, may break every rule of the institution at his pleasure, but woe to anybody else who breaks so much as a single one. There is a sort of vanity in the culture of all such relics of a shady past. The revivalists of two American cities, I remember, once contended for the honour of having brought the very worst of sinners "within the fold." The Lake city began it by injudicious boasts of a certain wicked man in Chicago as the wickedest man in America. The commercial capital immediately set up an ex-wicked man of New York as holding the record for the planet. Then other cities joined to make it a sort of four-handed game. The respective champions entered into the fray with becoming spirit. The Chicago specimen owned to wife-beating as a diversion; the New York one immediately trumped with having been the death of his mother, and won the trick and the rubber.

One of the last Bohemians of my acquaintance on the press was a young Scotsman who had been a comrade of Black in Glasgow, when London was merely an aspiration for both. With characteristic rashness, he undertook to make the first venture, and to examine and report. He came, and soon thought himself able to assure his friend that it was a safe thing. He was premature, but he yearned for company, and he had actually earned a trifle by penny-dreadfuls that kept him going for a time. Black accordingly started, but not, of course, with any destinies of that kind in view. The other was at the railway station to meet him, and carried him off to his own dingy lodging, in old Sam Johnson's Bolt Court, for refreshment. After a high tea, the host proposed making a night of it, to celebrate the occasion. Black coldly declined, and drawing a short story from his wallet, sat down to finish it for the night's post.

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Their meeting was, in fact, but a parting of the ways. The host finally sank into the humblest offices of the press, with the infirmary for his last stage. I make no imputation of sudden desertion or neglect on Black's part: the other, I fear, became simply impossible, in the long run. His visitor was soon on the flowing tide of an engagement and paying work.

Even Sala, prince of Bohemians, lived to mend his ways. He began as a primeval "Savage," he ended at the Reform Club, immaculate in the smartness of the day. He was of great service to that institution as an acknowledged authority on good eating and drinking. Wine-lists had no secret for him, and he was such a judge of cookery that when the club wanted a new *chef,* he was sent to Paris in solemn mission to find the right man. We were both at the send-off dinner given to Dickens, on his second visit to the States to "make it up" for *American Notes.* It was a gathering of the notable persons of the time, and it filled the great hall at the Freemasons' Tavern to the full. Bulwer was in the chair, and for other figures, now seen as in a dream, we had Maclise, the painter; Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon; Jacob Omnium, the indefatigable writer of letters to *The Times* on every topic under the sun; to say nothing of hundreds that have faded from memory as nearly all have faded from life. Praise of the guest of the evening was, of course, on every tongue, but when it came to the item of his services to the public as the founder of *Household Words,* and as a contributor of the best to its pages, Sala, who had been perfectly abstemious and alert during the evening, as though awaiting the honourable mention of his own name, began to dissent with an ominous growl. It was understood to signify that the best in that periodical was from his own pen. He had certainly done well for it, with many an article of marked brilliancy and charm. But the growl was disconcerting, for all that, especially as it grew deeper and deeper, till it seemed to betoken some peculiarly alarming escape from the Zoo. Friendly keepers, however, were happily at hand, to persuade him to compound the matter by an occasional groan.

For all that, he was a notable figure of the time. The hour and the man came together when the Lawsons resolved on the great venture of a daily newspaper at a penny. Its appeal was naturally to the million, and the million had wants and tastes of its own. Sala found the note—omniscience, set off with abundant illustration and inexhaustible fertility of quip and crank. He became the literary parent of all the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph,* who succeeded each other in unbroken line until they had made the fortune of its discerning owner. The new journalism of that epoch had come to town. A newer now reigns, in the *Daily Mail,* but the *Telegraph* has known how to change with the circumstances, without once failing to find the formula for success. It has tapped new sources as a sort of family paper *in excelsis* for the comfortable classes. Their law of life is the avoidance of shock either to mind or body, and "something to read" that keeps them at once calm and amused, like Buddhas, with a sense of a joke in public affairs. How things change, and, notoriously, how in their essence they are ever the same!

About this time I settled myself in chambers, as being more in keeping with the claims of my new life. I took two sky parlours in Lincoln's Inn Fields, another bit of Old London in harmony with all my most pleasurable associations; and I put my name on the door. I came and went as I pleased, with no troublesome formality of knock or ring: and at night-time I had the roomy, gloomy old building all to myself, with the exception of the housekeeper in the basement—ancient of days, like the rest. It was on the same side as the chambers of the unfortunate Mr. Tulkinghorn; and his fate somehow

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gave it an added charm. One could never tell what might not be happening to some successor of his in the same set, as one sat in the small hours of the morning, browsing on *Bleak House* or studying the dramatists of the Restoration in their *habitat*. My father knew of the change in my mode of life, and accepted it, without giving it his formal sanction. He treated all my other activities in the same way; never once, so far as I know, saw article or book of my doing, and certainly never alluded to them in any shape or way. But he was a good father still, and we remained the best of friends, while keeping this open secret of silence between us to the end of his days.

* * *

After some years' service in London Mr. Whiteing was sent to Paris at the time of the Exhibition of 1867. The Second Empire was running its swift race toward the red ruin of Sedan, but never was the city more brilliant and glittering. The impressions of this period introduce Ouida, Flaubert, Taine, the younger Dumas, Edmond About, Octave Feuillet, the two Reclus silently preparing for the Commune, the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, and the Bohemia of the Batignolles.

WAR AND THE LITERARY MARKET

EDITOR'S NOTE

Last month THE BOOKMAN *published a number of contributions from some of the leading publishers of New York giving their experiences and opinions of the effect of the European conflict upon literature and the literary market. This branch of American industry—the production of books—has been severely tested during the months of the war and the wide change of public interest following the outbreak of the conflict has caused a hasty readjustment among publishers to meet the public's new taste in literature. This month we continue the symposium with contributions not only from New York publishers, but from a few leading firms of other cities as well.*

VII

MR. FERRIS GREENSLET, of Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, replies to THE BOOKMAN's inquiry:

"I fear that I haven't very much that is useful to say in reply that will add anything to the very complete and able expressions of opinion in the June number of THE BOOKMAN by Messrs. Putnam, Dodd, Doubleday, Sears, Duneka and Scribner.

"The salient features of the situation upon which they all comment coincide with those observed by us here, i.e., the stimulation of popular interest in books of the more serious classes and a partially corresponding decrease in the amount of attention paid to works of fiction and similar books. One hesitates to generalise, but so far as it is possible to arrive at conclusions from observation as well as from reports of librarians and conversation with authors and readers, the truth seems to be this: a great war brings about a stimulation of intellectual curiosity as to the history and reasons of things which sends readers to books of history, biography, sociology, as well as to works of creative imagination, novels and dramas which illuminate the graver problems of life. This phenomenon, which is quite clearly marked in this country, is beginning to be evident even in England, where, notwithstanding the glutting of the market with shilling war books, works of permanent importance in fields of speculation are beginning again to appear.

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"In England, of course, the minds of all men are obsessed by war, yet so far as I can gather from a large number of conversations during a recent visit to that country the writers who are now at the front, in Red Cross or relief work, or sitting at telephone exchanges to warn the country of the approach of Zeppelins, are storing up impressions, emotions, and moral reactions which are bound to colour their literary output for a generation to come. Signs can also be discerned that American writers are beginning to feel the same deepening impulse. I believe, in short, that the literary historian of the future will be able to point out that one effect of the greatest of wars was to discourage the production of morbid and flippant literature and greatly to stimulate that of books dealing ably with the serious and permanent aspects of life.

"Turning for the moment from the angle of literary history to that of the book trade, it is perhaps worth pointing out that apparently the business depression which was produced by the outbreak of the war was mainly felt in the Eastern metropolitan centres that are always peculiarly subject to 'psychological' perturbation. The country at large, even in the early months of the war, continued to absorb good reading at its customary rate. Signs are now not wanting that Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago are beginning to share the fundamental optimism of St. Paul, Denver, and San Francisco.

"Apparently the over-production of unimportant war-books, which was conspicuously active during the first months of the war, has been checked by the normal operation of the law of supply and demand, and in the meantime war-books of real importance by men who can write impressively—such books as Charles W. Eliot's *The Road to Peace* or Fritz Kreisler's *Four Weeks in the Trenches* continue to be in good demand. Perhaps one of the most significant bits of evidence as to the effect of the war upon the appetite of the reading public is the curious and suggestive fact that for many months after the actual outbreak of hostilities the two books in the non-fiction class most in demand throughout the United States were Roland G. Usher's *Pan-Germanism* and Richard Cabot's *What Men Live By*."

VIII

Mr. Joseph W. Lippincott, of J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, writes:

"It is not an easy matter to determine accurately to what degree certain new developments in the book world owe their existence to the war. Of course the so called 'war books' are in a class by themselves. As soon as war fell so suddenly upon Europe, people naturally wanted to read why it came and who was to blame; later they wished to hear from eye witnesses how it was being waged; and now comes the rather ominous question, 'how does our fighting strength compare with that of other nations!' The first books covering each of these stages enjoyed fairly large sales; but now the American public is apparently nearly surfeited and war problems can henceforth be adequately covered by newspapers and magazines until the 'after' stage comes and some big book by one of the great field generals arrives to put the cap finally on the whole subject.

"The demand for other classes of books seemed to be undergoing a change before the war began, this change being later accentuated by the war conditions. For instance, a book which directly or indirectly *instructed* the reader along lines that interested him began to have an unusually better sale than a book which simply *entertained*. Fewer books were bought just because they were widely advertised and had become 'the style.' Thoughtful persons are generally interested in a volume that points out ways to rise among their fellow-men and to become greater powers in their community and the number of thoughtful persons seems rather quickly to have increased. Comparatively hard times,

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due in part to the war, cause a general search for an answer to the 'how to make more money' problem. The farmer buys an agricultural text-book to show him how to increase the yields of his farm, manufacturers and others are discovering that there are books, by experts, in the reading of which they might gain much profit. Yet strangely enough it is the 'How to make *more* money' book and not the economic one on 'How to *save* money' that seems to have the pulling power to-day."

"The 'by-product' book is another good seller. I remember particularly the start of hurry orders from dealers for a college text-book, *Productive Poultry Husbandry,* which found a new market among those who have spare room somewhere for the useful hen. Toward spring a close second was *Productive Vegetable Growing,* the advertising thought, 'why waste a foot of yard space' having struck a popular chord.

"Another Christmas time will soon be at hand, which makes it interesting to consider experiences of last year. It will be remembered that in the summer the retailers were for the most part very pessimistic; they had reason to be, for the slowest months of the year for book-sales were made even slower by the first war cry, with the worst apparently yet to come. The outlook began to brighten slightly by October, November was still better and part of December marked a rushing business. Why? Probably because three out of every five people who purchased presents decided to cut out expensive jewelry, bric-a-brac and such competitve things and instead to buy books. And never were there more beautiful gift books on the market!

"Should war conditions continue to keep money tight and the peace of mind of business interests generally unsettled, a great good, it seems to me, must sooner or later result to literature and to all those directly connected with it. A year ago it was argued before the publisher that there were too many books and that individual authors' royalties were falling dangerously. Along comes war and already the yearly increase in the number of books published is checked; only those that are especially worth while, regardless of subject, can live in these discriminating times, and these sell well and bring the author and the publisher adequate return. Also, it is noticeable that the number and quality of manuscripts are certainly increasing, giving the publisher a wider choice and the pleasant feeling that he is able constantly to raise the standard."

IX

Mr. William W. Ellsworth, of the Century Company, writes:

"The subject of 'War and the Literary Market' was so fully treated in the June BOOKMAN that there is not very much left to say. Surely books on the war are wanted in these days when one's thoughts cannot dwell very long on any other topic. We want all the light we can get, flashlight and searchlight and side light. The newspapers do not satisfy, although one can hardly imagine better press service than the United States gets to-day. According to that same June BOOKMAN, out of twelve books—non-fiction—in most demand, from the booksellers' lists, during the previous month, five bore on the war,—*Pan-Americanism* by Usher, *War Brides, King Albert's Book,* Powell's *Fighting in Flanders,* and Kreisler's *Four Weeks in the Trenches;* five out of twelve is nearly one-half. Of course the 'best sellers' were fiction, but it will be long before a great work of fiction is evolved out of the war. The sale of fiction in general has doubtless been hurt, but a good novel is a great relief sometimes when war thoughts get too strong. There is a legend in our office to the effect that Roswell Smith, first president of the company, sent a great number of copies of what was then *Scribner's Monthly,* now *The Century Magazine,* to Chicago just after the

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fire, and that they sold as never before in that city. They came as a relief to people who had been fighting ruin.

"There have been several good short war stories printed in the magazines,—Kipling has written one for *The Century* and there is another by him soon to appear in the same magazine. It takes a master hand to write war fiction. It is all too near, too actual to be material yet for much of anything but a record of the real happenings. Will there be a change in the literary market after the war? Probably not, but the world is never going to be quite the same in the lifetime of us older ones. Civilisation and Christianity are not dead, but they lie bleeding. But 'of making many books there is no end' (fortunately for us publishers), and books of all kinds will continue to be made and find a market. It is quite astonishing how well many of the English publishers are doing. How is it with those of France and of Germany?"

X

Perhaps one of the most extensive lists of strictly war books was put out by the George H. Doran Company in the early days of the struggle. Mr. Doran is therefore in a good position to describe the effect of war literature upon the literary market. He is of the opinion that these books displaced nearly six times their value in other works and at the present time the sales of war books have nearly reached the vanishing point. The poor results on war books he explained by saying that owing to the nature of the struggle and to the censorship the war has not caught hold of the imagination of the American public. There are no heroics in the war, and no heroic figures to speak of. It is simply a department store affair, managed by telephone miles from the actual fighting, and the news as given to the public is a mere recital of sordid details. From such a situation Mr. Doran can see but small fiction possibilities. In England the war has given them a new literature. There they have used some four hundred thousand copies of *King Albert's Book* and over three hundred thousand of the *Princess Mary Book*. In this country no such sale would be dreamed of. In England also there is not the great decrease in the number of titles issued owing to the fact that the larger England houses have taken American sheets to save themselves the cost of setting up their own books and running an expensive business in uncertain conditions. In our turn, however, the import business is poor, and Mr. Doran believes that the American houses will find the loss even greater during the coming season in imported books than up to the present time. In the ordinary type of book there is a serious curtailment in English production. The libraries have cut down appropriations for new books, and this has seriously affected the number of copies of each title put out in England, and for that reason the smaller English authors will be in little demand.

For the general outlook Mr. Doran feels that after Kitchener's intimation of the nearness of conscription a very pessimistic feeling is abroad, not only in England but in this country as well. He divides the interest in literature among three classes: (1) The business man who is interested in new and serious economic problems, chiefly about the conservation of his business, leaving him but little time for literature. (2) Sympathetic readers of the emotional type who are interested intensively in the war and will follow it in the better class war books. (3) The professional classes who will be interested in the social problems resulting from the war and in the literature on this subject. As for travel literature, Mr. Doran says that there is no sign of interest, and that he has declined many mansucripts of this type. The people want to know only about the war countries. As for the future, like Arnold Bennett, Mr. Doran feels that the effect of the war upon literature will be enormous, without being willing to hazard a guess as to the

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new line that it will follow. He does say, however, that all sociological books will of necessity have to be rewritten.

XI

Little, Brown and Company, the Boston publishers, in reply to THE BOOKMAN'S inquiry write:

"The war has not materially altered our publishing plans, for we do not believe that the taste of the book-reading public, especially for novels, has greatly changed. Our success with the so-called war books early last autumn was gratifying, but some of our most timely publications were planned long before the war broke out. When the book market became flooded with a great variety of books dealing with some phase of the great conflict and the book-reading public became surfeited with war literature we ceased to add to our list titles of this character. We have not issued a single war book thus far this year and do not regret our decision.

"Despite the prevailing opinions regarding business conditions we began the new year with an optimistic outlook, and this optimism has already been amply justified. With the newspapers and periodicals supplying timely information (and considerable fiction) dealing with the war we have concentrated our attention during the past five months on readable novels of a varied character with the result that our sales have exceeded those in the corresponding period of 1914; in fact these five months' sales of new fiction exceed eighty per cent. of our total sales of our new fiction in 1914.

"To show the varied taste of the American reading public W. L. George's story of married life, *The Second Blooming,* has attained a ninth printing, Miss Maniates's cheerful story of *Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley* has been on the press seven times, E. Phillips Oppenheim's *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo,* a typical story of international intrigue, but written before the war, is in its sixth printing; Mrs. Anderson's virile story of Alaska and the northwest, *The Rim of the Desert,* has been printed four times and Percy J. Brebner's Zenda-like romance, *The Turbulent Duchess,* is also in its fourth edition. Your readers may be interested to know that the novels of E. Phillips Oppenheim, who has had England and Germany on the brink of war in his stories for over a decade, are more popular than ever. The advance sale of his latest, *The Double Traitor,* which avowedly deals with the outbreak of the present war, was twenty-five hundred copies greater than his previous novel, *Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo.* This is the only indication we have that the public likes fiction dealing with the war—but then, Mr. Oppenheim has been supplying this type of story for many years.

"We are anticipating that the autumn will be a good season for author, bookseller and publisher. As business improves the demand for all classes of books will be accelerated and by the time the holidays are here we shall expect to find books in greater demand than ever before."

XII

Mr. Roland Holt writes for Henry Holt and Company the following:

"We feel that we can congratulate ourselves that our total sales for the first five months of this year (all so far accounted for) are larger than those for the first five of 1914, when there was no war. We fully believe though that had there been no war, they would have been much larger, for instance, in the case of one of our more popular novels, a large jobber cut down an advance order sixty per cent.—to be sure that was last summer, but it was because of the war, and indicates losses we have had this year. Nevertheless, all the fiction we have published this year has to be reprinted. Yet we are being particularly cautious on fiction because of war conditions, and have never before published so little, though we continue examining every manuscript with unfailing hope. We believe that many people

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resent the war and take to cheerful fiction, such as Miss Lippmann's *Martha* books, and *The Ollivant Orphans* (cheerful despite its title), in which we expect Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore to more than repeat the success of her similare *Phoebe and Ernest* books. The pure idealism of Rolland's *Jean Christophe* is another refuge from war thoughts, and its popularity continues even beyond our expectations.

"We are delighted with the opinion of that noted publisher and soldier too, Major George Haven Putnam, that the war must stop before another winter campaign. So it seems that, monstrous as it is, it will soon as time goes be a thing of the past, and most war books as stale as back numbers of newspapers or magazines. I heartily sympathise with the policy of publishing nothing about the war adopted by *Harper's Magazine*.

"In 1915 we appear to have published, or have in hand (exclusive of such *Home University Library* books as the volume on *Belgium, The Navy and Sea Power* and the forthcoming *France To-day* that only bear incidentally on the war) but four books that might be considered war books, and they are works we would have taken at any time because of what we consider their exceptional intrinsic merits. Walling's *Socialism and the War* is largely documentary. The other three, by authors for whom we are already publishers, are Burton Stevenson's *Little Comrade* (accepted for its love and adventure), Beulah Marie Dix's play, *Across the Border* (for the strong humanity of its leading character and its spiritual significance), and Perris's *Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium* (still to be published—largely because of the author's justly high standing as an historian). We have declined many war books, some by well-known people, because we thought of their interest as only passing.

"I am surprised to find that despite the war, and with our 1915 list not yet completed, we have issued, or have under way for this year, exclusive of *The Home University Library,* about one-third more books in general literature than we issued in 1914, and that, despite a decrease of about one-third in our importations. Should the war end in time, we would issue about nineteen volumes of *The Home University Library* as against seventeen last year. Of course the war has rather lamentably affected the output of foreign authors. We note from the announcements of the British publishers that at least two of them are trying to remedy this by writing novels themselves.

"We have never before issued so many books of or on the Drama, and while the demand as yet is not what it should be, we have to reprint most of them, and some of them several times.

We believe wise parents try to shield their young folk as much as possible from war horrors, and though we this year have for us an uncommonly long list of books for young folk, not one of them is a war book.

"None of the above remarks should indicate that we are for 'Peace at any price.' On the contrary, our *Unpopular Review* recently strongly advocated a distinct increase in our National Defences. Though many of our friends tell us they are not taking the 'Unpopular' because of the war, the circulation has increased, and we've had to reprint most of the issues—some of them three times."

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE INVISIBLE EVENT"

By an odd coincidence, two of the current novels deal with almost identical situations: in each case a married man and an unmarried girl fall in love and, quite aware of the seriousness of the step, decide to disregard conventions, go away by themselves to new surroundings, and live their lives in their own way, letting the world say what it pleases. Then, in the course of time, the husband in each case becomes legally free to marry again, and the problem faced is whether to marry or not. They have acted from principle, believing that their unlicensed union was a truer marriage than many another sanctioned by the church. To go through the form of a church ceremony at this late date would be a tacit admission that their life hitherto was wrong. What shall they do? The two books in question, *The Invisible Event,* by J. D. Beresford, and *Fidelity,* by Susan Glaspell, both pose this question, and then answer it in diametrically opposite ways.

*The Invisible Event. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Fidelity. By Susan Glaspell. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The Rat-Pit. By Patrick MacGill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Empty Pockets. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Bride of the Plains. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Jaffery. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Love Letters of a Divorced Couple. By William Farquhar Payson. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Loneliness? Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

We may take up Mr. Beresford's volume first. In point of fact, we should take up three volumes, since *The Invisible Event* does not stand by itself, but is the closing instalment of the trilogy that details the significant years in the life of Jacob Stahl down to the point where he has at last ordered his life on stable grounds. For a full enjoyment and comprehension of this history, which may without exaggeration be recognised as an achievement of some importance in current fiction, the reader should go back to the earlier volumes, *Jacob Stahl* and *A Candidate for Truth,* in order to have clearly in mind the causes of the failure of his first marriage, and the circumstances leading up to his meeting with Betty Gale, in whom he is destined to find his true happiness. The present and concluding volume takes up the story on the morning after Betty, swept out of herself by Jacob's pleadings, has consented to take the irrevocable step and has left him with his last words ringing in her ears, "It won't be long, now." Betty has been reared in most conventional surroundings; she is the daughter of a country clergyman; and even in London she is almost as carefully guarded, living as a sort of co-partner with an aged relative, Mrs. Parmenter, who keeps the middle-class boarding-house where Jacob lodges. Mrs. Parmenter does not approve of Jacobs; she does not know that he has a wife living, but she does know that he is paying attentions to Betty and that the other boarders are making comments. It is obvious that Mrs. Parmenter's attitude is prompted by pure selfishness, for if Betty should marry and leave her it would be almost impossible to secure another partner on such one-sided terms. At all events, Mrs. Parmenter's nagging interference and narrow-minded views

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are all part of the influences which make Betty Gale's position a mental torture. When with Jacob, she is sure of herself, fully convinced that she means to keep her promise, yet never willing to pin herself down to a definite date; when away from Jacob, she has no stability at all, questions her sincerity, doubts whether she has ever really loved Jacob at all, harrows herself up with imaginary pictures of the horror of her father and the family, the malicious slurs of Mrs. Parmenter's lodgers, the condemnation of society at large. Then, a day comes when the two almost quarrel permanently, and finally agree to a six-months' separation. Jacob goes down to Cornwall, ostensibly to have leisure and quiet for writing his projected novel; and Betty remains behind, still torturing herself wretchedly and as far from a decision as ever. The six months go by, Jacob writing periodic cheerful letters, and Betty hoping, or believing that she hopes, that he is outgrowing his love for her, just as she apparently is outgrowing hers for him. At the end of the six months, she writes for another half-year respite. Days pass and no answer comes. A vague anxiety grows to a keen fear, an unbearable suspense. And then one morning a bulky package arrives by post, containing just a line of explanation and the diary kept by Jacob during those months of apparently patient waiting. He had not meant that she should ever see this record of self-vivisection, a strong man tried beyond his strength and agonising in utter loneliness and despair. As she reads, Betty's doubts melt away like vapour: she loves him, she always has loved him, there is nothing in the whole world that she will not surrender if he asks. The next train bears her to Cornwall, with just one great, groundless fear in the back of her mind, that he may not have received her telegram in time, and that he may have carried out the desperate purpose vaguely hinted in his note. But she finds him waiting for her at the station.

The ensuing portions of the book study minutely the mental and spiritual making over of this couple so irregularly mated. Under Betty's subtle influence, we see the man broaden, his outlook take on a wider horizon, his work acquire a new depth and sincerity. And she changes no less than he. At first, all her love for him, which at best is strongly maternal in quality, cannot drown out her conscience, nor prevent long hours of depression in which she sees herself the unclassed woman that she is in the eyes of the world. But gradually she acquires a saner outlook. Her family, after reproaches, denunciations, threats have slowly become tolerant, and even renew occasional intercourse. Little by little, as Jacob's literary success becomes assured, they acquire a few friends of sufficient mental breadth to take her at her intrinsic worth. And then, after they have fought and won their battle against conventions, there comes the startling news that Jacob's legal wife is dead. What shall they do? As Jacob puts it, "the belief or unbelief in the convention of marriage is of no importance whatever." The important thing is to try to do what one believes to be right; and Betty is as consistent now in believing their present union to be right as she was in earlier days in believing it wrong. So she votes to let things remain as they are. But in this Jacob overrules her, for he has looked further ahead. He wants children, and "it wouldn't be fair to them."

"FIDELITY"

In Miss Glaspell's story there are just enough minor differences of situation to offer an interesting contrast. Ruth Holland, growing up in one of those middle-sized towns, just big enough to be quite sure of its own social standards, and small enough to be provincial, develops early a temperamental nature, a restless craving for something different from the routine of proper, conventional boy-and-girl parties and dances, where they all have known one another so long and so well that the whole thing is as unromantic as one's own family circle. But

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one night Ruth is surprised at being asked to dance by a married man, Stuart Williams, several years older than herself, and, according to current gossip, unhappy in his home life. Williams is a disappointed, lonely man, and the girl's fresh beauty and utter and immediate surrender precipitate a tragedy which he is not villain enough to have deliberately planned. On the other hand, Ruth pays the penalty of having been brought up too carefully guarded, insufficiently armed with knowledge for her own self-protection. This clandestine attachment lasts for months, unguessed by any one excepting a young doctor, Deane Franklin, whose love for Ruth makes him keen eyed, and who helps her to conceal the truth when a momentous crisis comes. The world might never have needed to know, if it had not happened that Williams's lungs become affected, and his only chance for life is immediate removal to Arizona. Ruth hears the verdict and instantly makes up her mind: "when shall we start?" she asks, with such finality of tone that both the men who love her know it is useless to argue. Such is the prologue of Miss Glaspell's story, which we get piece-meal through the comments of the various characters, at a much later date, when the scandal of the elopement, although not forgotten, is seldom spoken of. Dr. Franklin has at last married and has brought his young wife home to his own town. She knows nothing of the local history, and has never heard of Ruth Holland, and her husband's early disappointment. Naturally, what she hears is the hostile, prejudiced, unforgiving side of the story from the friends of the Hollands, and of Marion Williams, the deserted wife. And when she learns that at last, after all these years of exile in Arizona, Ruth is coming home, summoned to the death-bed of the father who disowned her, Edith is filled with resentment and jealousy to find that her husband intends to espouse the cause of this scandalous person, even to call upon her, and has the effrontery to expect her, his wife, to do likewise. The greater part of the volume concerns itself with a detailed presentment of the attitude taken by Ruth's girlhood friends, by her own family, by the weak, well-meaning sister, who, being married to a clergyman, has to think of her husband's parishioners; by the smug, pharisaical elder brother, who would dispute the father's will, because it does not cut Ruth off, and by the warm-hearted younger brother, who is almost her sole champion. And then, of course, there is Deane Franklin, who even now is a loyal friend, though his loyalty utterly wrecks his recent marriage. This visit home is the turning point in Ruth's life. For the first time she realises fully what far-reaching disaster her selfish act wrought in her family and among her friends. And she goes back to her task of slaving for a man who has ceased to love her, ceased even to need her, and for whom her own love has become chiefly a memory—goes back to him feeling the emptiness of it all, and yet determined to stay on with him, because to leave him would be to acknowledge the fragility of their irregular ties. But when at last the man's wife does the unexpected thing and divorces him, and he assumes of course that Ruth will marry him, she emphatically refuses. She did the unconventional thing before, because she thought it right; she will do it now, because marriage would spoil what once seemed very beautiful to her, and she will not have its memory spoiled by a belated legalisation. She chooses to remain faithful to that memory.

In conclusion, a word of tribute should be paid to the character of Marion Williams. Although she comes into the story only indirectly, yet she remains a personality scarcely less impressive and convincing than Ruth herself. It is seldom that the intimate reasons for the wreckage of married life has been presented with such frank and subtle understanding as in the analysis of Marion Williams's temperament:

> She loved in what she thought of as her own fastidious way. Passion violated something in her. Falling in love had made her happy, but with her love had never been

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able to sweep down the reserves, and so things which love should have made beautiful remained for her ugly facts of life that she had an instinct to hold herself away from. What she felt she did not like herself for feeling. And so their marriage had been less a union than manœuvring.

"THE RAT-PIT"

The author of this poignant account of a young Irish girl's all too common tragedy, Patrick MacGill, explains in a brief preface the significance of his title:

In the city of Glasgow there is a lodging-house for women known as the "Rat-Pit." Here the vagrant can get a nightly bunk for a few pence, and no female is refused admittance; the unfortunate, the sick, and the work-weary congregate under the same roof, breathe the same fetid air and forget the troubles of a miserable existence in strong drink, the solace of the sorrowful, or, in heavy stupour, the slumber of the toil-worn. The under-world has . . . always appeared to me as a greater "Rat-Pit," where human beings, pinched and poverty-stricken and ground down with the weight of oppression, are hemmed up like the plague-stricken in a pest-house.

The story is simply the unvarnished, unrelenting chronicle of just how Norah Ryan, after a childhood of poverty and hunger and hopeless, driving toil, in a miserable cabin on the bleak coast of Donegal, inevitably drifts into that bigger "Rat-Pit" of which the author speaks, and is at last submerged in the squalour and degradation of the pestilential back alleys of Glasgow. Not but what Norah once had a warning from an older and wiser woman, if only she had understood its meaning:

"Maybe when you grow up some man will say to you, 'I like you better than any one else in the world.' That will be very nice to listen to, Norah. Maybe you'll walk with the man on a lonely moor or on the strand beside the sea. It will be night and there will be many stars in the sky, and you'll not say then they are cold, as you said this morning. All at once you'll stop and listen. You'll not know why you listen, for everything will be so quiet. But for a minute it will come to you that the earth is asleep and that everything is in slumber. That will be the dangerous hour, child, for then you may commit the mortal sin of love."

Just how true a prophecy this warning was, just when and where Norah made her irremediable mistake, and how she drained her cup of expiation to its bitterest dregs, may best be left for the author to tell in his own way. It is a very poignant way, and its memory is a haunting one.

"EMPTY POCKETS"

Empty Pockets, by Rupert Hughes, is a queer conglomeration of minute realistic studies of the New York slums, fantastic pictures of fashionable life verging upon burlesque, and a glorified Nick-Carteresque series of abductions, seductions and sudden deaths that can only be described as melodrama running amuck. And yet the reviewer must plead guilty to having enjoyed himself immensely in reading, and having, what is more, read it slowly, to make it last the longer. The volume opens with a promising mystery. On top of one of the most sordid and grimy tenements in the unsavoury neighbourhood of Allen Street, a certain Perry Merithew, model of fashion, incurable spendthrift and ruiner of women's reputations, is found dead, and still grasping in his clenched hand the severed tips of some copper-coloured tresses. Now, it would seem a simple task for a detective to discover what women, with copper-coloured tresses, had played a part in the life of so scandalously well known a personage as Perry Merithew. But when it develops that he had a predilection for hair of that special hue, and that his fair friends possessing it included a Polish cloak model, a society girl of fragile reputation, a vicious little cabaret singer and the pampered daughter of New York's leading millionaire, it becomes evident that the detective's task is less simple than was expected. Much of the narrative takes us on breathless and ut-

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terly impossible taxi-cab chases through midnight streets, with gun-men shooting recklessly, and hitting everything excepting what they aim at. But the moving pictures have been educating the public to believe in the preposterous. And it is no more than fair to accredit Mr. Hughes with having succeeded in reducing a typical photoplay melodrama to the more difficult medium of printer's-ink.

"A BRIDE OF THE PLAINS"

Baroness Orczy's latest story, *A Bride of the Plains,* is a picture of simple village life in Hungary. The central tragedy turns upon the Austro-Hungarian laws of compulsory military service, and the strictness with which the binding force of a betrothal service is construed. Elsa Kapus promised to wait for Andor during his three years of service; but the months went by without any news, and then one day an official notice arrived to the effect that Andor was dead. So, because her family were very poor, and her father recently paralysed, she finally consented to be betrothed to Bela Eros, rich, miserly, and jealous; and it is not until a few days before the wedding that in mending her father's old fur cloak, which he has not worn since the day of his paralytic stroke, she finds in the pocket a letter to her from Andor, telling her the report of his death is a mistake, and that he is leaving for America to make his fortune. This letter has lain unopened for two years, and now she is betrothed, and would disgrace her self and her family if she breaks her word. Just on the heels of this discovery of the letter, Andor himself arrives, prosperous and glowing with happiness. But when he hears of Elsa's betrothal, he too admits that nothing can be done. He even meets his rival and wishes him good luck, but warns him as he values his life to be kind to Elsa. But, so far from meaning to be kind to Elsa, Bela is already preparing to assert his despotic mastery by insisting that Elsa shall include among her invited guests a certain Klara, a Jewess of doubtful reputation; and when the girl indignantly refuses, saying that she need not obey him until after the ceremony, he plans to show her the open discourtesy of absenting himself from the pre-nuptial reception and spending the evening with Klara in her father's inn. Now, Klara has another suitor, a fiery tempered fellow, and insanely jealous. He learns that Klara has given Bela the key to the back door, and pistol in hand, stations himself to watch. Now, as is explained in some detail, Andor happens to come in possession of all these facts. A word from him could save Bela's life, but by remaining silent he will save Elsa from a life-long martyrdom. It takes no great cleverness to guess which of the alternatives Andor adopts.

"JAFFERY"

Jaffery, the latest addition to William J. Locke's whimsical, paradoxical and consistently diverting creations, may be conveniently defined, if we do not push the parallel too far, to a sort of modified *Beloved Vagabond,* as seen through the scholarly eyes of a *Marcus Ordeyne.* Hilary Freeth, who tells the tale, Adrian Boldero, Tom Castleton and Jaffery Chayne were at Cambridge together and "formed, after the manner of youth, a somewhat incongruous brotherhood . . . a kind of exclusive, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan swashbucklery." At the time of the story's opening, one of the four, Tom Castleton, the only one of the four endowed with a touch of genius, is already dead, a victim to typhoid on a trip to South America, in company with Boldero. The latter, supposed to be a hopeless misfit, destined to drift through life without ever accomplishing anything of real bigness, has just electrified the literary world of London by the publication of a novel acclaimed by leading critics as really great, and Hilary and his wife Barbara are overjoyed, because now Barbara's friend, Doria, will be allowed by her father to marry Adriance, his consent having been conditional upon the young man's giving proof of some ability to become self-supporting. Well, after the marriage,

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the young couple settle down in modest quarters in that literary and artistic haven, St. John's Wood; and there Adrian has a special room for his working den, in which each day he barricades himself, remaining until nightfall; and Doria stands guard and sees to it that under no pretence whatever shall any intrusion break in upon his burning genius —for his second novel is to eclipse the first. Then one day, when the hours go by and he fails to appear, he is found dead at his desk; and when his two friends, appointing themselves his unofficial literary executors, make a search for his manuscript, they find nothing but a few disconnected and meaningless notes—but at the same time they find something for which they were not looking, namely, the original manuscript of his first novel, bearing the signature, not of Adrian Boldero, but of Tom Castleton, the one with the "touch of genius." The two friends, then and there, decide that they must keep the dead man's secret; at all costs, Doria must never know. Accordingly, because big, bull-necked Jaffery, who never in his life had given any evidence of genius at all, has secretly all along been in love with Doria, he sets himself to the almost impossible task of converting those meaningless notes and memoranda into a novel which may take rank with the earlier stolen volume. And in the end he achieves the impossible, and even critical Doria, jealous for her husband's fame, admits that Jaffery has succeeded well in putting the finishing touches to the dead man's supposed masterpiece. But after all this herculean work, Jaffery finds himself not a step nearer to the goal of his desires. He has simply placed Adrian on a higher pedestal than ever, and the only way to dethrone him is to tell Doria the truth and brutally disillusion her. And that, of course, a man like Jaffery could not do. Instead, he tries what a little soldier-of-fortune adventuring will do for him, and his rambles lead him into the Balkan war and incidentally bring him in contact with one of Mr. Locke's most extraordinary and delightful creations, Liosha, the Bulgarian Amazon, peerless in her splendid physique, but with an amazing flow of strange oaths, and manners that would disgrace a rag-picker. With this queerly assorted couple Mr. Locke proceeds to divert himself in his irresponsible and inimitable way. He quite discards the proprieties, he takes them on unheard-of adventures by land and sea; and little by little he hypnotises us into seeing not the uncouthness of his undisciplined modern Valkyr, but the richness of her nature, the splendid possibilities in her. And, of course, when Jaffery returns to London, and finds that Doria has meanwhile discovered for herself her dead husband's dishonesty, and is quite ready to bestow herself on her former ardent suitor, she finds to her chagrin that she has been supplanted. We are told in conclusion that Jaffery and Liosha are married: "They lead impossible lives. But what has that got to do with you and me? They like it." And, after all, isn't that the essence of Mr. Locke's enduring appeal? Do we ever grow tired of reading about impossible lives, lives that we would not live if we could, yet which it pleases us to deceive ourselves for the hour into envying—lives which the fantastic figures of Mr. Locke's volumes, one and all, so unmistakably revel in?

"HILLSBORO PEOPLE"

Under the simple title, *Hillsboro People,* Dorothy Canfield, author of *The Squirrel Cage,* has gathered together a number of short stories, sketches and character studies of Vermont village folk, some humourous, some poignantly pathetic, but all imbued with a wise understanding and indulgent sympathy. It seems like unfair discrimination to select just one or two of these stories for special comment where so many are excellent; but the two that appealed especially to the present reviewer are "The Bedquilt" and "Finis." The first of these tells how a humble, over-worked little old maid attains a belated celebrity. Mehitabel Elwill has for years been the willing drudge of the family, imposed

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upon by brother and sister, nieces and nephews alike, not from intentional unkindness, but simply because from long habit it has become a matter of course that Aunt Mehitabel should bear everybody's burdens. She has just one pleasure, one hobby, and that is quilt-making. The family regard Aunt Mehitabel's eternal "patch-work" with indifference; it costs nothing, it amuses her, and it does not interfere with her usefulness. But one day a latent touch of genius comes to the surface: the inspiration of a new pattern of daring intricacy and marvellous effects. Silently, almost secretly she sets about her audacious task, and at first no one notices. Then one day a neighbour happens to comment on the prettiness of one of the completed blocks, another neighbour hears about it and drops in to see for herself; and soon the whole village is talking of this wonderful, incomparable quilt that Miss Mehitabel is making. The little spinster's sudden rise into fame reacts upon the family; for the first time in her life, she is treated with deference; she must no longer do the household chores, for that takes time from her all-important task, namely, to finish the quilt in time for the county fair, which offers a prize for the best quilt. Of course, you foresee that Miss Mehitabel wins the prize, and that she has a glorious day at the fair, the first she has ever attended. And the delicious touch at the end, the touch that illumines the little old maid's character is that, when she returns home from the fair and the family eagerly crowd around and ask for an account of all the marvels she has seen, it turns out that she has seen nothing, but has spent the entire day sitting opposite her prize-winning quilt, with the ecstatic rapture of the true artist. "Finis" offers a sharp contrast to "The Bedquilt." It deals with the desolate tragedy of an old couple who at the sunset of their lives must give up their old home and go to live with a married son in a big strange city. Old Nathaniel Prentice might have struggled on for a year or two longer, defying the biting cold of northern winters. But his wife, Matey, rheumatic, weak of lung, and burdened with mountainous flesh, will not live till spring, unless she is removed to a milder climate. Such is the doctor's edict, and the old couple grudgingly count each of the fast-passing days of summer, the last days that they will ever look on the familiar sights that are interwoven into the very fabric of their long years of married contentment. Then the first sharp change of autumn comes, the doctor's warning is more peremptory, and the day for departure is set. But at the last the old woman's courage fails her, and secretly she finds an easier solution. While the old husband is out of the house gathering fire-wood, she hobbles to the window, flings it open, bares her throat and chest to the biting wind, and then crawls back to bed again shaking with convulsive chills. She dies two days later; but before she goes she and her husband exchange confessions: she admits what she has done, and then he tells her that he saw her do it; but he wouldn't stop her, he loved her too well to hold her if she wanted to go. It is a cruel little story, told with true artistry.

"LOVE LETTERS OF A DIVORCED COUPLE"

The Love Letters of a Divorced Couple is the whimsical title of an equally whimsical little volume by William Farquhar Payson, the substance of which is conveniently stated in one of the early letters: "The old question used to be, 'Is marriage a failure?' But now there is another question, 'Is divorce a failure?'" In the case of Kenneth Durand and his divorced wife, Sybil, it appears to be so. Although they roam restlessly over Europe and America, often crossing each other's tracks, but never quite meeting, they fail to find contentment. And although each in turn engages in rash and desperate flirtations, it is apparent to the reader that their chief reason for doing so is in order to write audacious accounts of their conquests and thus fan the spark of jealousy. There are rather too many of

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these letters, and too much of a sameness. The inevitable reconciliation at the end is too plainly foreshadowed to be especially thrilling when it comes. Yet, on the whole, it is an amusing little volume, though the wife's letters average far better than the husband's.

"LONELINESS?"

Loneliness?, by the late Robert Hugh Benson, is another of these stories built around his favourite line of themes, complications arising from the clash between the English marriage law and the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The central figure of the present volume is a young opera singer, who has recently finished her training in Germany and secured her first engagement for grand opera in London. She is a Catholic by early training, and furthermore is a protégée of a wealthy old lady who is the strictest sort of Catholic, has given the girl her musical education and loves her like a daughter. During the interval before the fall season opens, our heroine has an opportunity to visit at a rather exclusive country house, where almost at once she and the son of her host and hostess find themselves strongly attracted to each other. Indeed, so conspicuous do they make themselves by their prolonged absences together, stalking deer through gorse and heather, or whipping the streams for elusive trout, that the young man's family, of proud old stock, with traditions to maintain, are in a state bordering on consternation. They are Church of England people, of course, whose attitude toward any Catholic girl that their son might propose to marry would surely be that of bitter opposition. But what makes it worse, indeed, from their point of view frankly impossible, is the added objection that she is going on the stage. Consequently, the whole family breathes a long breath of relief when the girl's visit comes to an end. But the mischief has been done. They meet again in London, and more than once. And when her début comes, and she scores a phenomenal success, he can no longer restrain his avowal, and they pledge themselves, without a thought to the barriers between them. But presently, becoming suddenly uneasy, she consults her priest, who tells her at once that in the eyes of the Church there could be no valid marriage with a Protestant, unless he would pledge himself to bring up the children as Catholics and would be married by the Catholic rites. The girl is horrified. These conditions, she knows, will never be met by her lover, nor by his family. Yet she is not yet ready to defy her Church and contract a marriage that will ostracise her from her own friends. But presently an affliction overtakes her that weakens her resolution. She has a slight throat trouble and the doctor advises a few days' rest. But she has been advertised to sing on a particular night, and her lover's best friend has come many miles at his request to hear her. So she yields to their entreaties, and in consequence permanently loses her voice. Her lover is overcome with remorse, and urges her to hasten their marriage, while she, on her part, is so shaken at her disaster that she decides to defy the priest and seek her own way to happiness. She confides her purpose to her old friend and foster-mother, who is horrified. The old lady starts forthwith to interview the man's family and in some way form a plan to stop the young couple's recklessness. But while hastening on her errand there is a collision and the old lady is killed. The girl is conscience-stricken; she feels that it is her own wicked defiance of her Church that has caused her faithful friend's death. So she sends for the man and tells him that she has changed her mind. If he loves her, he will do the right thing and marry her according to the conditions laid down by her religion. The man, of course, cannot do this, being who and what he is; and he leaves her, bitterly resenting what he calls her faithlessness. But her troubles and bereavements have brought her a renewed faith and a new peace; and the book closes with the suggestion that her gain is greater than her

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loss, and that whatever her condition of mind, it is no longer one that could be accurately defined as loneliness.

"A FAR COUNTRY"

Mr. Winston Churchill is one of the very few contemporary novelists whose work, year by year, shows a steady broadening, a maturer purpose, a richer experience of life. *The Inside of the Cup* was admittedly his biggest achievement up to the time of its appearance. His new volume, *A Far Country,* will in all probability be ranked by many readers even higher. Not that there is anything especially new in the material from which it is wrought. The greed of corporations, the knavery of bench and bar, the rottenness of politics, the corruption of the legislature, are all commonplaces of American literature and life. It is Mr. Churchill's method of treatment, the amplitude of his picture, the lesson that he derives, that give his book its distinction and importance. The significance of his title is expounded as follows by one of his characters: "Democracy is still in a far country, eating the husks of individualism, materialism. What we see is not true freedom, but freedom run to riot, men struggling for themselves, spending on themselves the fruits of their inheritance; we see a government intent on one object alone—exploitation of this inheritance, in order to achieve what it calls prosperity. And God is far away." Such is the general theme, the big parable that spreads out dimly as a background behind the specific story of Hugh Paret, corporation lawyer, the story of material success beyond his dreams, that none the less turns to husks and leaves him hungry for a little human happiness. We have had many similar characters in fiction. Robert Herrick and David Graham Phillips, among others, have each tried their hand at this same theme. But what differentiates Mr. Churchill's volume is its thoroughness, its unhurried orderliness, its richness of minute detail, which the reader is apt to resent a little at first until he realises that none of these details, not a single brush-stroke, so to speak, on the whole wide, crowded canvas is without its significance, its contributing service to the structure as a whole. How Hugh Paret comes to be what he is, in view of the fine integrity and high ideals of his father, we could not understand without those mercilessly probing chapters of analysis of his childhood and youth, his school and college days, his early romance and its fiasco. In all the mistakes and transgressions of his later years, we can see so plainly the inevitable fruit of some seed sown in that early period, some unchecked impulse or twisted viewpoint. In short, we are made to know Hugh Paret as it is given us to know very few men in real life—and that is no slight praise. To attempt to analyse in detail the separate stages of Paret's professional success and of his failure as husband and father would be quite futile; for this is not one of those books that lend themselves to the process of dissecting and epitomising. Everything is too carefully interrelated. If there is one thing more than another that you bring away from a reading of this book, it is a sense of the far-reaching, almost universal influence of words and acts throughout the world, reaching far beyond the possible foresight of speaker or actor. In short, Mr. Churchill has incarnated a world of his own, a magic globe in which we see mirrored with unsparing truth the good and the evil that is in each one of us. What is more, he has wrought a novel that is broadly, splendidly, thoroughly American in spirit and ideals, a novel that sets a fine standard for the younger school of American fiction.

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ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

James Barnes's "Through Central Africa"*

Mr. James Barnes and Mr. Cherry Kearton did a very fine piece of work when they went to Africa two years ago. At the time this reviewer saw them there they had succeeded in getting moving pictures of thirty-odd species of wild game, and in every case the animals were undisturbed and unaware of the presence of human beings. In that latter respect their achievement stands head and shoulders above any similar feat. Others have taken moving pictures—very good moving pictures—of African game in the open; but generally much of it has been driven, trapped, or otherwise frightened and coerced. Furthermore, at his own expense, Mr. Barnes presented positives of his films to the leading museums of the world; so that the representative institution of each important country now possesses this perpetual and valuable record of animals in their native haunts. On these two things rests the importance to the public of this particular expedition.

The accomplishment of them is a most fascinating bit of narrative. The present writer knows, for he was privileged to hear about it from Mr. Barnes in person. The fragmentary tale interested him so greatly that he looked forward to the volume under consideration with keen anticipation. But reluctantly he must confess it a disappointment.

There are so many African books that a new one must have some especial excuse for being, provided it is to appeal to a circle wider than that of the author's personal friends. A man must have done something different, found something different, or have to offer an individual point of view on old things. Mr. Barnes, for the reasons stated in the first paragraph, certainly has every excuse for offering us a new African book. But, speaking of the work as a whole, he has failed to state his case. The significant portions of his adventure he has subdued; the experiences more or less common to every African traveller—and every African book—he has detailed minutely. The month or so spent in the "hide up" near the water hole is dismissed in a chapter, though that and the immediately subsequent experiences were the real point to the whole trip. No man could live for that length of time in contact with unsuspecting wild beasts without accumulating a store of observation to fill not only one but several volumes, interesting to the naturalist and every layman as well. What sort of apparatus was used? How was it carried? how was it manipulated? how satisfactory was it? what were its defects? what trouble did you have with it? how did you stalk your beasts? how did they act? what amusing, interesting or striking experiences did you have? what anecdotes can you tell us? These questions and many others of the same sort represent the natural curiosity such an expedition arouses; and this natural curiosity Mr. Barnes fails to satisfy. He tells us a few incidents, but casually, and in no sufficient detail. Small hint does he proffer of the store of enthralling narrative he possesses. The tale of hopes, fears, disappointments, triumphs in the photographing of game herds; the story of expedients, stupidities, exasperations; the luck, the misfortune, the suspense, the thrill of approach; these—as the present writer was told them in Nanobi—are to his mind the real book. That our adventurers subsequently crossed Uganda, the Belgian Congo, and reached the sea over the usual routes, with the usual delays, vexations, illnesses, of African travel, while inter-

*Through Central Africa. By James Barnes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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esting to their personal friends, while of course important to themselves, offers nothing new to the general public. It was a hard trip; and probably worth while to the men who made it; but barring a special gift for conveying "atmosphere" it was no more worthy of record in a four dollar book than a hunting trip to Alaska or the Rockies. Especially is this exasperatingly true when it crowds out one of the most interesting narratives of African experience the writer ever heard. Mr. Barnes rises to a very fine description of the great Forests. It occupies only three pages. This, some miscellaneous observations of native tribes and government or trading posts, and the statement that "the forest is impossible as a field for moving pictures," could all have been condensed to advantage into a chapter or so.

That may of course be considered a matter of personal opinion: as may the spelling of various Swahili phrases. Swahili has no official spelling: it is done mostly by ear. However, such things as *nina* for *mimi* (first person singular); or *Kansas* for *kansua;* among many others, indicates a careless ear. When, however, we come to matters of place names, to be found on any map, phonetics do not apply so freely and carelessness is less excusable. There are here variations in spelling, to be sure, but variations within certain well-defined limits as laid down by the Royal Geographical Society. A man cannot go a free untrammelled way. Thus Clashu Nero for Guaso Nyero; Rumuruti for Rumeruti; Navassha for Naivasha; Kumiti for Kamiti; Komassi for Kisumu; Buganda for Baganda; Donaysapuk for Dvinya Sapuk; Rewenzori for Ruwenzori; Burchall for Burchell; Olgolositt for Olbollossat, and so on, while of no immediate importance except to one familiar with the country, tend to destroy confidence in the painstaking quality of the author's observations. When he talks of giraffes "some reaching to the height of twenty feet or more," whereas the world's record giraffe stood seventeen feet three inches, and sixteen feet is a very big bull; and spells the dictionary word *sisal* or *sizal* as *sizel*—to mention only two instances—the impression of carelessness is confirmed. It is permitted, of course, to spell the pet name for Thompson's gazelle *thomi,* but why not *tommy* as is the custom? It is permitted likewise to call the female of an antelope a "ewe" rather than a doe—it is a Boer custom—but the fact still remains that a "ewe" is a female sheep. The book is neither thought out, proportioned, verified nor accurate on a four dollar net basis.

The present reviewer wishes that Mr. Barnes would do it again. The photographs of this volume are remarkably good; he has the story to tell. Why not combine them? The publishers have made a very handsome book. It is a pity they omitted so many letters from so many words, however. A little better page-proof inspection would have helped. And the reviewer wishes Mr. Barnes would himself look up world's records on crocodiles. Thirty feet is some crocodile!

Stewart Edward White.

II

Robert Dunn's "Five Fronts"*

If the picturesque days of the war correspondent have passed—days when a Forbes would ride all night to get a "beat" to the anxious world—there still remains a place for the clever reporter who, at least, can present some impressions of the titanic struggles now devastating Europe. But no longer can they be embracing accounts of a battle, since the "front" is too gigantic, and the strategy too confused. No record, in fact, of the great battles now being fought will be accessible till the war is over. All that remains is the "human" story, the episode snatched from the whirl of the fight after the devastating armies have retreated or gone forward. Yet, it is in just these individual instances that the real horror of war is

*Five Fronts. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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revealed: we can still be stirred with an isolated picture of suffering where our nerves have long since mercifully been dulled to widespread carnage. Robert Dunn has wisely selected this human element as the viewpoint of his *Five Fronts*. He has the detachment necessary for a good reporter when it comes to actual descriptions, though his own mercurial temperament, cameleon-like, enters into the mood of the situations, propelling him into dangerously foolish experiences. He points out the impossibility of being completely neutral, since almost instinctively he feels himself part of whichever particular army he is with. This is the value and defect of the book, which in many respects is the most vivid that has so far come from the actual zones of fighting. It is best to pass over in silence his "two aimless shots from the Bavarian trenches"—which taste, if nothing else, should have eliminated from these pages. The quality of this very defective recklessness is what made possible, however, the varied experiences which, alone among correspondents, took him behind all the battle lines.

The first chapters give snapshot impressions of the earliest days of the war, when Mr. Dunn was behind the French lines, being driven back so relentlessly by the German advance. Here are glimpses of tea-drinking "Tommies," to be later contrasted with coffee-absorbing Austrians. Also, we get our first sense of the real ignorance of locality and military design which hordes of men in the ranks possess. Merely as pawns they are moved about with little or no knowledge at all of the fortunes of battle. One figure which stands out is the English bicycle scout, darting from impossible places like some apparition. In him seems epitomised the methodicity of war, as it has become. But Mr. Dunn had little opportunity for further observation at the front, since he was arrested and shipped back to Tours. From here he went to the Austrian lines, finally landing at Prezmysl. On the road to this tongue-twisting city one incident may be quoted which seems to summarise the tragedy of the peasant:

> There they bent, old men, older women in short flaring skirts and high knee-boots, digging their small potatoes—digging as against Judgment Day, with short-handled hoes, shaped like axes, the last crop to be taken from this soil, from which their blood has sprung; the last for years, forever? Never did one look up from his toil, in those fields all seamed with rifle-pits, either at the scattered sentries, each standing in the smoke of his underground fire with only a bayonet protruding from his muffled hood; at the looping stragglers along the road, bearded youths in dusty, baggy grey; at our lone motor car; nor did they look the other way toward the continuous Russian cannonading just beyond. The war was no longer young; but still it seems no affair of theirs. No more to those gnome-like spirits of the soil than in times of peace were these same passing horsemen, or any rich man's automobile. Here were two worlds which even war had failed to link; two worlds on the same terrain of a single planet. Yet the sons of those peasants could then have been fighting, dying. What of it? The parents might hear some day, or might not. It was a fact of their dim existence to be accepted with the same fatality as drought or snow; a dispensation far less vital or momentous than the housing of a crop, or a cow's calving.

Here, too, one sees the horrors of cholera, which grimly joins ranks with both sides; for disease has no patriotic reticences. One is tempted to moralise on the fact that if the respective governments would spend as much on fighting their common enemy as they do on killing each other, our civilisation would not seem so on trial. This the author inferentially brings home in his ghastly picture of the long hospital trains chalked with their ominous warnings. But, in spite of these observations here and in Servia, Mr. Dunn admits "the war had on a mask" for him till he spent a night in the German trenches, four miles south of Ypres, where he had "a Mauser in my hands." Here he says

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that war showed "that horror and beauty, stark power, and the beat of human hearts, after all, may be commingled." Yet further on we read:

> Yes; you beheld those two gun-shelters, a bit to the left, roofed like enormous beehives, or, rather, shaped like titanic porcelain insulators for high-power transmission. But under the shifting, searing light-balls, they were the least of the spectacle. Fifty yards to the right, too, was a cantilever bridge, with steelwork unhurt, across the Ypern canal. The horror and climax of the night lay in the space between. Bodies, bodies unburied, unrecognisable, unless we had been told. Lumps of matter, like swollen socks, in hundreds, scattered haphazard upon one another, heaped like socks. Without visible flesh or clothing: all mud-coloured, drenched, gleaming terribly with the slimy pallour, like verdigris, of that awful field. It resembled a vision under sea; as if one saw through a green translucence the encrusted toll of some old disaster.

And one senses, as he reads this sustained narrative, with its intimate portrayal of trench-life, that another tragedy of war lies in the group hate which it engenders, as well as its fundamental futility. For war seems to feed upon and misdirect the spirit of adventure which lives in most normal men. A wholesome instinct is distorted into a destructive force. Mr. Dunn himself is continually caught by this spirit of adventure—here, as in his later chapters, which make an Anthony Hope romance seem pale; especially his dare-devil passage over a broken bridge from the Austrian lines to the Russians in Bukowina, where he was "entertained" by Shechin, captain of the Hussars: a "notorious bandit of the first rank," as the Austrians had previously described him. Yet Shechin, almost a fictive figure, spoke exquisite French and sincerely mourned the destruction by Austrians of Louis Quinze furniture and Fragonard tapestries—which only emphasises, as Mr. Dunn adds, the ironical paradoxes of war.

> "Look at those girls there," he seized me by the arm, pointing at two, better dressed than peasants, who were mounting the hill handbags in hand from the very ranks of infantry. "That is the amazing thing of war. It is not the soldier who has no nerves, no fear, but the harmless creatures of an afflicted country, and particularly the women."

Through these repeated impressions of variegated incidents, Mr. Dunn gives a total impression of war. He is not prone to philosophise too much, for he is essentially concerned with action and the moving spectacle. Originally written as letters to the *New York Evening Post,* they lose nothing in being brought together with slight revision. They have been written on the firing lines themselves and carry a quick sense of scene. They have not been excelled by any of the many letters which have come from the front. Yet, almost in spite of themselves, they illustrate, sometimes by the very effect on the author, the inanity of war which Mr. Dunn calls "the supreme adventure in the great drama called life."

George Middleton.

III

Stewart Edward White's "The Rediscovered Country"*

There will be many readers for this volume besides those whose interest in geography, exploration or natural history makes attractive its title. Mr. White's literary activity, exercised in many fields, has won for him a reputation as an entertainer not less than that he enjoys by reason of his accurate observation of wild life. But in no other book of his, perhaps, are his qualifications as a writer for the non-scientific man put to a severer test than in the present one. For, in form, this is a diary, and by its purpose it is first of all a chronicle of fact in language sufficiently exact to satisfy the student. Despite this, there are few of its three hundred and fifty odd pages which will not engage the attention of any reader with a zest for lively and of-

*The Rediscovered Country. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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tentimes hazardous adventure, or who enjoys vivid pictures of strange country and strange people. In part, this is due to Mr. White's sterling sincerity and in part to his gift for seeing clearly and for reproducing personal observations and experiences with almost photographic wealth and definiteness of detail.

The Rediscovered Country itself is a vast tract of land within the German protectorate in Africa, separated from British East Africa by a barrier of high mountain ranges, and known previously only through German military reconnoissances, which seem never to have been communicated beyond the government. It was before unexplored chiefly because of what at first appeared to Mr. White to be great natural difficulties. In his estimation, it represents the last untouched hunting field in the inhabited world, and it abounds in game, large and small, in the most extraordinary measure. Its surprising failure to be better known to sportsmen is attributed to the fact that the English big-game hunter, up to this time, has found in the other parts of the country, enough to keep him busy, while the people under whose rule it comes themselves have comparatively little appetite for pursuits of that sort, or inclination to encourage the visits of those of other nationalities who are keen for shooting. His own journey, demonstrated to Mr. White's satisfaction, that, given certain knowledge and experience and a willingness to forego the luxuries that some hunting expeditions into Africa would seem to require, this wonderful country is easily accessible, and in its varied topography, vegetation, and animal life, is a revelation even to the veteran explorer. Moreover, because of its slight rainfall, its lack of grazing facilities and the prevalence of the deadly tsetse fly, he believes that for many years, at least, it will continue to be the greatest of all game regions. That general statement about accessibility needs some explanation, however, as becomes apparent a little later on, when we read that, starting in with twenty donkeys equipped with pack saddles, twenty-five donkeys rigged in the native fashion and picking up additional donkeys from time to time, he emerged from his trip with just four. Four of fifty-nine survived the journey. The others succumbed to fly bite and various diseases or mishaps. Two riding mules, which were gaily mounted at the onset, promptly died. For the rest of the seventeen hundred miles, White and his constant companion, the experienced hunter, Cunninghame, walked. Incidentally, there were hardships of rushing rivers to be forded across which the men passed clinging to a single rope, through which the beasts were pulled, half drowned, at the end of a line, of heat, insects, poisonous swamps and balking natives, whose services as porters were indispensable, and, finally, there were the encounters with the biggest and most ferocious of all wild animals.

It is from those many pages of description of meetings, particularly with lions and elephants, that the average reader will get his finest thrill. Of few other writers may it be said with equal truth that, in telling of exploits of this kind, never once is there a suggestion of boastfulness, of exaggeration of the danger of the situation or of the personal courage exhibited by the narrator. But, so far as that goes, long ago Mr. White established himself as a chronicler, perfectly acquainted with the hazards of any adventure and also entirely capable of drawing from memory a picture that made his adventure plain to the reader's vision, while quietly and modestly stating his own part therein. There, for instance, in the book before us, is the encounter with that quartette of lions. This occupies nine pages, and yet not a word is wasted. It begins with the stalking of a lioness, it develops into a single-handed facing of four of the beasts, while all of White's companions, the faithful gun-bearer, Memba Sasa, excepted, are perched in nearby trees. It ends, after eighteen shots from White's two guns, the first lion down with four bullets in him, the smaller lion with two, the lioness with two, and the giant lion with seven, the last named dropping dead

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only eight paces from where the hunter still stands—surely excitement enough for any one. But if Mr. White confesses to nothing resembling panic in these trying circumstances, he frankly owns up to having no stomach for elephants—that is, in excessive quantity, and under certain other conditions. That was when he and Cunninghame, working through a heavy forest, grown twenty feet high with vines and undergrowth, found themselves almost in the midst of a herd of those animals, and when, within forty yards of the nearest, as they thought, abruptly were confronted with what White refers to as "the bow of the Mauretania," in other words, the head of an enormous tusker, thrust out of the foliage to take an observation. "We doubled and ran," he remarks. "I was glad."

For the man who cares to satisfy himself of the bearings of this rediscovered country, and of how it looks in geographical form, the volume is furnished with a map, showing also the practicable routes through it, so far as known. Also, there are nearly fifty pages given over to specialised information upon how to get in, outfitting, and zoölogical notes with particular reference to the theory of concealing colouration. Finally, there are a great number of excellent and interesting reproductions from photographs taken by the author.

Churchill Williams.

IV

Brian Hooker's "Poems"*

Mr. Brian Hooker, whom most readers will know best as librettist for Horatio Parker's recent prize-winning "American" opera, "Mona," appears in this, the first volume of his collected verse, for the most part as a moderately skilful manipulator of lyric measures (including the old French "fixed" forms), without marked originality of thought, depth of feeling, or vigour of expression. In the effort to achieve one or another of these, he not infrequently forces his note, as in the opening lines on "Lilacs in the City," and in certain of the sonnets, with the result that he becomes either turgid or tortured. His diction is somewhat thin and lacking in distinction, and one reads half way through the book before coming, in a sonnet entitled "Ghosts," either to an arresting phrase, or to a really imaginative conception:

> The dead return to us continually:
> Not at the void of night, as fables feign,
> In some lone spot where murdered bones have lain
> Wailing for vengeance to the passerby;
> *But in the merry clamour and full cry*
> Of the brave moon, our dead whom we have slain
> And in forgotten graves hidden in vain,
> Rise up and stand beside us terribly.

Here the line italicised does produce to some extent the effect of a thing felt, heard, or seen, without which verse, even when informed with the noblest intentions, fails to rise much above the level of mere verbiage.

Part of the weakness that vitiates so much of Mr. Hooker's verse arises from an excessive reliance upon an obsolete or affected "poetic" vocabulary, including such words as "yon," "brake" (for "broke"), "blossomy," upon stock images like the one in the following line describing "columns tall" (a characteristic inversion) as

> Sprayed into arch like fountains turned to stone;

and upon a language that, however highly coloured with "eager lips" and "warm kisses," scarcely ever escapes the conventional (and calculated) in the attempt to render the raptures of a love part sentimental, part passionate.

So far the narrowly personal note predominates in Mr. Hooker's verse to a rather marked degree. Indeed, the impulse to write at all seems to have sprung very largely from a single normal human experience which, however, since it merely relates the individual to the species, has little value for the purposes

*Poems. By Brian Hooker. New Haven: Yale University Press.

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of genuine self-revelation. Of this last there is not much in the volume under consideration, unless we are to find it where it might be least expected, in the dramatic monologue entitled "A Situation."

> And yet. . . . What a foolish waste there will be of beauty
> When he finds the one conventional child for him,
> (With an untaught voice, and elbows youthfully slim)
> Who follows him stupidly down the path of duty
> So blind with her own new glory that his grows dim!

The speaker here is ostensibly a jealous woman of sharpened perception and shrewd worldly experience; but the insight and the accent, which reveal in this rapt worshipper at the shrine of girlish glamour a curious and unexpected clairvoyance, are necessarily the poet's own—much more his own, we feel, than anything else in the volume, though to say so means that he has missed thus far in verse his true vocation. The question now is whether he can yet find it.

W. A. Bradley.

V

Frank Crane's "War and World Government"*

Contributions to afternoon sheets reprinted in book form, without any attempt on the author's part at pruning and correlating, and joined together by the thin thread of chronology, make up a strange jumble of words and ideas. And when the book is bound in grass green, with a jacket of pale green, the diagnosis is bound to be "summer reading."

In this case we behold a new variety of summer literature: summer sociology. The mob, an easy prey to the shrewdly asinine and coldly emotional utterances of politicians on parade, and too busy or too indifferent to wade through the gloomy tomes which contain sociological facts, needs books like Dr. Crane's and plenty of them. Picturesque catchwords, ideas sliced up fine and easily assimilable, Broadwayite undiluted. . . . Unlike many books meant for the mob, Dr. Crane's book offers the mob many good reasons for behaving well, instead of excusing and glorifying bad behaviour. It pours strong acid on the monuments of hollow stucco called national pride and national honour and other masks for national ill breeding, and it suggests simple, practical, noble substitutes for them. Dr. Crane takes his examples right at hand. Is our country anxious to exert a civilising influence on its neighbours? Well, then, here is Mexico that needs civilising. Let's invade Mexico, not with an army that will first lay it waste, but with thousands of teachers, organisers, engineers; let's educate the people and develop the land . . . at our expense; and then let's gloat over our achievement and boast of it.

Take the Japanese peril. A row is coming, we are told every day. Let's compute approximately the cost of a war with Japan and then spend one-half of that amount in cultivating friendly relations with Japan. Everybody in both lands would profit by such a procedure. A war of conquest benefits nobody. The conquest of the Philippines didn't raise the wages of the American workingman. . . . The friendship of every nation on earth would be very flattering for our national pride and constitute the best protection for our national honour. Friendship with the world does not mean peace. Peace is an empty word. Peace is merely a negative condition. What every farseeing statesman should strive to bring about is a world federation. Smith and Jones are no longer allowed to carry weapons and to settle their quarrels themselves; they must take their differences into a court of justice, after which the police sees to it that the guilty Smith is restrained and the innocent Jones protected. A federation of the world would settle quarrels between nations and an international army would

*War and World Government. By Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company.

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do police duty and enforce the court's decrees.

This will never come to pass, however, unless some nation endowed with a great deal of moral courage takes it upon itself to disarm. The United States should set that wonderful example to the world. Dr. Crane fondly believes that such an act would make the nation sacred to possible trespassers. Here the author's dreams assume an extremely fanciful turn, which makes his arguments rather unconvincing. "What should we do," he asks, "if a British or German fleet should sail into the disarmed port of New York? Welcome them. Give them a banquet. Elsewhere the author, yielding to a sentimental optimism, which in view of the European mix-up causes the reader to repress a snicker, repeats Ruskin's statement that society women could stop the war by going into mourning. . . . That special flight of fancy took place on August 10, 1914.

André Tridon.

VI

Edward Dickinson's "Music and the Higher Education"*

If argument in favour of including the arts in the college curriculum is needed, *Music and the Higher Education* constitutes an adequate and comprehensive brief. Professor Dickinson preaches the value of art to a full life; the equal importance of music to the conventional college studies and the need of a critical standard. Cultivation of sense, understanding and feeling are necessary that the function of music may be perceived. Few will dispute that the cultural branches are as important as the vocational studies; that education should be for life; that a duty of the college man is to spread æsthetic culture in the world. Quoting authorities and illustrations that range from the editor of the *St. Louis Mirror* to the author of *The Golden Bough,* from *The Book of Job* to the *Harvard Musical Review,* the author discloses wide acquaintance with the literature on his subject. He teaches the history and criticism of music at Oberlin College, and we gather from his clear thinking and graceful expression that he loves his work and does it well.

Gravely significant in a book whose thesis relates to the larger life, the expansion of the spirit, is the defence of academic authority. The author seems to confuse inquiry with iconoclasm. Concerning radical ideas he asserts that the "proving-ground should be in the wide arena of the world and not in the sheltered nurseries of education." "Certainly the instructor must not attempt to domineer . . . but he has the right to stand on guard against the intrusion of whatever he honestly deems demoralising æsthetically or ethically." The college "is eminently concerned with that which has been deliberately tested and by common consent found good"; hence, is no place for "secessionists, futurists and all other species of revolutionaries." (We hazard the conjecture that Emma Goldman's chances of speaking would have been no better at Oberlin than at Harvard.)

Insistence upon immutable standards makes college teaching, like statute law, a generation behind our day. Professor Dickinson is disturbed by the unrest, confusion and discord in the art world, and fails to interpret the condition as a sign of life. He speaks of "decadent tendencies" as being due to "a city art and literature" unconscious that the modern city—one of democracy's expressions—is crying aloud in its growing pains.

And shall we never escape the trail of the moralist in art? Why mention, if but to deplore, the "episodes which we would gladly hide in the lives of such men as Liszt, Wagner and Berlioz"? Who would gladly hide? Are we not told later: "Every composition is a human document; in it we see the likeness of its creator. It is an event in the artist's emotional life; it leads us back to that most worthy of all objects of study,

*Music and the Higher Education. By Edward Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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a living man." If that is so, if the composer's work reflects his impulses, the music of Liszt, Wagner and Berlioz would have been different—probably poorer—but for those "episodes which we would gladly hide."

As to the future in America, we agree with the author that cultivated teachers must be substituted for the ill-prepared lecturers on "appreciation." We must take music seriously and recognise that it possesses, besides a history and a technique, manifold relations: to social forces, to science, to the other arts; we must find men and women ready to study it as long and earnestly as they would any learned profession. Then the prophets of music will go out into the land and the people will hear them eagerly.

B. W. Huebsch.

VII

Josiah Strong's "The New World-Religion"*

We often hear it said in these tragic days that Christianity has proved a failure, and that the world is trembling on the brink of the steep descent which leads downward to barbarism and to the age of chaos and anarchy. But this is not the view which Dr. Josiah Strong takes in his *New World-Religion*. It is true, Dr. Strong tells us, that the old individualistic type of Christianity has failed utterly to meet the crying needs of the intensely social period in which we live. But the spirit of Christianity, as shown forth in the social teachings of Jesus Christ, is not only far from being a failure, but is the only power which can bring the human family through its hour of trial and ultimately realise the goal intended for it, which is nothing less than the coming of God's kingdom to earth.

Through the long process of evolution —the working out of His will by means of the unchanging laws of nature—God prepared the earth for man, and then man was evolved and endowed with a free will; that is, deliberately provided by God with a force which could oppose Him. By virtue of his free will, man can work with God to bring Heaven to earth, or work against him and perpetuate the great discord of humanity. But to work with God it is necessary for man to bring his will into perfect harmony with God's will—to subordinate or abandon his own interests to the greater interests of humanity as a whole.

On the other hand, selfishness—working for the interest of the individual rather than for the welfare of the human race—delays the coming of God's kingdom. "All selfishness is sin," is Dr. Strong's definition, "and it is equally true that all sin is selfishness." The remedy for selfishness is the social interpretation of Christianity, and Christianity so interpreted has all the fundamentals of a world-religion that can coordinate the warring elements of the human race and bring world concord in place of world discord.

The last three chapters of the book deal at length with the individualistic interpretation of Christianity—"hyphenated Christianity," Dr. Strong calls it, and adds that it has "done more to devitalise religion and reduce it to a set of rules, to arrest the momentum of the Church, and to paralyse Christian activity, than any other cause." The Church has persisted in teaching, and for the most part believing, that its only business was the salvation of individual souls and that it had no part nor interest in the every-day relations of man to man —that the sacred, as represented by the life of the Church, and the secular, as represented by the life of the world, were the oil and water of our human experience and could never be brought into association. Hence, we find the strange condition of church-members and professing Christians repudiating the teachings of Christ six days in the week and solemnly assuring themselves that the Golden Rule won't work in business.

*The New World-Religion. By Josiah Strong. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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And that is why people are deserting the Church by thousands to-day.

It is a rather amazing proposition, this that Dr. Strong makes, of actually applying Christ's social principles to our material world. What would become of our business, of our complex commercial system, founded so comfortably on the thoroughly practical basis of every man for himself and devil take the hindmost? A man must live somehow. "Why 'must' he?" asks Dr. Strong. "No Christian 'must live' when living involves disloyalty to Christ. That is the saving of life that loses it."

This is not socialism. It is not even Christian socialism. It is simply pointing out to us that Christianity can be adapted successfully to the demands of a growing social consciousness, as it was successfully adapted in times past to other phases of the world's growth and progress. Coming just at this time, when institutional Christianity is on trial for its life and when all formulated rules for the guidance of mankind seem to have utterly broken down, *The New World-Religion* is distinctly a step forward from the heterogeneous mass of suggestion, advice, and ethical formulæ offered as cure-alls for the great world evil. It gathers up the fundamentals of sociology on the one hand and theology on the other, and shows their interdependence in a manner so sane and logical that neither the confirmed sceptic nor the conservative churchman can fail to be impressed. Dr. Strong does not appeal to the emotions. He does not say, "Believe this or be damned." He bases his arguments on the facts of life, the results of scientific investigation and by no means least, on the unequivocal words of Christ Himself. And the reasoning and unprejudiced mind is compelled in spite of itself to give him a respectful hearing.

Perhaps he is too optimistic, perhaps he is too confident that while making due allowance for the inherent selfishness of ninety-five per cent. of the human race, an unselfish human family is the logical outcome of the evolutionary process through which the world is still passing. But is not this the lesser evil?

Allen R. Dodd.

VIII

Eleanor Atkinson's "Johnny Appseed"*

Two or three months ago a few newspapers found room, among the news of battle and tales of war horrors that filled their pages, for a few lines saying that an old man had died in Ohio who in his youth had known Jonathan Chapman, or "Johnny Appleseed," as he was called by a loving and grateful frontier. Amid the clangour of arms with which the whole world resounds the brief item seemed to say that, after all, the works of love are of greater moment, since they had made it worth while to chronicle the passing of a humble individual whose only claim to such recognition was that he had once talked with a man whose life story, although his name is almost forgotten, is a beautiful and fragrant chapter in the social history of the winning of the early West, a man who so loved his fellow-men that he was willing to give a long life to their service.

Eleanor Atkinson has done well to bring her powers of sympathetic interpretation to the re-creating of "Johnny Appleseed's" spirit and career for a new generation—a generation for whom the privations and mighty toils of the forefathers have faded so far into the past as to become unreal and scarcely understandable. This new generation can understand, for instance, that it must have been pretty rough on those old fellows and their families not to have cement sidewalks and motor cars and furnace heat and moving-picture shows. But it has no appreciation of what it meant to the pioneers and their wives and children—especially their wives and children—to live without orchards, without so much as an apple tree beside the door.

This new story woven about the ca-

*Johnny Appleseed. By Eleanor Atkinson. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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reer of Jonathan Chapman is so graphic a picture of frontier life a hundred years ago and interprets so truly some of its phases that it makes, although it is fiction, a vivid little foot-note to the history of the settlement of the Northwest Territory. The author showed in her *Greyfriars Bobby* an unusual ability to penetrate, with a gentle and tender touch, those depths of feeling out of which spring conviction, motive and action and in this portrayal of the character and life of "Johnny Appleseed" there are evident the same sympathy and understanding, the same reverent appreciation of the fine and the noble and the same sureness and subtilty in their interpretation. The story is so wholly biographical in its purpose and in its working out that she disregards many opportunities inherent in her theme for the construction of more complicated plot and the development of more dramatic episodes. Doubtless she did this intentionally, in order not to distract the reader's attention for a moment from the quaint and lovable character of her subject. If such was her intention it is fully achieved, for "Johnny Appleseed" and the mission to which he devoted his life are constantly present and absorb theme, incidents and narrative. Inevitably there results a certain degree of monotony which might, perhaps, have been avoided by making it less of a one-man story.

The tale begins in the last year of the eighteenth century at the frontier town of Pittsburgh, with a procession of emigrants being ferried across the river on their way to the wilds of Ohio, and Jonathan Chapman, a youth in his early twenties, giving little bags of appleseeds and wrinkled apples to the women and children from the wagons whom he invites to rest for an hour under his pink-blooming trees. Having the soul of a poet he is deeply moved by their joy in his orchard and by his knowledge of how bare their lives will be in that wilderness to which they are going. And so presently he puts aside all his plans and dreams of a safe and happy and normal life and follows the settlers into the wilderness to give them the material and spiritual bounty of blooming and fruitful trees.

The story follows him through his wanderings for fifty years, up and down in Ohio, and finally west to Indiana and Michigan, and tells of his hardships, his labours, his toilsome journeys, his achievements, his friendships among both Indians and whites, his deep and solemn pleasure in his work. Love comes and wooes him to give up his mission, but the thought of those isolated settlers who count upon his coming with "the Johnny Appleseed moon" to instruct, advise and help with their young trees makes him know that to desert them would poison all his joy in wife and home and children. The story of this love and its denial, its influence upon him and the place it comes to fill in his life are woven into the tale with much tenderness and beauty. The book's two outstanding features, however, are, first, its striking portrayal of "Johnny Appleseed's" character, with its rare combination of spiritual exaltation, shrewd common sense and brotherly love; and, next, its graphic and varied narrative in which all phases of frontier life—beauties of nature, horrors of Indian warfare, pioneer toils and hardships, bitter storms, simple pleasures—are described with a flexibility of style and a sure instinct for the right word that lend much charm to the pages. To Mrs. Atkinson must be given, once more, credit for a beautiful and touching story whose "meed of love and gratitude" for "an apostle of beauty, peace and social service" carries its own peculiar message to the youth of our own generation.

Florence Finch Kelly.

IX

Jack London's "The Scarlet Plague"*

Jack London's many admirers take up each new book from his pen with a

*The Scarlet Plague. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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double interest. They look forward to a good story and they are mildly curious to know what new mental kink he may have developed. Sometimes they are disappointed in the one expectation, sometimes in the other. But never in both at once, for it is only Jack London's too vivid interest in some new line of thought that can prevent him from telling a good story.

If one can keep up with everything this busy and versatile writer produces, the gradual line of mental evolution can be followed more surely. But if one has not time for that, it would seem that his brain works by jerks. But in each jerk forward or backward or crosswise, there is seen the eager desire to utilise in fiction each new thought, to find out how a story, human and compelling, can be built around it.

In the *Mutiny of the Elsinore,* for instance, the theory that formed the basic theme of that fine sea story was that blood and brain will tell in the end. Now comes an interesting bit of imaging, trying fictionally to prove that after all only brawn is what endures, brawn and the ability to perform the more primitive forms of labour.

The theme of what would happen were all our vaunted civilisation, with its tangible wealth, swept away by some great catastrophe, and the world forced to go back to its primitive beginnings might naturally interest a mind which has spent itself emotionally on things as they are and as they could be, so emotionally that it cannot reason calmly and coolly about the facts. Civilisation, as it is, is impossible . . . it hurts to think of it, let's pull it down, break it up, destroy it and imagine how the world could be built up anew . . . this is the basic idea of *The Scarlet Plague.*

Told in plain words, we are shown a little group of semi or wholly savage boys herding goats near what was once the Cliff House on San Francisco Bay. An old, old man tells them of what the world, that part of it and other parts of it, was sixty years ago when he was a young professor of English in the University of California. In that year a plague descended upon the world, a dread disease that killed in from five to twenty-four hours. It came so suddenly that science had no weapon. The germ was unknown and no scholar could search for it and escape with his life. Civilisation broke up in a few weeks. People fled the cities, leaving only the submerged strata, to whom life offers nothing worth keeping, to loot and plunder in the few hours they might be spared. The plague killed without respect of persons, but here and there a few, apparently immune, survived, and fled into the wilderness, as did this young professor. Three years he lived alone with his horse and dogs, then sallied forth to escape the unbearable loneliness. On every side nature was reclaiming her own and the few human beings in his part of the world who survived were lapsing fast into savagery. For, the only useful knowledge of the arts or sciences that survived with them were the ruder crafts which the world can come to regard as fit only for the lower order of humans, therefore the lower order became the most powerful. It fared hard with women in those days . . . although the fate of Vesta Van Worden is not convincing. Unless, indeed, Mr. London wants to show us that even in our exaggerated care of the rich and sheltered woman we are moving along more wholesome lines than we know. For, Vesta Van Worden, in spite of her bringing up, seems to have survived the cruelty of her chauffeur lord and to have borne him many children . . . several more than she would have been likely to bear to her millionaire husband. But it's rather discouraging to know that Mr. London thinks it must all be done over again, the slow building up of evolution in the relations of men to one another in communities. And it's rather discouraging that with all the rich imaginging shown, this prince of American story-tellers couldn't have made a better story of it.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

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X

Will Levington Comfort's "Red Fleece"*

At a recent exhibition of artists, who had been invited to submit statues symbolising "war," it was observed that only one ventured to glorify it; all the others epitomised its horror in grim figures. Already, too, this same note is being forcibly struck in the fiction which is rapidly emerging from the world-war, and no recent novel, envisaging the contemporary conflict, has dwelt so poignantly upon one tragic phase as does *Red Fleece*. In this short-pointed narrative Mr. Comfort has chosen to emphasise the tremendous price which the peasants are paying for the privilege of being "cannon-meat" in the name of patriotism. And let it be frankly admitted that this novel is written by the author of *Midstream* with the purpose of exposing once more the futility of war, and of making a strong emotional plea for a world citizenship in the humanities. If much of the doctrine is old the treatment is vigorous and arresting. And while there is fervid propaganda in these pages, Mr. Comfort is skilful enough to realise that the doctrine deducively drawn from its art expression is more moving when personalised and not obscured by the special statistical pleading of a tract. Hence, he has primarily written a human story in which various characters are tested by the circumstance of war—characters which are settled more firmly in their own vision or changed into new viewpoints before the facts of their experience. For a background he has selected the Russian advance upon the Austrians.

Peter, the focal hero, is a young newspaper man, who, at the outbreak of hostilities, gains an opportunity to go to the front. He has already met and loved Berthe, a seeming seamstress, but in reality a well-known revolutionist. Through the subtle effect of her personality and philosophy, as well as the influence of brutal scenes which he witnesses, he is gradually brought to see the insanity of slaughter in the name of country. The waste of feeding to death men "who could be lead" to constructive, useful citizenship, and the aimless murder of peasants to satisfy the glory of a commander, obsesses him. Mr. Comfort has drawn this growing horror with psychological insight. It is only a step for Peter to spread the treasonable doctrine of rebellion against war among those in the hospital who have been thrust there by war. Through a series of exciting events, Peter is arrested and condemned to death, in spite of the efforts of Boylan, another American newspaper man splendidly sketched by the author. He is saved, however, by the German advance and is again rescued, when they retreat, by Boylan, who carries him over a broken bridge. This chapter of Peter's experiences is sufficiently thrilling for the most captious reader. Later, in a quiet village, the chances of war bring Berthe to Peter, and the two are left to their dream—which another character phrases:

> Repeating through the long night that the patience of Nature is exhausted with the hate of man for man; that the hatred of nation for nation is a lost experiment; that the bitter romance of the predatory is a story finished in hell; that the passion for self and boundary is done, that Compassion for neighbour and nation is the art of the future; crying the end of the national soul and the stroke of the hour for the birth of the world-soul; crying to America, the only temple, the sole house of nativity, to put on again her youthful magic, to ignite afresh the Gleam of her Founders, to arise to her superb and heroic destiny.

Tracing thus the mere spine of the plot, it is only fair to add that Mr. Comfort has used his skill in presenting many episodes of war which remind one of those vivid pages of *The Red Badge of Courage*—and which, no doubt, suggested his own vivid title. He has the trick of visualising a character with a

*Red Fleece. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: Doran and Company.

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phrase and concentrating an emotional crisis in terse language. And, withal, he is a story-teller with a dramatic sense of strong arresting situations. A theme such as he has chosen might easily have been over-elaborated; but the poignancy of his method is heightened by his selective impressionism. The obvious sincerity of his personal feeling about war gives the book a certain undeniable eloquence. It is not always comfortable reading—particularly the scenes dealing with Samarc after he is wounded—but, as Strindberg has reminded us, we cannot expect a "merry tragedy." Whether the appeal to America, however, is a sincere stroke, or merely a novelist's device to give a note of hope to the book, one may reasonably question. For purposes of fiction, we may forgive the optimism. To be strictly logical, the author might have been content to rest on his own conviction that personal enlightenment in the individuals of all countries can alone achieve the pacifist's ideal. *Red Fleece* presents this dream in the personalities of several idealists, backed against the grim reality of a materialistic present.

Griffen Mace.

XI

Ethel M. Dell's "The Keeper of the Door"*

It is interesting to observe how, amid the rush and swirl of literary evolution, as shown in the fiction of the day, so many old-fashioned forms manage to survive. The good old English three-volume novel is still with us, in an abbreviated modernised form, but holding true to type. The young girl heroine, the pages of badinage and cross-purpose conversation between her and the hero, the trials and tribulations and excitements generally which come to that much afflicted, but always brave, young woman . . . and the many intimate glimpses of her emotions which are vouchsafed us . . . we have them all in this latest volume from the pen of a writer who knows cleverly how to utilise old recipes. There is a bit of eugenics, a bit of modern medicine and hereditary taint, and a good deal of discussion (supposed to give the novel its title) about the right of the physician to end a useless pain-tortured existence . . . all these things come with a very modern air, as if giving the book the right to class itself among modern fiction. But, after all is said and done, the purpose of the many pages is merely to state that in the end the heroine marries the hero. . . . "And every one got married and I came ashore at last."

The story is supposed to hinge around the right of any man or woman in his or her sound mind to grant the request of one who is dying and end purposeless pain; the right of any sane human being to question the ethics of medicine, which dictate that mere life must be preserved at all cost. This is an inspiring theme for fiction, for it is a problem that comes more frequently into the lives of physicians and nurses than they themselves will acknowledge. And, furthermore, it has already been touched upon, with deep earnestness, by some of our best writers. But in this book the only purpose that seems to mean anything is whether Olga Ratcliffe will eventually marry Dr. Max Wyndham or not. And, although the action is sufficiently sustained to hold the reader who cares for that sort of thing, we fear it will not interest the modern young girl as much as that sort of book interested the young girls of a generation or two back. But, then, it may have a good chance of interesting the modern young girl's unmodern grandmother. If there is such a person that is, for nowadays grandmothers are as modern as any of the rest of it!

A book of this sort is interesting mainly as a standard of value for fiction. By it we gauge the immense improvement in the great average of book-writing of late. Genius illuminates forms and can outlive changing style. But mediocrity must speak the language of its day, would it ask for a hearing.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

*The Keeper of the Door. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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THE SQUARE DEAL IN CRITICISM

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

Is literary criticism a matter of personal, arbitrary decision, of individual feeling, or should it, to be authoritative, be based upon definite rules or principles? Not a few of those connected with the profession of letters deny that it is possible to formulate such rules or principles and endue them with authority. And of a surety it is impossible to study the book pages of American publications and believe that, if there are such principles, intimate acquaintance with them is general within our borders. A favourite amusement of the beginning author is to collect newspaper reviews of his book and paste them in parallel columns, of which one will maintain the work to be the finest thing that has been written within the memory of living men and the others declare it unworthy the attention of any intelligent person. And of the many varieties of praise and blame between these two extremes he will find hardly a single reviewer's opinion that is not reversed by some other critic.

Of his first book the budding author is prone to read greedily every scrap of mention he can find, believing, unless he is submerged in egotism and vanity—which sometimes happens to young authors—that from them he will get light and leading. But he soon learns to expect no more than an infrequent gleam to shine forth from the bulk of his clippings. Instead of light and leading he will find, for the most part, records of personal impression wherein the reviewer ingenuously described his own emotional response to the book and unconsciously coloured it with some sort of individual prejudice, social, local, economic or other.

Yet it ought to be possible for a young author to get much help from kindly, informed, expository criticisms based on right principles and knowledge of the art of letters and guided by high standards. And perhaps—is it too much to hope?—if there were more such criticism to guide the popular taste there would after awhile begin to be less demand for the trashy "best seller." Some years ago one of the leading New York publishing houses carried on an investigation to find how much book sales are influenced by book reviews and came to the conclusion that about one-third the sales of popular books are induced by newspaper and magazine criticisms. If in many of these criticisms books that are of little value are extolled it is evident that the market for them is accelerated at the expense of those more worth while, which would have a better response from the public if popular criticism were of a higher order.

But, say those who will not admit the right of any one to assume critical authority, where is one to find absolute standards of taste and judgment in literary matters? In a world full of people of such infinite variety of intellectual need, what right has any one, no matter how informed, how cultured, to say of one book that it has sterling value and of another that it is worthless? What sanction can there be that will make authoritative for any one else any one person's taste in literature?

It seems to me that these people, and all who deny that there can be, rightfully, rules or principles in literary criticism, argue from a mistaken premise. They assume that criticism consists mainly in a more or less dogmatic judgment upon a book's merits and faults, in its definite classification with either the sheep or the goats. Doubtless it has sometimes arrogantly asserted itself in that way, with deplorable results and to its own discredit.

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But genuine literary criticism is not based on such flimsy foundations. Its principles derive their authority from the everlasting foundations of Common Sense and the Square Deal. As between critic, author and public—if the author be a conscientious workman—almost a sufficient foundation for them can be found in the Golden Rule alone.

The first and most fundamental of them all is the right of the author to his own viewpoint and the right of the public to be enlightened as to what that viewpoint is. If, for instance, the author has written a psychological novel with minute attention to the development of character and the critic happens to dislike that kind of a novel, he is not giving the author a square deal if he condemns the story because it has not the brisk action and the complicated plot which he individually prefers. If the author, rebelling against the tyranny of form and wishing for greater freedom of expression, has written a book of *vers libre,* the square deal demands that the critic shall not, because he individually abominates *vers libre,* ridicule or belittle or contemptuously describe the book. The honest, common-sense principles of criticism demand that he shall find out and explain what the author's work meant to him and what it may, presumably, mean to readers whose interest and sympathy he holds or can command. It may not be nearly so amusing for the reviewer thus to give full measure by the Golden Rule to both author and public as it is to let loose a deriding pen. But it is more honest.

I have watched the treatment of many books of various kinds by the literary critics of this country, following each book from its first appearance to its last lagging notice, and I have many times taken a representative collection of book pages of the same week from papers, east, west, north and south, studied them to learn what was each reviewer's attitude toward his task, what equipment he revealed for it and what were his methods. And my investigations have convinced me that our literary criticism suffers almost as much from a mental attitude of frivolous irresponsibility on the part of the critics as it does from inadequate knowledge and training and low standards of appreciation. The newspaper book critic who delights in being "smart" at the expense of the author is a frequent occurrence and sometimes he is found even in high places. In the whole writing trade there is nothing easier to do than this "smart Alec" reviewing of books. All it demands is an ordinary sense of humour, an habitual or assumed mental attitude of airy superiority and facility of expression. Sometimes it appears as if the writer had been too lazy to do his work in a serious, honest way and had taken this method because it would cost him less mental effort; and sometimes, again, it looks very much as if he had been bluffing to conceal his inability to write genuine criticism. That he is able to "put over" his clowning with his employers only goes to show of how little consequence the average business man considers literature—for the newspaper manager nowadays is, first, last, and always, a business man.

The writer who thinks that his position as a book reviewer gives him the right, because it gives him the opportunity, to be merry at the expense of authors, to make ridiculous any book wherein he can discover material for mockery, is deplorably lacking in imagination. He cannot visualise with an appreciative mind's eye the author's weeks and months of toil; for him the burning glow of inspiration and the high desire to achieve mean nothing; it is nothing that the author cast himself body and soul into the crucible of his labours, struggling with every ounce of power that was in him to express his vision, to voice his feeling, to make known his conviction; it is nothing that thousands of readers will find in the book help, pleasure, inspiration. For him it is merely an opportunity to write a dozen or so flippant or mocking lines of copy.

The tradition that to deride and belittle is an important function of literary

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criticism perhaps was the outgrowth of the brilliant but lamentable activities of those Scotch reviewers upon whom Byron took revenge enough to even not only his own score but also that of some of his smarting brother geniuses. Their humble imitators of these days should take note of their arrogance, their ridiculously mistaken judgments and the wretched figure the years have left them in comparison with the fame of those whom they ridiculed—take note and mend their manners. The sort of thing they write is inimical to the development and growth of that sound literary appreciation which all who love literature are anxious to see spread widely and take deep root in our land. And it casts aside with the utmost impudence the first fundamental of genuine criticism, that an author has the right to be judged from his own viewpoint.

My study of American criticism leads me to believe that in many quarters this principle is quite unknown—or, at least, entirely disregarded. And yet it ought to be evident that both common sense and the square deal make it the critic's first business to find out and set forth what was the author's conception of the task he had set himself, upon what plan he had worked it out and what method he had employed; and then, having clearly and honestly made these known, to judge in accordance with them the author's achievement, to describe how well he stands or how completely he falls when tested by the measure of his own aim. Has he shown skill and taste in whatever style he essayed, so that he has made it an efficient instrument for his own purpose and a source of pleasure for the reader? Has he been skilful or bungling in the method by which he developed the scheme of his book? Had he a clear conception of his scheme and has he worked it out with strength, knowledge and artistic cunning? The critic should be able to concern himself with these questions regardless of whether or not he personally likes that kind of style, enjoys that method or approves that scheme. If he is big enough for his job he can see and point out all the good qualities in a book that, perhaps, bores him beyond measure. If he thinks it worth while and a matter of wide public interest, he may, of course, specify that he individually disapproves that kind of writing and prefers some other kind of a book. But he has no right to endue his personal preference with false values by clothing it in judicial ermine.

One notes a tendency among American book reviewers to give authors, especially of fiction, solicitous advice about the writing of their books. Instead of telling their readers what kind of a story a novelist has written, they like to point out to him how much better his story would have been if only he had made out of it some other kind of a story, how much its interest would have been enhanced by another kind of plot, how much more readable he might have made the book if he had treated his material in a different kind of way. Possibly the critic who is given to assuming this grandfatherly attitude builds up a reputation among his readers for profound knowledge and wonderful ability. But if he knew what wrath he inspires in the hearts of authors whose books he reviews in this way he might well have troubled sleep o' nights. And, indeed, it would be difficult to find any critical practice more heedless of the dictates of ordinary common sense.

Quite as misguided, however, is that other frequent tendency to combat in a book review the arguments advanced in a treatise upon some department of human knowledge. Suppose, for instance, a book upon some phase of political philosophy or upon some economic question written from the radical point of view falls into the hands of a reviewer who is an extreme conservative in his convictions, or a conservative book into the hands of a radical. Shall he fall upon the author's theory and argument, tear them to bits, and execute a war dance over their grave? The method is not unusual. That it is most unfair to both author and public, dis-

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tinctly not the square deal with either, ought to go without saying. But, apparently, it needs to be said. What the author is, in all fairness, entitled to and what the public wants is honest statement of the book's plan and purpose with a sufficient account of its arguments to enable readers interested in its subject to form an opinion concerning its value. Its probable value to them is what readers are interested in, not his objections to its philosophy. They care little or nothing about the reviewer's personal opinion as to the relative worth of the radical and the conservative theories. If he himself thinks his views important he should persuade his employers to give him space in some other column in which to voice his convictions. It is, of course, a part of his duty to examine the author's arguments and to say whether or not they seem to be based upon adequate information and developed with logic and knowledge. But he ought to be able to make this exposition entirely regardless of his own convictions upon the theory in question.

Common Sense and the Square Deal demand also that the reviewer eliminate his own personality in the matter of his temperamental response to a book. Temperament can befog and pervert critical judgment as surely, though not as thoroughly, as does ignorance of literature itself. Naturally, its operations are most likely to appear in the treatment of works of the imagination. A reviewer of romantic or emotional temperament who has not learned how to make allowance for its influence upon his response to a book is pretty sure to overestimate the value of any fiction written in the swinging romantic style or in which the tension of emotional suspense is strong and cleverly sustained. At bottom this sort of criticism is close akin to that age-old and time-dishonoured plea of the philistine, "I'm no judge of art, but I know what I like"—as if there were credit or distinction or authority in the exercise of a primary function of the intellect! Certainly, a critic may register his personal enjoyment of a book if he thinks it a matter of consequence. But unless the critical and judicial factors of his intelligence are sufficiently trained to enable him to see the book outside the aura of his own temperament, both Common Sense and the Square Deal demand that he cease trying to interpret current literature and return to the reporter's note-book.

A near relative of the "smart Alec" variety of critic is he whose conception of literary criticism is that it consists largely in the picking of small flaws. One finds in current criticism, even in critical quarters of authority, precious space devoted to the gleeful indicting of an author because of this, that and the other small fault, thus crowding out proper account of his purpose, plan and method. Of course, if mistakes and misstatements are of such number and importance as to warrant doubt of the author's knowledge and ability, it is the critic's duty to make his charge and marshal his proof. Otherwise he betrays the trust of his readers. Equally he betrays his public, and also proves false to his responsibility to the author, when he makes mountains out of molehills instead of telling his readers what it is their right to be told and what it is the author's right to have told—what the writer of the book has tried to do and whether or not he has shown large comprehension of his subject and facility in its handling.

This picking of flaws and setting forth of faults in *ex cathedra* style are perhaps the last relic of that old-time fashion in English literary criticism which looked upon it as a captious rather than an expository art. In this country the tendency of current literary criticism is strongly toward making the review of a book merely a rather colourless survey of its contents. It is an application of democratic principles to criticism that surely makes for its belittlement, and so, perhaps, the pendulum is swinging overly far in that direction. Testing the practice by the principles of common sense and square dealing, it would appear that the critic

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ought to put into his account of a book a sufficient resumé, or statement, of its matter and indication of the author's treatment of his subject to enable the reader to decide whether or not it will meet his needs or give him pleasure.

But, over and above this, to what extent should criticism be interpretative? Should it presume to write of a book in such expository fashion as to make of the critic a sort of literary shepherd of his flock of readers? Surely, if he have the knowledge, the training, and the ability to give a Square Deal all around. For have not some of the most charming pages from the hand of man been penned in the practice of this delightful art? But if he be not thus endowed and thus expert it is hardly square dealing for him blindly to shepherd his flock into barrens and quagmires.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

BY A. ELWOOD CORNING

On the twenty-ninth of May, of the present year, exercises of a literary nature were held in several parts of the Borough of the Bronx in memory of Joseph Rodman Drake, one of America's earliest poets. Fitz-Greene Halleck, with whom Drake formed a friendship as rare as it was beautiful, and which evoked at the latter's death perhaps one of the tenderest elegies in our literature, has long had a monument in Central Park to perpetuate his memory. No such expression of a people's admiration, however, has found fulfilment in the case of Drake, on the whole the more gifted poet. But now, thanks to the initiative of certain individuals and societies, the poet's grave at Hunt's Point, overlooking the East River, has been saved from oblivion; and the city, having been induced to acquire additional land surrounding the grave, has lately officially named it Rodman Drake Park. Here, as well as at other points in the Bronx, tablets were unveiled and ceremonies held under the auspices of the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences.

Born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795, Drake was, as a boy, precocious: at five, when it is said he commenced to write conundrums in verse, his poetical effusions astonished his family; and at fourteen he wrote "The Past and the Present," a part of which served as the concluding lines of "Leon," an uncompleted poem, not perhaps equal in its entirety to the "Culprit Fay," on which his reputation as a poet rests, but, in the judgment of Poe, containing "lines of far greater poetic power than any to be found in the 'Culprit Fay.'" The youthful bard was still young when his father died, and his mother having married again and settled in New Orleans with the two youngest of her three daughters, the boy, practically an orphan, was bereft of home influences, the deprivation of which was painfully keen to one who had the true sensibilities of a poet, and pathetically does he pour out his soul in lines such, for instance, as these, written in his fifteenth year:

Sad is the homeless heart; and mine hath known
Neglect's cold blasts unpitied and alone;
I meet no eye that, softening, rests on mine,
No hand whose heart-warm pressure says 'Tis thine.
No lip whose smile a ready welcome bears,
No heart to share my joys and soothe my cares.

But, in spite of the lack of companionship and love, without parental guid-

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ance, and environed by poverty, Drake succeeded in acquiring a liberal education, becoming fairly well versed in Latin and French. He had, moreover, a retentive memory, and read omnivorously. Entering a mercantile life, he found it so distasteful that he abandoned the clerkship, with which he had supported himself, to take up, under certain well-known physicians of the day, the study of medicine; while thus a practitioner of medicine, by vocation, he was, like Keats, a maker of poetry, by avocation; but it was to the latter that his heart was the more responsive. Physically, Drake was attractive, having "a face like an angel," to borrow the words of Halleck, "a form like an Apollo."

With so splendid a physical endowment there went also what is seldom found in conjunction with it—a heart full of sympathy for universal nature; a soul whose springs are ever efflorescent of kindly deeds; an enthusiasm which burns, but is not consumed. "The breezes fresh springing from the lips of morn," and "kissing the leaves," whose upturned faces welcome the sighing zephyr, was so sweet to his poetic ear that he wondered why he should ever leave its loveliness, and of his "own romantic Bronx," he sings:

And did I leave thy loveliness, to stand
Again in the dull world of earthly blindness?
Pained with the pressure of unfriendly hands,
Sick of smooth looks, argued with icy kindness?
Left I for this thy shades, where none intrude,
To prison wandering thought and mar sweet solitude?

So if in the hours of leisure he would draw apart from mundane affairs, and muse upon "the glad spring gushing from the rock's bare bosom," or "couch upon the grass, and hear

Niagara's everlasting voice
Far in the deep blue West away";

or sit "down upon a green bank side" by

——the smooth edge of a gentle river,
Whose waters seemed unwillingly to glide,
Like parting friends who linger while they sever,

it was because such voices were as an anthem to his ear, a tonic to his soul.

But, unlike the ascetic, friendship was, as we have seen, dear to Drake. The comradeship between him and Halleck is the best example in evidence; for from the day when the latter caught Drake's fancy in wishing to lie "in the bosom of yonder golden cloud reading Tom Campbell," to that other day in September when Halleck, returning from the newly made grave of his friend, remarked that "there will be less of sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone," their companionship was a living evidence of a scintilla of the divine in human nature; and it is beautifully commemorated in that ode of the elder poet, the opening stanza of which is familiar to every reader of poetry:

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

The two friends were also bound together by a literary partnership, the result of which brought them great renown, but no pecuniary reward. The production of the well-known "Croaker papers," a series of political satires, having for their aim of attack the local celebrities of the day, "set one half of New York mad with anger," to use the diction of Irving, "and the other half mad with delight." Drake's stirring lyric on the "American Flag," perhaps his best known conception, appeared in this series:

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,

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And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

As originally published in the *New York Evening Post,* this production was signed "Croaker and Co.," for Halleck, at the request of Drake, who was himself dissatisfied with his own conclusion, wrote the last four lines. It was their rule to sign "and Company," to all poems of which they were the joint authors; those written solely by Drake received the pseudonym of "Croaker," an appellation taken from one of the characters in Goldsmith's comedy, "The Good-natured Man"; and all from the pen of Halleck, of "Croaker, Jr." But the poetical achievements of Drake were destined to be few; it may be said that he had hardly begun to write before he was compelled to lay aside his pen. Having been attacked in the morning of life by that most dreadful of all maladies—consumption—he sought a southern climate in which to stay the ravages of disease. It was, however, of no avail, and returning to his native city he died on September 21, 1820, having just completed his twenty-fifth year.

The posthumous volume of his poems, published by the authorisation of his daughter (1835), clearly shows that his work, or that portion of it of which the public may judge, is of unequal merit. Like Scott, Drake composed too rapidly, and at times with too much nonchalance to have had his genius attain that deftness of art and perfection of workmanship with which the work of masters abound. He seems to have been not unconscious of this, for on his death-bed Dr. DeKay, at the request of Mrs. Drake, collected and copied all of his poems that were then accessible, and showed them to him. "See, Joe," said DeKay, "what I have done." "Burn them," murmured the dying poet, "they are valueless." Drake was strong in his Americanism, and was among the earliest, if not the earliest, of our poets to sing of native American birds, instead of their English cousins. But never was he more supreme than when improvising in the realms of pure fancy, as exemplified in the "Culprit Fay," the most original creation to be found in early American poetry.

READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion and Theology

The Catholic's Ready Answer. By M. P. Hill. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00 net.

Answers to questions asked by those seeking information upon Catholic beliefs. Old objections, as well as the most modern questions, are treated.

Christianity and International Peace. By Charles Edward Jefferson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.25 net.

World peace from a Christian viewpoint, with a denunciation of militarism both abroad and in this country.

Gleig's Wonderful Book Concerning the Most Wonderful Book in the World. By George Robert Gleig. With Revision and Introduction by Sylvanus Stall. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Company. $1.80 net.

An effort to establish and explain the literal interpretation of the Bible. A revision of a book written nearly one hundred years ago.

Trends of Thought and Christian Truth. By John A. W. Haas. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

An effort to establish the relations between Christianity and the mechanical and scientific conceptions of the world.

Sociology and Economics

Income: An Examination of the Returns for Services Rendered and From Property Owned in the United States. By Scott Nearing. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

The division of the production of

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labour among the labourers, managers and capitalists. Actual conditions as the author has discovered them are described.

The Socialists and the War. By William English Walling. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.50 net.
A documentary statement of the position of Socialists of all countries, with special reference to their peace policy. Includes a summary of those measures adopted by the governments at war tending toward State socialism.

The World Storm and Beyond. By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.
The author's opinions of the social results of the great war.

Political Economy

Municipal Freedom. By Oswald Ryan, with an Introduction by A. Lawrence Lowell. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 60 cents net.
In *The American Books* series. The problem of municipal government, with a plea for home rule for cities. There is a careful study of the commission form of government.

The Natural History of the State: An Introduction to Political Science. By Henry Jones Ford. Princeton: Princeton University Press. $1.00 net.
A resumé of scientific data with respect to man's social and political beginnings.

Education

Growth of American State Constitutions. From 1776 to the End of the Year 1914. By James Quayle Dealey. Boston: Ginn & Company. $1.40 net.
The significance of State constitutions in American politics, their history and development.

The Merrill Readers: Primer, First Reader, and Second Reader. By Franklin B. Dyer and Mary J. Brady. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. Illustrated.
Three text-books illustrating the progress of teaching the child to read.

Methods of Teaching: Pedagogy Applied to Religious Instruction. By David E. Weglein; Jewish History (Senior Grade). By Edward N. Calisch. Philadelphia: The Jewish Chautauqua Society. $1.25 net each.
Text-books in the course of study conducted by the Jewish Chautauqua Circle.

The Use of Money. By E. A. Kirkpatrick. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.
In the *Childhood and Youth* series. A practical hand-book for parents in the education of their children in money matters.

Philology

American Literature. By Leon Kellner. Translated by Julia Franklin, with a Preface by Gustav Pollak. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 60 cents net.
In *The American Books* series. A history and appreciation of America's literary work from the foreigner's point of view.

Science

The Propagation of Wild Birds. By Herbert K. Job. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
The author's personal experiences in propagating wild birds on several private estates. A manual of applied ornithology.

Medicine, Hyigene

Human Motives. By James Jackson Putnam. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.
Human behaviour analysed by the Freudian psycho-analytic method of diagnosis.

The Meaning of Dreams. By Isador H. Coriat. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.
The psychology and the psychopathology of dreams, with particular reference to the treatment of nervous disorders.

Sleep and Sleeplessness. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00 net.
The theories of sleep and its disorders from a practical layman's point of view.

Agriculture

Every Woman's Flower Garden. By Mary Hampden. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated.
An exhaustive book for the experienced and pretentious gardener.

The Gardenette, or City Backyard Gardening. By Benjamin F. Albaugh. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The sandwich system of soils and fertilisers is described.

Business

Advertising, Its Principles and Practice. By Harry Tipper, Harry L. Hollingsworth, George Burton Hotchkiss, and Frank Alvah Parsons. New York: The Ronald Press Company. Illustrated.
The authors are members respectively of the advertising profession, of the psychology staff at Barnard College, the English staff of New York University, and of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. A comprehensive work dealing with the history, development, types and psychology of its subject.

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Human Nature and Railroads. By Ivy L. Lee. Philadelphia: E. S. Nash & Company. $1.00 net.
The relation between the people and railroad corporations.

Fine Arts

Sketches of Great Painters. By Edwin Watts Chubb. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
Biographies and criticisms of the works of fifteen great painters.

Sports, Games, Amusements

Modern Tennis. By P. A. Vaile. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.
A practical treatise for amateur and professional.

Pistol and Revolver Shooting. By A. L. A. Himmelwright. New York: Outing Publishing Company. Illustrated. 70 cents net.
A hand-book of practical information and instruction.

Sebago-Wohelo Camp Fire Girls. By Ethel Rogers, with an Introduction by Mrs. Luther Halsey Gulick. Battle Creek: Good Health Publishing Company.
A description and an appreciation of a well-known camp for girls.

General Literature, Essays

A Message to the Middle Class. By Seymour Deming. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.
A reprint of an *Atlantic Monthly* article. A satire and criticism upon some social conventions.

Vanishing Roads. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
Comments on contemporary ideals and misconceptions.

Poetry and Drama

The King of the Jews. A Sacred Drama. From the Russian of "K. P." (The Grand Duke Constantine), by Victor E. Marsden. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.00 net.
A passion play dealing with the episodes that led up to the resurrection.

The Lie. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A New York dramatic success in book form.

Lovers; The Free Woman; They. Three Plays by Maurice Donnay. Translated from the French, with an Introduction by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
In *The Modern Drama* series. Translations of three plays by an important modern French dramatist.

The Man on the Hilltop. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
A collection of thirty-eight poems arranged in groups which the author calls "Histories," "Lyrics," and "Grotesques."

The Old Ships. By James Elroy Flecker. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

Songs. By Edward Shanks. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

Spring Morning. By Frances Cornford. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

The Contemplative Quarry. By Anna Wickham. London: The Poetry Bookshop.
Contemporary English poetry, founded on folksongs and inspired by the present war.

Patrie! By Victorien Sardou. Translated from the French by Barrett H. Clark, with an Introduction by the translator. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents net.
Volume IX in *The Drama League* series of plays. The Spanish occupation of Belgium. The scene is laid in Brussels in 1568. The play was first produced in 1869 in Paris.

The Scales of Justice. By Tod Robbins. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 50 cents net.
Miscellaneous poems inspired principally by the problems of modern life.

The Sculptor's Model and Other Poems. Anon. London: Humphrey Milford.
Further poems by the author of *The Christ in London.*

Short Plays About Famous Authors. By Maude Morrison Frank. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.00 net.
Five plays about five of the world's greatest writers, designed to suggest the picturesque features of the periods forming their backgrounds. Adapted for amateur performance.

The Smile of Mona Lisa. By Jacinto Benavente. Authorised translation from the Spanish by John A. Herman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
A play in one act laid in the studio of Leonardo da Vinci in Florence about 1503.

The Unveiling. A Poetic Drama in Five Acts. By Jackson Boyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
The heroes have solved for them the problems of existence, love, ambition, religion, etc.

Visions of the Dusk. By Fenton Johnson. New York: Fenton Johnson.
Lyrics and folksongs by a poet of the negro race.

"We are Seven." A Three-act Whimsical Farce. By Eleanor Gates. New York: The Arrow Publishing Company. 75 cents net.
The stage version.

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Fiction

A Bride of the Plains. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A peasant girl's struggle to keep her love while her lover is away in military service.

The Brocklebank Riddle. By Hubert Wales. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.

A London mystery of the return of a supposedly dead man.

Empty Pockets. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A mystery of New York life—a panorama of the city's people.

The Exploits of Elaine. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

A pseudo-scientific detective story of New York life. Craig Kennedy, of the author's former books, is the hero.

A Far Country. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A broad canvas of American life in a great city. The hero, a corporation lawyer and man of affairs, tells of his intimate life and development, and of the good and the evil of the world about him. The title is taken from the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Fidelity. By Susan Glaspell. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.35 net.

The theme is the devotion of a young girl to the lover whose need of her makes her loyalty to him a self-sacrifice.

Fifty-One Tales. By Lord Dunsany. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Fanciful short stories and fables.

The House of Merrilees. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35 net.

An early story reissued for American readers. Like the author's other books, it is a novel of English country life.

In Hoc ✠ Vince. The Story of a Red Cross Flag. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

First printed as a contribution to *King Albert's Book*. The story relates an episode after the battle of Mons.

The Invisible Event. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

The concluding sequel to *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* and *A Candidate for Truth*. The story is about the regeneration of a world-weary man through a love affair. The author belongs to the English class of Bennett, Walpole and Onions, etc.

Jaffery. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Jaffery is a war correspondent just back in England from the wilds of Albania. The story is about his adventure, and of the love of Liosha, a native Albanian woman, who appears in England shortly after the hero.

Jim. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.35 net.

A realistic novel setting forth the inside motives of a typical divorce case.

Johnny Appleseed. By Eleanor Atkinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romance of the American pioneers.

The Kiss of Apollo. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.35 net.

The career of a modern American girl in society, philanthropy and marriage.

The Lady Aft. By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

A character story of sea life by a new author said to be of considerable promise.

The Man From Home. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Novelised from the play of the same name. It is an American humourous romance of a party of Americans travelling with some English nobility.

The Man Who Rocked the Earth. By Arthur Train and Robert Williams Wood. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25 net.

A pseudo-scientific novel of the future.

The Millionaire. By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton, with an Introduction by the Author. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Three stories of Russian life of to-day.

Miranda. By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

A romance of the early nineteenth century in America when railroads were the wonder of the time.

Mountain Blood. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.

A realistic novel of the Virginia mountains.

The Perils of Pauline. By Charles Goddard. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Novelised from the motion picture play. A novel of mystery and adventure.

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The Rat-Pit. By Patrick Mac Gill. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The "Rat-Pit" is a Glasgow lodging house for women where the heroine, a peasant girl, wages the battles of poverty and misfortune.

The Red Geranium, Together with My Son, and The Case of Mathews. By William Carleton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

Three stories of how friends of the author actually made good in life. The book belongs to the literature of the "back to the land" movement.

Runaway June. By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.

Mystery and adventure in modern city life.

The Scarlet Plague. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A story set in the future, with a discussion of civilisation and the reversion of man to savagery.

The Taming of Zenas Henry. By Sara Ware Bassett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A romance of Cape Cod folks.

Time o' Day. By Doris Egerton Jones. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. $1.25 net.

A love story from the woman's point of view.

The Two Blondes. By Albert Scott Hickman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

Luck and romance among the Colorado mining camps.

Victoria. By Martha Grace Pope. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.35 net.

A romance set in a Middle West village of a city-bred man and his country bride.

Wolfine. By "X." New York: Sturgis & Walton Company. $1.25 net.

A romance of New England life. The book takes its name from a wolf-hound who has a prominent part to play in the producing of the happy ending.

Juvenile

The Forest of Swords. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

An adventure story of the present war in Europe. The story opens in Paris with the approach of the German army, and closes with the battle of the Marne.

The Land of Delight. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Child life on a pony farm.

Miss Pat at School. By Pemberton Ginther. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 35 cents net.

Miss Pat continues her adventures among art students in Philadelphia.

The Riley Reader. Selected, graded, and with suggestions for the observance of Riley Day, by Charity Dye. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated.

Selected from James Whitcomb Riley's poetry for children and graded for children's reading.

History

Alfred the Great: The Truth Teller, Maker of England. 848-899. By Beatrice Adelaide Lees. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A biography of the king and a history of his period.

The American Navy. By French E. Chadwick. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 60 cents net.

In *The American Books* series. An informing history of the United States Navy down to the occupation of Vera Cruz.

The Riverside History of the United States. By Carl L. Becker, Allen Johnson, William E. Dodd, and Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated.

Four short volumes (bound in flexible leather) presenting the beginnings, development and final unity of the people of the United States. Adapted for advanced college classes and for business and professional people. The authors are professors of history in four of the country's leading universities.

The Story of Napoleon's Death-Mask. Told from the Original Documents by G. L. de St. M. Watson. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

An historical and critical account.

The European War

Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany. By Edward Lyell Fox. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $1.50 net.

Newspaper reports from the German lines.

England or Germany—? By Frank Harris. New York: The Wilmarth Press. $1.00 net.

An effort to establish the preëminence of Germany and France in comparison with England.

Five Fronts. By Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

The correspondent for the New York *Evening Post* describes his adventures on the firing lines of five of the warring nations.

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Studies of the Great War. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.20 net.
A review of the growth, development and industrial standing of each of the warring nations, with an estimate of what each nation has at stake.

When Blood is Their Argument. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
An exposition and indication of German ideals of to-day.

With the German Armies in the West. By Sven Hedin. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.
The famous Swedish explorer describes what he saw at the German western front, where, by special permission of the Kaiser, he was commissioned to visit and observe the German armies in Belgium and France with a view to writing about them.

Travel and Description

A Guide to the National Parks of America. Compiled and Edited by Edward Frank Allen. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A handbook of practical information covering the national parks of the United States and of Canada. With maps.

Naples and Southern Italy. By Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Descriptions of the places, a little of their history, and details of a tour among them.

The Real United States and Canada Guide Book. By William Harman Black. New York: The Association for New York. $1.00 net.
A pocket size, condensed guide, covering points of interest, hotels, expenses, etc. With maps.

Russian Realities. By John Hubback. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
Impressions gathered during the author's journeys in Russia.

Through Central Africa. By James Barnes. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $4.00 net.
A trip in the African jungles from coast to coast. Well illustrated with photographs.

Biography

Spencer Fullerton Baird. By William Healey Dall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.
The life of the great naturalist.

Goethe, with Special Consideration of His Philosophy. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $3.00.
A sympathetic biography and study of Goethe's philosophy and work.

Ulysses S. Grant. By Franklin Spencer Edmonds. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. $1.25 net.
A comprehensive biography, especially adapted for the student of the Civil War.

Ethnology

The Indian To-day. By Charles A. Eastman. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 60 cents net.
A history and discussion of the present and future of the American Indian. The author is a distinguished Sioux.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The American College. By Isaac Sharpless. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 60 cents net.
In *The American Book* series. The place in American society of the smaller college.

The Art of Public Speaking. By J. Berg Esenwein and Dale Carnagey. Springfield: The Home Correspondence School. $1.62.
A working hand-book of practical instruction.

The House That Junk Built. By John A. McMahon. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A man who really built his own house in the suburbs of New York tells the complete story of the work and its problems from foundation to roof.

Inside the House of Good Taste. By Richardson Wright. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The editor of *House and Garden* describes, with the aid of numerous illustrations, some of the best types of interiors.

Making Walls and Ceilings. By H. D. Eberlein. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. Illustrated. 50 cents net.
A discussion of the methods of treatment of defects of all varieties of walls and ceilings.

Practical Programmes for Women's Clubs. By Alice Hazen Cass. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 75 cents net.
A compilation of study subjects arranged with headings and sub-headings, and books of reference. It is designed to give practical assistance to clubwomen.

Robert's Rules of Order Revised for Deliberative Assemblies. By Henry M. Robert. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Company. $1.00.
A revision of a standard book published in 1876. A supplement contains a plan for the study of parliamentary law.

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York, N. Y.	The Turmoil	Doodles
Albany, N. Y.	The Honey Bee	The Double Traitor
Atlanta, Ga.	The Keeper of the Door	Still Jim
Baltimore, Md.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
Boston, Mass.	The Turmoil	The Harbour
Boston, Mass.	The Turmoil	Loneliness?
Chicago, Ill.	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Chicago, Ill.	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Cincinnati, Ohio.	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap
Cleveland, Ohio.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Hepsey Burke
Dallas, Tex.	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
Denver, Colo.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
Des Moines, Iowa.	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up
Detroit, Mich.	The Harbour	Pollyanna Grows Up
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Turmoil	Daybreak
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rose Garden Husband	The Turmoil
Kansas City, Mo.	The Turmoil	Brunel's Tower
Los Angeles, Cal.	Angela's Business	Ruggles of Red Gap
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Memphis, Tenn.	The Turmoil	Ruggles of Red Gap
Minneapolis, Minn.	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil
New Haven, Conn.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business
New Orleans, La.	Angela's Business	The Turmoil
Norfolk, Va.	The Keeper of the Door	Angela's Business
Omaha, Neb.	The Honey Bee	Angela's Business
Philadelphia, Pa.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Turmoil	The Yellow Claw
Portland, Me.	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
Providence, R. I.	Still Jim	Pollyanna Grows Up
Richmond, Va.	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up
Rochester, N. Y.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim
San Antonio, Tex.	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
San Francisco, Cal.	The Turmoil	Victory
San Francisco, Cal.	Angela's Business	The Harbour
Seattle, Wash.	The Rim of the Desert	The Turmoil
Spokane, Wash.	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
St. Louis, Mo.	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Keeper of the Door
St. Louis, Mo.	The Harbour	House of the Misty Star
St. Paul, Minn.	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Tacoma, Wash.	The Turmoil	The Rim of the Desert
Toledo, Ohio.	The Turmoil	Angela's Business
Toronto, Can.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Utica, N. Y.	Hepsey Burke	Pollyanna Grows Up
Washington, D. C.	The Harbour	Angela's Business
Washington, D. C.	Contrary Mary	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley
Worcester, Mass.	Pollyanna Grows Up	Pollyanna

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Bealby	The Life Builders	Still Jim	Time o' Day
Sundown Slim	Mary Moreland	Time o' Day	The Primrose Ring
Rose Garden Husband	Contrary Mary	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	The Little Man and Other Satires	Daybreak
Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	The Idyl of Twin Fires	The Keeper of the Door
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Rim of the Desert	The Harbour	Still Jim
Pollyanna	Still Jim	The Harbour	House of the Misty Star
The Rim of the Desert	The Vale of Illusion	Ruggles of Red Gap	Black is White
Hepsey Burke	Still Jim	The Seven Darlings	The Yellow Claw
Still Jim	Angela's Business	Contrary Mary	The White Alley
Victory	Angela's Business	The Man of Iron	The Honey Bee
The Turmoil	The Honey Bee	The Harbour	Contrary Mary
Ruggles of Red Gap	Hepsey Burke	Who Goes There!	The Turmoil
The Turmoil	Angela's Business	Ruggles of Red Gap	Still Jim
Pollyanna Grows Up	Angela's Business	The Second Blooming	The Harbour
Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	The Valley of Fear
The Harbour	House of the Misty Star	Victory	Angela's Business
The Wooden Horse	The Good Shepherd	The Turmoil	The Harbour
Angela's Business	The Harbour	Hepsey Burke	Ruggles of Red Gap
Still Jim	Rose Garden Husband	The Valley of Fear	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Harbour	Angela's Business	The Honey Bee
Victory	Miranda	The Harbour	The Double Traitor
Ruggles of Red Gap	Victory	House of the Misty Star	Empty Pockets
Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary	The Valley of Fear	Still Jim
The Valley of Fear	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Turmoil	Doodles
The Rim of the Desert	Martha of the Mennonite Country	Little Sir Galahad	Still Jim
Angela's Business	Still Jim	The Harbour	Ruggles of Red Gap
Contrary Mary	Still Jim	A Girl of the Blue Ridge	The Double Traitor
Miranda	House of the Misty Star	Mary Moreland	Sundown Slim
The Keeper of the Door	The Primrose Ring	The Turmoil	Still Jim
Rose Garden Husband	Contrary Mary	Ruggles of Red Gap	Hepsey Burke
Pollyanna	Ruggles of Red Gap	The Primrose Ring	God's Country and the Woman
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Valley of Fear	Red Fleece	The Lone Star Ranger
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Honey Bee	The Seven Darlings	House of the Misty Star
Pollyanna Grows Up	The Pastor's Wife	Who Goes There!	The Harbour
Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	The Harbour	The Lone Star Ranger
Who Goes There!	The Turmoil	The Harbour	Rose Garden Husband
Angela's Business	Rose Garden Husband	Martha of the Mennonite Country	Contrary Mary
Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim	Contrary Mary	The Eyes of the World
Ruggles of Red Gap	Angela's Business	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Lone Star Ranger
Pollyanna Grows Up	Ruggles of Red Gap	Big Tremaine	House of the Misty Star
The Keeper of the Door	The Man of Iron	The Turbulent Duchess	Ruggles of Red Gap
The Turmoil	The Harbour	Mary Moreland	A Siren of the Snows
Ruggles of Red Gap	The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	Still Jim
The Turmoil	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Keeper of the Door	Martha of the Mennonite Country
Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	Still Jim	Contrary Mary	Mary Moreland

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending May 5th:

1. My Life Out of Prison. Lowrie.
2. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
3. The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. Chesterton.
4. Abroad at Home. Street.
5. Plays. Shaw.
6. Fear and Conventionality. Parson.

For the week ending May 12th:

1. The German War. Doyle.
2. The Defendant. Chesterton.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service.
4. Men Around the Kaiser. Wile.
5. Germany Embattled. Villard.
6. The Home of the Blizzard. Mawson.
7. Russia and the World. Graham.

For the week ending May 19th:

1. My Life in Prison. Lowrie.
2. Defendant. Chesterton.
3. South of Panama. Ross.
4. With the Allies. Davis.
5. Poems. Tagore.

For the week ending May 26th:

1. Pan-Americanism. Usher.
2. Four Weeks in the Trenches. Kreisler.
3. With the Allies. Davis.
4. Abroad at Home. Street.
5. How France is Governed. Poincare.
6. The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. Chesterton.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Americanism. Usher.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
Palaces and Courts of the Exposition. James.
Hugh. Benson.
King Albert's Book.
That Something. Woodbridge.
Poems. Tagore.
The Evidence in the Case. Beck.
Bird Guide. Reed.
The Yellowstone National Park. Chittenden.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 582 and 583) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list receives						10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	297
2. Pollyanna Grows Up. Porter. (Page.) $1.25	260
3. Angela's Business. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	191
4. Ruggles of Red Gap. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	139
5. The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.40.	118
6. Still Jim. Willsie. (Stokes.) $1.35	105

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